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OF

OUR TIME

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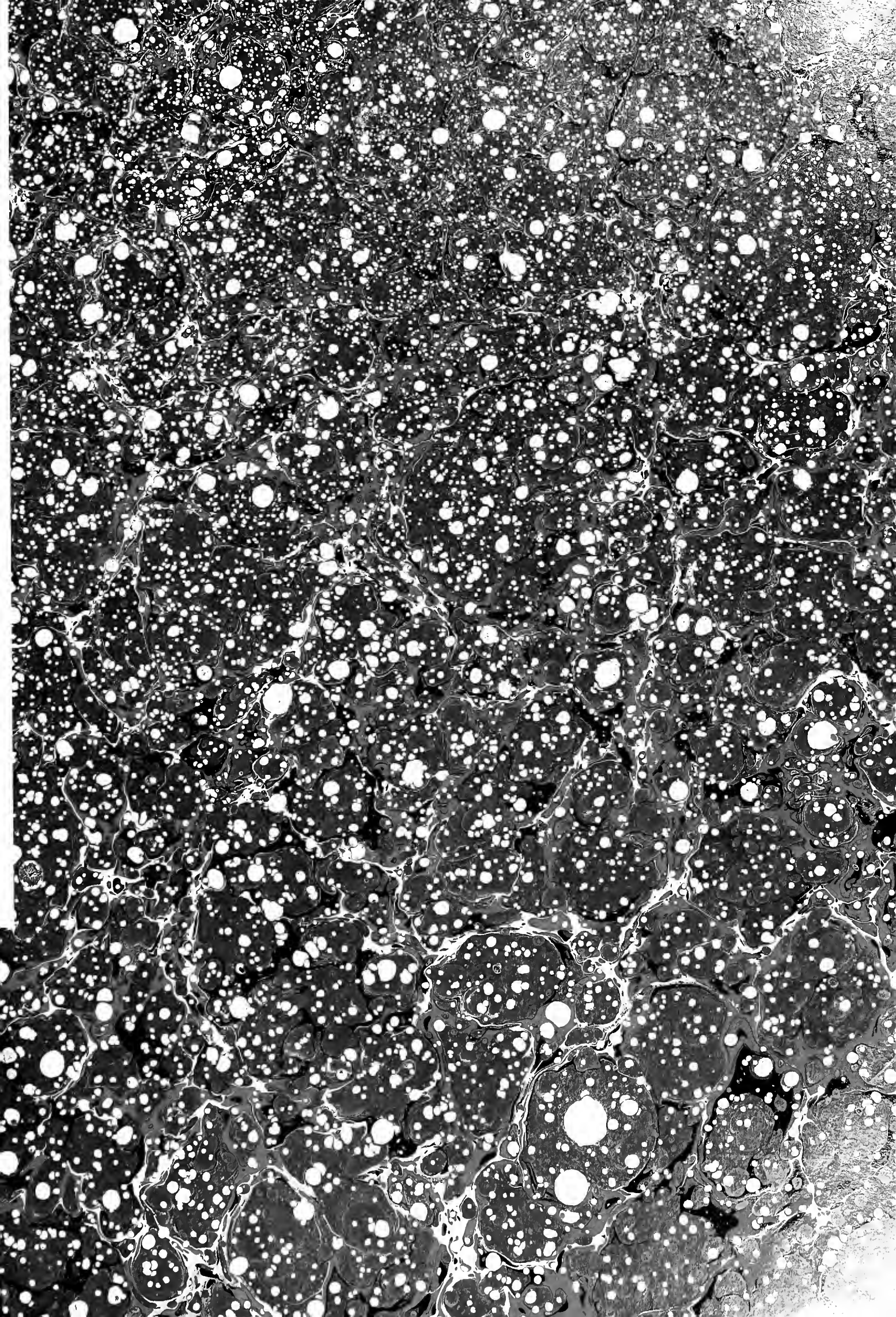
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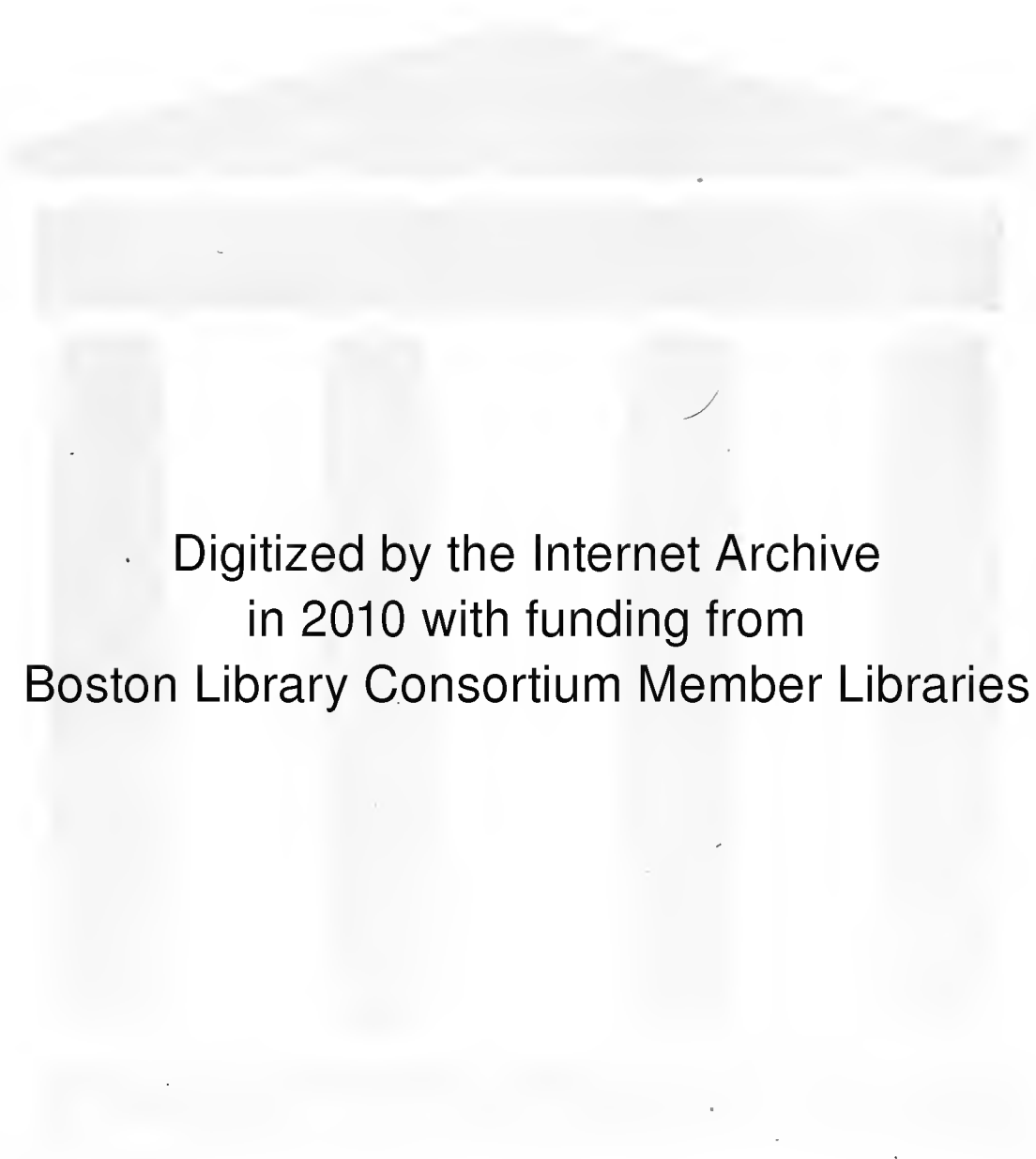












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SCENE



# ART AND ARTISTS

OF

# OUR TIME

BY

CLARENCE <sup>Ch-lan</sup> COOK,

EDITOR OF "LÜBKE'S HISTORY OF ART" AND AUTHOR OF  
"THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

**With Many Illustrations.**

VOL. II.



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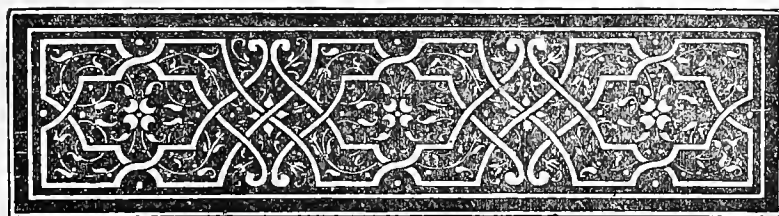


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# GERMAN ART.

## I.

**B**ROADLY speaking, the art of Germany as it exists to-day is an affair of our own century. In the general ruin and desolation brought about by the Thirty Years' War, Germany, so far as Art and Letters were concerned, had become almost a *tabula rasa*, a clean slate: her older art was more than neglected, it was despised: if any hand were discerned busied with the pencil or the chisel, it was a hand taught by Italy and working on



"TIRED-OUT."

FROM THE PRAYER-BOOK OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. BY ALBERT DÜRER.

models furnished by the later Italian schools. It is a familiar fact in the kingdom of nature that, after the primeval forest has been cleared by the woodman's axe or by fire, the new growth that springs up is of a different species from the old. It was so with the Art of Germany after the ground had been cleared by the bloody axe of the Thirty Years' War. The themes of the older art had been almost exclusively religious. She had provided pictures for the churches, illuminated manuscripts for kings and princes, and by the newly introduced arts

of engraving and printing, she had circulated broadcast among the people a profusion of designs with subjects drawn from the Bible and from the Legends of the Church. The taste of the Renaissance had led the Italians to subjects drawn from classic history and poetry. These they painted with one hand, while, with the other, they supplied the never-failing demand from the churches for religious pictures. The taste of the Italians for classic themes was instinctive: it was in their blood: a long inheritance; and, from the first, as soon as the practice of art was taken up in Italy by Italian hands, it recurred, as by a natural bent, to antique models. The decorations of the roof of the Upper Church of St. Francis at Assisi, attributed to Cimabue, are a prophecy of unearthed Pompeii and the Baths of Titus. Giotto



"LOVE AND TIME."

A VIGNETTE FROM THE PRAYER-BOOK OF THE EMPEROR  
MAXIMILIAN. BY ALBERT DÜRER.

gives to the house of Anna and Joachim, the parents of the virgin, a pediment of classic form ornamented with the familiar mussel-shell, which here incloses, not, as we are wont to see, the pagan Venus, but the effigy of God the Father: the new wine put into old bottles. Nay, did not Raphael himself, when in his time the Baths of Titus, with their frescoed arabesques, were uncovered, recall with leaps of heart the days of his youth, when he assisted his old master, Perugino, in decorating the ceilings of the Perugian Exchange and its Chapel with designs in the same spirit:

wreaths and garlands inclosing Diana, and Venus, and Cupid? And did not Love and Memory spur him to the playful task of the Loggie as much as the mere example of classic precedent and the enthusiasm of his scholar-friends? These are only a few illustrations out of many that might be given. But, what was native to Italy was only borrowed in Germany, on whom the classic garb of the Renaissance sat with an ill grace. The Italian artist following his nature, and inheriting the classic traditions, sought to embody his ideas in beautiful and graceful forms. He was instinctively drawn to generalize, to omit all details that were not absolutely necessary, and if he were obliged to introduce details, he either copied such models about him as were ornamental, or, in default of these, invented such as pleased his refined taste. But the Germans were not only less given, on principle, to gen-



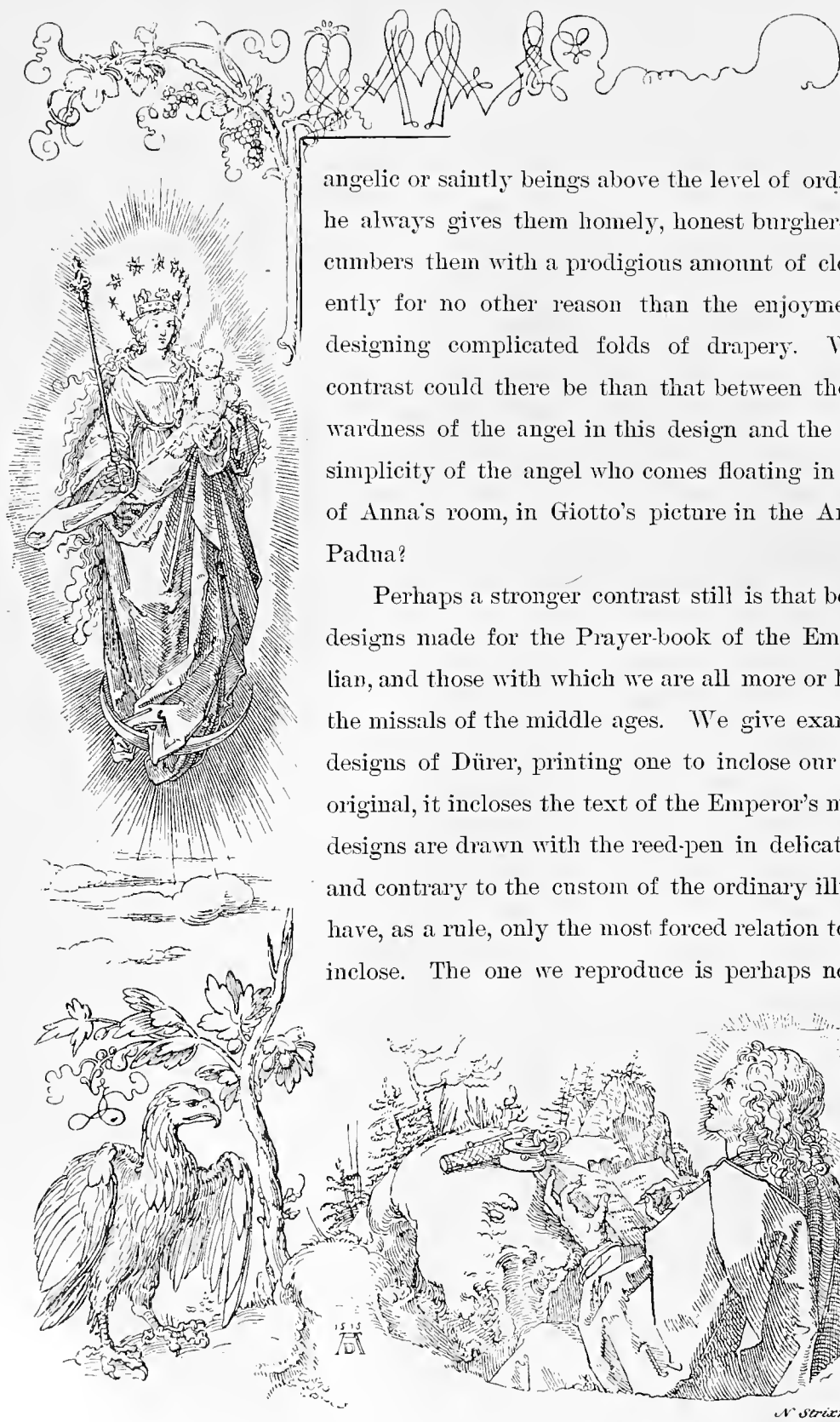


"THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN."

FROM THE DESIGN BY ALBERT DÜRER FOR HIS "LIFE OF THE VIRGIN."



eralize, they seemed to love details for their own sake; or, if this be not allowed, let it be said that they seemed best able to express their conception and tell their story by multiplying incidents and details; and they had no example of classic restraint before their eyes to deter them from following their native inclination. The space at our command does not permit us to do more than hint at these differences. But let any of our readers, who care to look into the matter, compare the treatment of any one of the incidents in the Old or New Testament, or in the various legends of the Church, by an Italian painter, with the treatment of the same subject by a German. Let him compare the "Birth of the Virgin," by Dürer, for example, with the "Birth of the Virgin" by Giotto, or by an artist contemporary with Dürer, Andrea del Sarto. In Giotto, the story is told in the fewest possible words: not a syllable could be spared. In Andrea's picture, the bare-necessaries-of-life look of the room where the scene takes place in Giotto's picture, is exchanged for a sumptuousness, expressive at once of the richer and more luxurious times in which the later artist lived, and of the desire he had to emphasize the supposed fact, that the Virgin's parents were people of wealth and position. A rich bedstead, a carved marble frieze, a stately fire-place—these, from the artist's point of view, are necessary but sufficient indications: they serve their purpose, but they do not distract the mind from the main story. How different it is with Dürer! He shows us a room in the house of a comfortable burgher of his own Nuremberg: perhaps his own father's house, with its big, heavily-curtained bed, its apparatus for the toilet: a copper water-vessel hanging over a sink, a towel on a roller, a shelf for holding household utensils, and chests for clothing. In the bed we see the mother to whom her women and neighbors bring refreshment and words of cheer; and in the foreground, a crowd of nurses sit about on chests and stools, some worn out with watching, some drinking no end of beer from huge tankards supplied by a sturdy servant. Others wash and swaddle the new-born infant—two children being shown, for one—as was often done by the old painters to indicate the successive stages of the dressing: the washing never omitted, since that was symbolical of the rite of baptism. The whole is a scene of homely confusion characteristic, no doubt, of the time, and of the manners of the people among whom Dürer lived, but certainly devoid of dignity, and in no wise answering to the spirit in which the subject would have been treated by Jan van Eyck, or Roger van der Weyden, or by Dürer's immediate predecessor, Schöngauer. Even the angel who has descended into this homely birth-chamber, and hovers in a cloud over the bed of Anna, swinging a censer, is in nowise an ideal or beautiful creation. Dürer never even attempts to lift his



angelic or saintly beings above the level of ordinary mortals: he always gives them homely, honest burgher-faces and encumbers them with a prodigious amount of clothing: apparently for no other reason than the enjoyment he has in designing complicated folds of drapery. What stronger contrast could there be than that between the clumsy awkwardness of the angel in this design and the sweetness and simplicity of the angel who comes floating in at the window of Anna's room, in Giotto's picture in the Arena chapel at Padua?

Perhaps a stronger contrast still is that between Dürer's designs made for the Prayer-book of the Emperor Maximilian, and those with which we are all more or less familiar in the missals of the middle ages. We give examples of these designs of Dürer, printing one to inclose our text, as in the original, it incloses the text of the Emperor's missal. Dürer's designs are drawn with the reed-pen in delicate-colored inks, and contrary to the custom of the ordinary illuminator, they have, as a rule, only the most forced relation to the text they inclose. The one we reproduce is perhaps not well chosen

BORDER FROM THE PRAYER-BOOK OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. DESIGNED BY ALBERT DÜRER.



to illustrate this point, since it is really a religious subject. St. John is represented at the bottom of the page, writing his gospel: his inkstand and pen-case are before him on a rock, and his eagle stands at his side. His eyes are uplifted, directed to the vision of the virgin, who appears to him with her child in her arms. In other borders we find the most curious medley of profane and sacred subjects that can be conceived: crucified Christs, Christ suffering, or rising from the tomb, saints of the Bible or of Legend, and all these mingled with figures from the life of Nuremberg in Dürer's day: ornaments of pure arabesque drawn with dexterous flourishes of the pen, with apes and cranes, dogs and horses, dragged in pell-mell: here, a satire on the preaching-monks: the fox with a bird-whistle calling the cocks and hens to their destruction; here, an old woman tired out with her spinning, and sleeping of an afternoon with her tankard of beer beside her: here, a chubby German Cupid singing to his lute with one foot on a snail—the whole making far more the impression of selections at random from the artist's sketch-book than of an orderly and deliberate design. Perhaps this prayer-book may be looked at as an emblem, not of Dürer's mind alone, but of the spirit of his time, when the old social order was changing, and old ideas were losing their influence, and things sacred and profane were scrambling and fighting to divide the kingdom of man between them.

A greater painter than Dürer, if a less interesting man, Hans Holbein, a contemporary, though born later, shared with him that freer and more familiar style, now in that age become universal. In his world-famous "Portraits of the Meyer Family," Holbein does only what Italian artists of the best rank have done in pictures as famous: he shows us the Virgin appearing with her Child to a worshipping family. But although the arrangement of the group is classical in its regularity, there is a rude homeliness in the treatment, an awkwardness in the attitudes of the personages, a want of elegance in some of the details, and a positive ugliness in the costumes of the women, such as would be impossible to find in an Italian painter. At the same time, these defects, it must be allowed, exist alongside traits of real beauty, in the Virgin's face; in her hands—equalling in the painting, if not surpassing, the world-famous hands in the Mona Lisa of Leonardo; in the painting of the robe of finest lawn of the hard-featured young daughter of the house, and in her head-dress; above all in the painting of the infant son of the family, making his pretty, innocent salute to a delighted world. This picture, best known by the copy in the Dresden Gallery, of the original in the Ducal Gallery at Darmstadt, represents the Burgomaster Meyer with his first and second

wives, his daughter and his two sons, kneeling in the presence of the Virgin who carries her child in her arms. Repelled by the bourgeois homeliness of these people, sentimentalists have tried to inject into the picture something of what, in their vocabulary, is called poetry. They have invented a tale out of whole cloth, imagining the Child in the Virgin's arms to be a dead child of the Meyer family, to fill whose place on earth she has brought down her own child—the one who stands by the kneeling Burgomaster and his eldest son. Not only are there no facts whatever to warrant such an interpretation of the picture, it must be admitted that the explanation is foreign to the spirit of the time and to the character of the artist, who had no such stuff in his thoughts, nor ever appears other than the hard-headed, matter-of-fact portrayer of things seen with his bodily eyes, things which he reproduced with consummate skill, indeed, with beauty of coloring and perfection of drawing combined as they were never combined in mortal before, but never illuminated, in this picture or elsewhere, by the smallest ray of fancy or imagination.

When Holbein died, snatched away by the plague in London in 1543 in the 46th year of his age, there was no artist left in Germany to carry on the great tradition which Dürer and himself had inherited from the noble school of the Netherlands and which they, and a multitude of other artists, had so splendidly maintained. From this time a decline set in, due to various causes, partly political, partly religious, which ended for a time in the complete



THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING.

FROM THE PRAYER-BOOK OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. BY ALBERT DURER.



THE MADONNA OF THE MEYER FAMILY

SELMAR HESS PUBLISHER NEWYORK





extinguishment of all art in Germany worthy of the name. We turn over the pages of the latest histories of the subject and while we find a cloud of names, we are struck with the scarcity of artists who have attained to any particular distinction, although a few are not unknown, and shine with more lustre than is fairly their right, because they are set off by such a foil of mediocrity. Nothing would be gained in a sketch like this by attempting to free from the tangle of lesser names the few which in a larger survey of German art would deserve mention; and leaving, therefore, behind us the seventeenth century and the greater part of the eighteenth, we come at once to the re-birth of art in Germany in our own century.

This art, however derived, was in the main personal in the influences that gave it vitality. In a time when the practice of art had become purely perfunctory and academic, an affair of teaching by rote, the only salvation that could be hoped for must come from men to whom art was one with religion, to whom it was a necessary expression of feeling and belief, and who not only cherished it for themselves, but ardently longed to make others partakers in the consolations they had found in it. In the very close of the eighteenth century, two such men appeared in Germany who were destined to work a great revolution in the art of their time, and who, no matter what may be the final judgment on their work, must always be accorded the praise that belongs to those who, believing they have found the true path, have the courage to walk in it. These two men were Cornelius and Overbeck, without some mention of whom no account of modern German art, however summary, would be complete, since it was they who, with their pupils and friends, gave the first living impulse to the art of their country long locked in the stagnation of the eighteenth century.

PETER VON CORNELIUS was born at Dusseldorf in 1787. His father was the Keeper of the picture-gallery, which contained many good paintings, since removed to Munich, and the young Cornelius, who early showed a taste for drawing, had that taste confirmed and strengthened by the practice of reproducing, from memory alone, the pictures in the collection which had most attracted him. He was fond, too, of illustrating his story-books by designs made in their margins, and his biographers tell us of almanacs decorated in the same way. He early developed a taste for reading, and was especially fond of poetry, and fed full on the rich stores provided for him by the living literature of the time: the Golden Age of German literature, when Goethe and Schiller, Tieck, Novalis and Lessing were bringing forth the books that were to remake, not Germany alone, but the world. So great an impression did the youthful talent of Cornelius make on those about him, that, at nineteen, although he

had not received the advantages of an academic training, he was intrusted with the decoration of the Cathedral of the old town of Neuss. The work was to be executed in fresco, a method never practised in Germany to any great extent, and now long disused. The architecture that prevailed in the countries north of the Alps, and which was marked by large windows and correspondingly small wall-spaces—a style naturally developed in a climate where abundant light was of the first necessity, had naturally discouraged the art of wall-decoration. In Italy, on the other hand, where the so-called Gothic architecture was not



"APOLLO AND THE HOURS."

FROM A FRESCO BY PETER VON CORNELIUS.

native, but imposed, and never successful, the style of building that had naturally developed itself was characterized by few windows and small, since what was needed was, to keep out the light and heat of the long summers. This was the style of building that had always prevailed in the peninsula, and the large wall-spaces due to the mode of lighting had been decorated with painting from the earliest times.

The revival of the art of fresco painting in Germany—a revival, it may be said in passing, that neither went far nor continued long—was the consequence of the newly awakened enthusiasm for the works of Raphael and Michelangelo and Correggio, excited in the minds of

travellers, since at this time a new invasion from the North, from England, France, and Germany was pouring over the Alps, and returning with fresh tales of the wonders to be found there.

It would seem as if every generation of men must, once in its life, have the Italian fever, and rush to her perennial springs for a reviving draught, and now, after a long lull, due to the disturbed state of the continent, and in the pause between the last convulsion and that great scene of shipwreck and devastation that was to follow, we find Italy once more



"JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN."  
FROM THE FRESCO IN THE CASA BARTHOLDY, BY PETER VON CORNELIUS.

the goal to which all the world of European travel was tending. Poets, artists, writers and scholars made up the long procession, and they came back to their several countries filled with a desire to renew at home the marvels that had astonished them in Florence, Venice and Rome. In England the fever for Italy had raged more strongly perhaps than anywhere else, although with her it was an old story, but now it had become an infatuation, and every youth who would be an artist must go to Italy to study, or give up all hope of advancement. Hogarth protested in vain: even our Americans succumbed, and West and Copley and Washington Allston all joined the ranks, and went to Italy, to lose there the little native force with which nature had endowed them. France had gone through the same experience, and now it

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was the turn of Germany. Everywhere we find the minds of her leading men turned toward Italy, and directing thither the studies of the youth who came under their influence.

Among the rest who went to Italy was Cornelius, and it was after his return from this first visit, that he made the series of designs for Goethe's *Faust* which he dedicated to the poet, and which show him already under the influence of the great masters, Michelangelo and Raphael, who were henceforward to dominate his life and work. He also brought back a great enthusiasm for fresco-painting, and accustomed himself, so far as opportunity allowed, to work in that way. Although he had necessarily borrowed his style and practice from the Italians, he sought his subjects at first in the poetry and history of his own people and undertook a series of designs from the Lay of the Niebelungen. In 1808 he went to Frankfort to execute a commission from the Prince Primate, and in 1811 he went to Rome, whither Overbeck had preceded him by a year. Here he found himself in the midst of a singular group of enthusiasts, of whom Overbeck was at the head, and who with Koch, Vogel, John and Philip de Veit, Eger, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, and the Schadows, Friedrich the painter and Rudolph the sculptor, had formed a brotherhood, and lived a sort of monastic life in the ruined convent of St. Isidore. They kept an ascetic rule, emulating the example of artists like Fra Angelico, invoking the guidance of the Holy Ghost each morning before beginning to paint, and looking upon their profession as one of the ministries of religion. Of this group of men, nicknamed "Nazarites" by the other artists, it is not to be denied that Cornelius was the strongest. In the memoirs of Baron Bunsen and in the Letters of the Baroness Bunsen, we find frequent allusions to this singular colony, which reminds at once of our own Brook-Farm, and of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in England: of the former in its attempted withdrawal from the world while ingeniously keeping up intimate relations with the selected best part of it; of the latter in its infantine determination to force the genius of art back into the narrow boundaries of its beginning. They were all poor, and Cornelius would seem to have been the poorest of the company, but this was not a society where people were valued for their money, nor in Italy is money a matter of importance for an artist: the German colony of the Convent of St. Isidore were to all appearances very happy in their poverty, and when they wanted other society, they found themselves always welcome guests in the houses of the Prussian Consul Bartholdy or in that of the Chevalier Bunsen. The Consul lived at this time in the Casa Zuccari near the Piazza Sta. Trinità di Monte, once the property of the family of the artists of that name, and still containing, in rooms on the ground-floor, paintings by Federigo



"THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY."

FROM THE FRESCO BY PETER VON CORNELIUS.





Zuccaro. Bartholdy commissioned Cornelius, Overbeck, Schadow and Veit to paint in fresco one of the rooms in the suite occupied by him in this house. At first he proposed to have merely some simple arabesque ornaments, but Cornelius persuaded him to adopt a larger plan, and with his consent the four artists undertook the decoration of the four walls of the room with frescoes from the Bible-story of Joseph. Bartholdy was to furnish all the mechanical assistance: the scaffolding, plastering, and colors, and was to supply the four artist with meat and drink while they, in their turn, were to charge nothing for their work. Cornelius painted on the smaller side the "Interpretation of Joseph's Dream," and opposite this, "Joseph making himself known to his Brethren." "The dramatic character of these two paintings, the perfection of their style, and the harmony and force of expression, caused them to be greeted with great enthusiasm in Rome, more especially since fresco-painting had been long abandoned there, and this revival of it was unexpected." In other parts of the room, Overbeck painted "The Seven Years of Famine" (in the lunette on the smaller side over Cornelius' painting), and "Joseph sold by his Brethren." Veit's subjects were "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," and in the lunette opposite that filled by Overbeck, "The Seven Years of Plenty." Schadow took for his part, "Joseph in Prison telling his Dream to the Butler," and "Joseph's Brethren bringing the bloody Coat to Jacob." The friends executed other works in Rome, but none that attracted so much attention as those we have mentioned. Their intimate association did not last long after the conversion of Overbeck to the Catholic faith, although nothing ever occurred to disturb their friendship. In 1824 Cornelius was made Director of the Academy at Munich. This Institution, which to-day contains more pupils in proportion to the population of the city than any other art-centre in Europe, had been founded in 1808 by Maximilian I. of Bavaria. Ludwig I., when in Rome as Crown Prince, had been much in the company of the German colony of St. Isidore, and when he became king he showed himself an enthusiastic friend of the Arts, and did all that lay in his power to put Munich at the head of the Capitals of Europe so far as the patronage of art was concerned. Encouraged by him, Cornelius produced there some of his most important works. Already in Rome he had been busied with the cartoons for the frescoes with which to decorate the two Halls, of the Gods, and of the Heroes, in the Glyptothek or Museum of Sculpture erected by Klenze in 1816. In the Hall of the Gods, the subjects of the frescoes were taken from the Poems of Hesiod. In the Hall of the Heroes, Cornelius illustrated the Tale of Troy. The design for the Destruction of Troy which we copy, is generally considered the most important

of these. It represents Hecuba sitting in the midst of her family who are being slaughtered about her, and in its rude horror might rather serve as an illustration of Shakespeare's barbarous description of the scene, than of Virgil's classic narrative. The cartoons for these frescoes attracted a wide attention in Rome, and owing to their more important destination were of greater weight in deciding the position of Cornelius as a leader among German artists



"ST. LUKE."

FROM A FRESCO BY PETER VON CORNELIUS

than the frescoes in the Casa Bartholdy, although in these his genius showed in a softer, more agreeable light. More important in his own estimation was his "Last Judgment" in the Church of St. Ludwig in Munich, a work on which he expended an incredible amount of labor. This fresco covers the entire wall at the back of the high altar: it is sixty feet high and forty feet broad and contains a crowd of figures, but as the comparison with the work of Michelangelo is inevitable and the absence of original motives painfully evident, this fresco, which the artist looked upon as his greatest work, is the one by which in reality he is the

least to be judged. Ludwig had a great respect for Cornelius, but even in the earlier days of their intercourse at Rome, as we perceive by the memoirs of Bunsen, he had found the frank criticisms and honest advice of the young artist a somewhat jarring note in the general chorus of adulation, and we are not surprised to read that when differences arose between Klenze, the King's architect, and Cornelius, the King took sides with Klenze, and the painter in consequence left Munich for Berlin, where the King Frederick William IV. was endeavoring to do for his capital, what Ludwig I. had done for Munich. The chief work executed in Berlin by Cornelius was the decoration of the *Campo Santo* or burial-place of the royal family which is all that was completed of the Cathedral intended to be erected by the king. The subjects of these frescoes which were intended to cover the four walls of the Campo Santo—modelled on the famous quadrangle of the same name at Pisa—represent the Redemption, the Coming of Christ, the Kingdom of his Church, and the Last Judgment. The cartoons or drawings for these paintings are exhibited in the National Gallery in Berlin in one of the two Halls especially devoted to the works of Cornelius. He was engaged upon them from the time of his removal to Berlin in 1841 to the day of his death in 1867.

Cornelius visited England in his later years, and was received with great distinction, owing, no doubt, in a measure, to the favor with which everything having the seal of German authority was welcomed at that time in that country. In Paris, too, he was cordially received and was made an Honorary Member of the French Institute. His greatness—and that he had greatness cannot be denied, however much it was cramped by the unfortunate state of the arts in Europe in his time—was freely recognized everywhere in Europe, and in Germany the highest honors were generously heaped upon him. If, in our time, he has become a name, and his influence a thing of the past, it is not to be ascribed to a mere change in the fashion of looking at art, nor to the fact that the subjects with which the artist dealt belong to another age than ours. It is rather due to the fact that the genius of Cornelius, great as it was, was not yet great enough to let him break definitely with an art which was not only past, but with which he had really no legitimate relation. His visit to Rome was every way fatal to him, as it was fatal to every member of the German colony. A double captivity enthralled them: they became the slaves of the art of Michelangelo and Raphael, and they become the slaves of a narrow and pedagogic school of criticism to which they were subjected in the highly polished, amiable and accomplished circle of diplomats and scholars that had entrenched itself on the Capitoline, and of which Niebuhr and Bunsen were the

chief lights. The trouble with Cornelius was that he could not assimilate either the literary food or the artistic that was so freely offered him in his youth. Goethe and Michelangelo together were too much for him, and he never really expressed what was genuine in his own nature and character.

And if this were true of Cornelius, what remains to be said of Overbeck, who, with a

narrower mind, less culture and less artistic skill, early tied himself to the chariot wheels of Raphael, and wasted his life in attempting to repeat the youthful exploits of the painter of Urbino.

FRIEDRICH OVERBECK was born at Lubeck in 1789, and after some time spent in study at Vienna, where the classic routine was in fashion, he went to Rome in 1810, and remained there for the remainder of his life, dying in that city in 1869. He had early become interested in the works of the Italian Renaissance, and particularly in the artists who preceded Raphael, as well as in the works of Raphael's early time, in Florence, and he not only gave himself up to the study and emulation of their productions, but persuaded other German artists of his own age to unite with him in a school that should endeavor to bring art back to what he believed its highest development in the Florentine art of the fifteenth century. We have already described the practical social outcome of this movement in the establishment of the German colony of artists, the so-called "Nazaries," in the convent of St. Isidore under the leadership of Overbeck. Overbeck from the first insisted upon looking on art as one of the chief ministries of religion; he took for his motto: "Art does not exist for itself, but as the handmaid of religion," and



"ST. JAMES THE LESS."

BY FRIEDRICH OVERBECK.

with the exception of a brief period when he turned from the painting of Madonnas, and Holy Families, and scenes from the Bible History, to subjects drawn from Tasso, his whole life was given to following weakly, almost slavishly, in the footsteps of Raphael. Yet he had,

like Cornelius, an original vein of feeling and invention, and no doubt, in his case as in that of Cornelius, an artist of distinct merit was lost to us in this unfortunate subjection to borrowed influences. In the slight sketch we copy of "The Parents of Tobit waiting for his



"THE PARENTS OF TOBIT WAITING FOR HIS RETURN."

FROM A DESIGN BY FRIEDRICH OVERBECK.

Return" there is a genuine note of pathos, a simplicity of feeling not rare in Overbeck's early work, while the "Joseph sold by his Brethren" from the fresco in the Casa Bartholdy, although it strongly suggests the pictures of Gozzoli, is yet marked by a decided individuality. In his later works, painted after he became a Catholic and had virtually withdrawn

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from the world, at least from all intimate companionship with those not of his own faith, he became more and more mannered and vapid: his ideas revolved in a narrower and narrower circle, and he ended, as an artist, in mere inanition. Yet in the beginning, so sincere had been his impulsion toward a higher view of art than belonged to his time, and so marked were the earnestness and purity of his character, that he exercised a powerful influence for



"JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN."

FROM THE FRESKO IN THE CASA BARTHOLDY, BY FRIEDRICH OVERBECK.

a while on men like Cornelius and Schnorr, much stronger naturally than himself, and through them he influenced many others of his time. Overbeck's later works are almost destitute of color, and indeed he cared so little for the material part of his art, that he seemed desirous of reaching a point, if that were possible, where he could dispense with color altogether, and even reduce drawing to its lowest terms. Much of his work is in crayons, and the engravings made from his pictures are chiefly in outline. Of the two



Schadows, brothers, who went to Rome in 1810 and joined the Nazarite Brotherhood, Friedrich was a painter, and Rudolph, a sculptor. Two years after their arrival in Rome they both became Catholics, and thenceforth devoted their lives to the expression of their religious feelings in their works. Friedrich Schadow was chiefly distinguished as a teacher. He was a professor in the Academies of Berlin and Dusseldorf and for a time he had a great



"VIRGIN AND CHILD."

FROM THE FRESCO BY DEGER IN THE CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARIS.

following. Among his pupils were Sohn, Hildebrandt and Lessing, and he thus gave an impulse to the art of his time, though after a while, when the first fervor of propagandism had died out in his disciples, the zeal of the master turned against himself, and in the criticisms that began to be freely made of his excessive devotion to external religion, and of the weakness, and want of artistic skill that were the consequences of his one-sided teaching and practice, the master saw the uselessness of contending against his age and resigned his

place. The influences of his teaching lingered on in artists like Deger born in 1809, in Jaeger born in 1808, and in Carl Müller born in 1818. In all these men, the religious feeling is manifested in even a weaker and more sentimental fashion than in the work of Overbeck himself, as will be manifest by even the slightest consideration of the examples here given of their art. No doubt there is much sweetness, delicacy, and purity in the designs of this school, but they are wasted in a field where the motives no longer offer any opportunity for original expression. Ernest Deger was born at Bockenheim, a village near Frankfort. He studied under Schadow at Dusseldorf, having followed him from Rome, where he had been one of the disciples of Overbeck. When the Count of Furstemberg Stammheim made a vow to build a church dedicated to Saint Apollinaris at Remagen on the Rhine, he employed several of the group of Nazarites to decorate it with frescoes, and among them Deger, who as an artist is best seen in this beautiful building, one of the finest among the many fine modern churches of Germany. It was designed in 1839 by Zwirner, at that time the architect of the Cathedral at Cologne. The church contains ten large frescoes with some smaller works, among them the Virgin and Child by Deger, which we copy. Others by Deger are the "Adoration of the Shepherds," "The Crucifixion," and "The Resurrection," and "The Savior with the Virgin and St. John the Baptist." The other artists called in to assist in the decoration were Ittenbach, and Karl Müller, but the work of Deger is the chief attraction.

JULIUS VEIT HANS SCHNORR VON CAROLSFELD deserves a distinguished place among the stronger men of the movement that had its beginnings in the teachings of Overbeck and Cornelius. He was born at Leipsic in 1794, and studied first with his father, from whom he is distinguished by the addition of "von Carolsfeld," to his name, and afterward in the Academy at Vienna. In 1817 he was drawn by the current to Rome, where he remained for ten years a member of the German artistic colony gathered about Overbeck as its head, although his sympathies were not altogether in harmony with those that distinguished the school. Invited by King Louis to his new capital, he left Rome for Munich, and was commissioned by Louis to decorate the palace erected by Klenze in 1827-33 in imitation—for imitation was the watch-word in the Munich of that day!—of the Pitti Palace in Florence. The apartments given to Schnorr to decorate were those on the ground floor, and as the royal architect had shown so fine a sense of fitness in taking an Italian palace of the most lumbering style of the late Renaissance as a model for a nineteenth-century palace, Schnorr followed

suit by decorating this palace with stories from the old Teutonic legend of the Niebelungen. He began his work in 1846, and the frescoes cover the walls of five rooms called, from their subjects—after the Entrance Hall where all the persons of the drama are portrayed assembled as in the prologue to a play—the Marriage Hall, with the nuptials of Siegfried and Kriemhild and the incidents connected with it; the Hall of Treachery, where Siegfried is murdered by Hagen at the well; the Hall of Revenge, with the conquest of Hagen by Dietrich of Berne, and the Hall of Mourning, with the burial of the fallen heroes. This work, the greatest achievement of Schnorr, is not accessible to the public, or was not during the reign of the late fantastic King, but the cartoons of the whole series are in the Museum of Leipsic, including those of the last room, the Hall of Mourning, which were painted in 1867 by the pupils of Schnorr, among them Jaeger, born, like Schnorr, in Leipsic, and of whom we shall presently have to speak. Schnorr's work is almost exclusively confined to the illustration of scenes from the old legendary history of Germany and from the Bible. The work by which he is most popularly known is his "Bible," a series of wood-cuts intended for popular circulation. The work had an immediate success: well deserved



FROM A VIGNETTE BY MORITZ VON SCHWIND.

for the clearness, succinctness and energy with which the stories are told. Meant for children, and to replace the older designs, or rather—since the old wood-cuts had now, by reason of their scarcity, become objects of curiosity, shut up in the portfolios of museums and collectors—to supply the new generation with pictures more suited to their comprehension, these designs of Schnorr were undoubtedly the best of their kind that had been produced until Doré came to occupy the field with his more picturesque treatment of the subject. The two designs which we give will serve to illustrate the character of Schnorr's work. In the "David and Goliath," the champion of the Philistines is lying prostrate on the ground, the blood pouring from the hole in his forehead with such force that it has carried with it the stone hurled from David's sling. David has leaped upon the giant's back, and draws the great sword from its scabbard at the braggart's waist, and in a moment will have hewn his head from his body. In the distance we see on one side the camp of the Philistines, the near ranks of their army already

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in confusion and flight, and on the other the army of Saul exulting, and with levelled spears preparing to pursue the foe. Here a great deal is told in little space, and it is told in the way that had been pointed out by Raphael and his school. The mind is not disturbed as it would be in the treatment of the same subject by Dürer, Lucas of Leyden or Cranach, by absurd anachronisms, or grotesque incidents or oddities of costume. We have here the precision of drawing carried into the minutest details which was the shibboleth of the new school: with-



"DAVID SLAYING GOLIATH."

FROM THE "BIBLE" BY SCHNORR VON CAROLSFELD.

out any pedantic straining after realism, there is an attempt to hit the mean of probability in the costume: in short, the aim of the artist clearly is, to make the incident he is describing intelligible to those for whose use his pictures were intended. In the other design, "Samson throwing down the Pillars of the Theatre," Schnorr had a more difficult task, but he has acquitted himself with much skill, while working under restrictions where only genius could produce an interesting result. Schnorr cannot fairly be said to have had genius; he had only talent of a kind common enough at all times, and, in his case, made the most of by a training

purely Academic in its principles and its practice. An artist of genius—Delacroix or Gustav Doré: and Doré certainly had a genius, though he abused it—would have known how to grapple with such a subject, and would have subdued it, even at the risk of swallowing up all the minor improbabilities of proportion and composition in one greater improbability. Doré has done astonishing things in this way in his “Contes Drolatiques,” and in some of his other books as well, but we instance this one because there he has had to work in a very restricted



“SAMSON THROWING DOWN THE PILLARS OF THE THEATRE.”

FROM THE “BIBLE” BY SCHNORR VON CAROLSFELD.

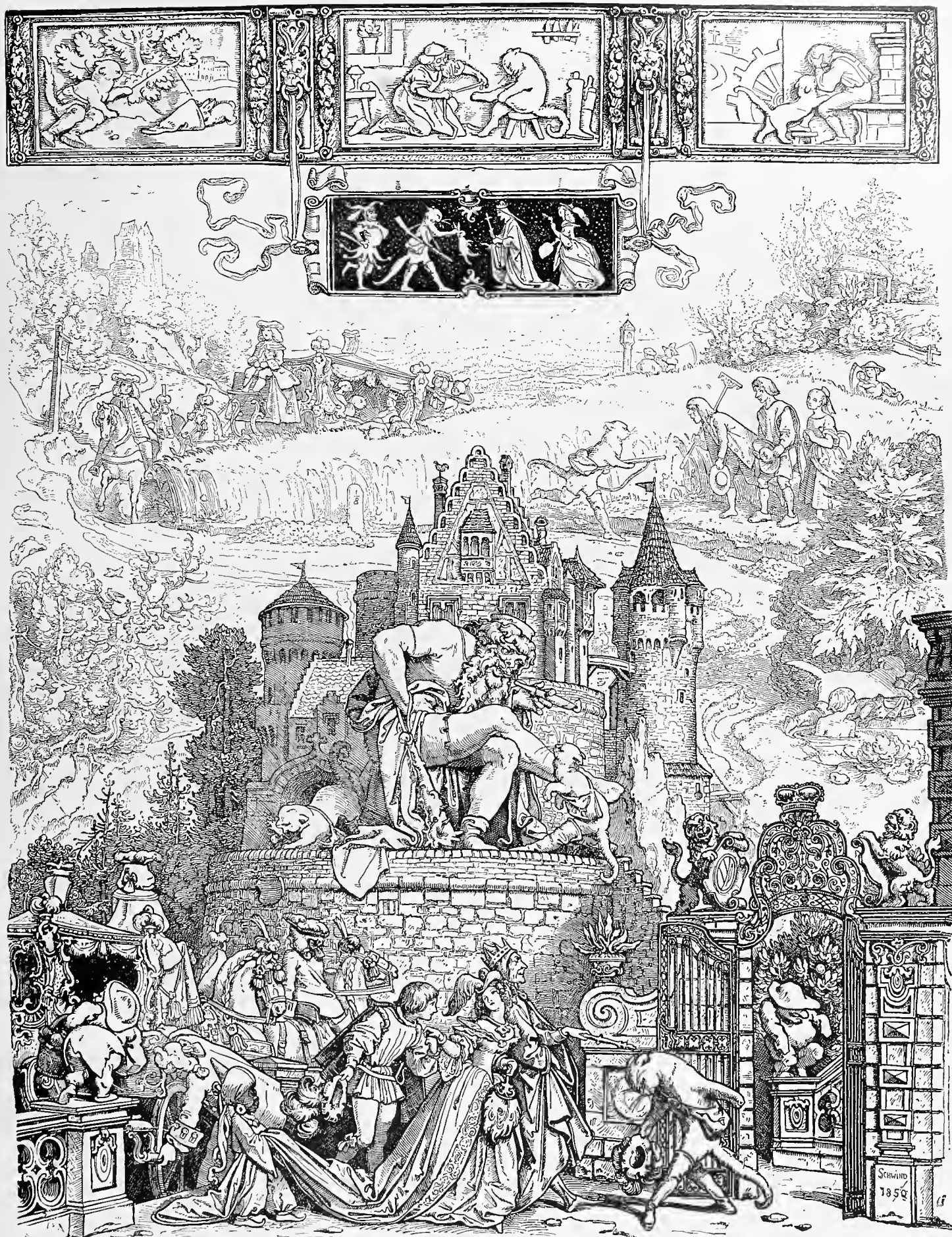
space. Some of his compositions in this remarkable book are astonishing for the audacity with which he has dared, and for the success with which he has achieved, subjects that no amount of training, no deliberate thinking could have enabled him to master. They are subjects of pure fantasy, wild extravagancies, and no other way of treating them could have been successful. And although the story of the destruction of the Philistines by Samson is not so extreme an instance as any one of those of Doré which we have in mind, yet it comes under the same category. It ought to be presented in a way to confuse and confound the

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eyes and the mind; we ought not to be able to follow it calmly, to count the falling stones, to distinguish the features of the victims as they are hurled to their doom. In his picture Schnorr has left little, if anything, to the spectator's imagination. He has attempted to tell us too much, and to tell it too distinctly. Samson was to be shown as a giant, in thews and bulk, and this left no room for more than a symbolic treatment of the ruin his revenge has brought about. He stands naked, and with manacled feet, between the "two pillars whereupon the house standeth" and which are too small for the service they had to perform, while at the same time they are so short that Samson could not have stood erect under the architrave. And since the building, as Schnorr has devised it, could not have held together had Samson never meddled with it, we are the less impressed by the fact of its tumbling down. The garlands that are wreathed about the columns, and the harp that lies at their base are introduced only as symbols of the festival so rudely interrupted. In justice to Schnorr, and to the school of which he was certainly an illustrious member, it must be understood that, what in our time are considered defects in their work, were the result, not of weakness, but of strength: what they did was done deliberately, in obedience to certain principles, clearly defined and earnestly held, and they ought to be judged by their own standard rather than by ours. Their art was essentially a literary art, that is, it tried to tell by pictures what could have been told much better by words, written or spoken; whereas the highest art appeals to the imagination through the senses, and deals with what can only be expressed by itself. These artists and those who came after them applied their art chiefly to the painting of historical, literary, and religious compositions which, by the munificence of their monarchs and princes, they were enabled to carry out on a grand scale, but it is painful to reflect upon the coldness or indifference with which these works, once so much talked about, written about, and extravagantly praised, are now regarded, even in the country that gave them birth.

MORITZ LUDWIG VON SCHWIND, an artist who belonged to the same school with those we have been considering, but who worked upon a different order of subjects, was born in Vienna in 1804, and died in 1871. He studied under Schnorr and Cornelius, and was later a professor at the Academy of Munich. In his manner of working, and in his way of regarding his art, he in no way differs from his school: he has the same devotion to line, the same indifference, let us say insensibility, to color, and the same conventional Academic way of interpreting nature. But, as we have said, he did not apply himself to the same sort of subjects: he dealt neither with religion nor history, but with themes drawn from the stores





"PUSS-IN-BOOTS."

FROM THE DRAWING BY MORITZ VON SCHWIND.



of poetry and fable. One of his productions is a series of designs illustrating the loves of a young married pair, another is the contest of the Minnesingers on the Wartburg, still others are illustrations of the German Fairy-tales: "The Beautiful Melusina," and "The Seven Ravens:" these are counted among his chief works, but unfortunately they are not accessible in a form to admit of their reproduction for our readers. We have therefore selected one which, although a slight and unpretending work, illustrates very well the skill of the artist. It is one of a series of wood-cuts, cheaply issued for wide popular circulation; different artists, many of them distinguished, having joined in the work with the design of substituting pictures with some artistic merit in place of the inferior things with which the market was supplied at that time. The present plate—intended, like all the series, for the amusement of children—illustrates the old fairy-tale of Puss in Boots. It is reduced in size from the original, but the simplicity and clearness of the style of engraving makes this reduction a matter of no importance. A charming skill is shown in the way in which the story is told in a succession of little pictures artlessly connected with one another. Across the top of the plate is a row of small designs that serve as a prologue to the main story: the younger son of the miller weeping over his mean inheritance; the caresses of the cat who comes to comfort him with promises, and its appearance on the scene booted and armed for adventure. Then we see the cunning creature threatening the astonished peasants and ordering them to tell the nobleman who comes lumbering along in his carriage, with his pretty daughter by his side, and the coachman and footmen in full wig, that these fields belong to his young master, "The Marquis of Carabas;" further on he has stolen the clothes of his master while he is bathing, and crying out on the imaginary robbers, has persuaded the nobleman, come up in the nick of time, to supply the needs of the Marquis until he can reach his castle near at hand. The cat next appears on the terrace of the giant's castle, where he has tried the trick of the mischievous Löcke of the Niebelungen, and has persuaded the monster to prove his brag by turning himself into a mouse. This done, and the mouse gobbled up, the cat issues from the stately gate of the castle in time to welcome the arrival of the nobleman and his daughter, and as his master hands the princess from the coach, the cat, with a low sweeping bow and infinite grace, invites them to enter the castle of the Marquis of Carabas. Surely never was a fairy-tale more neatly packed into a few square inches of paper, and although Schwind has done many more pretentious things, his whole art may be understood from this small specimen.

FRIEDRICH AUGUST MORITZ RETZCH is another artist of whom much was at one time heard, but who is to-day ungratefully forgotten, considering the pleasure his works once gave to so many and the number of imitators who sprang up about him. He was born in Dresden in 1779 and died in 1857. His work as a painter is little known, his popularity was the result of the publication of his illustrations to the works of the German poets, chiefly those of



"THE GAME OF LIFE."

BY MORITZ RETZCH.

Goethe and Schiller. These were in outline, recalling the designs for Homer, Dante, and Hesiod, by the English artist Flaxman, and probably suggested by them. The outlines of Flaxman, however, were more legitimate in their aim, intended rather to serve as suggestions for bas-reliefs, and cameos than as pictures, whereas the outlines of Retzch are purely pictorial compositions, and have no relation to sculpture; we miss in them form and color, and are poorly compensated by a dry cataloguing way of checking-off, as it were, the incidents of the story, very different from the playful narrative fancy of Schwind, where those who think

themselves too old to care for the story told may enjoy the artistic touches of the telling. The design we give by Retzch is one that at the time of its publication enjoyed a favor strange to look back upon, considering how vapid the sentiment is that the artist seeks to convey, and how mechanical the method that he employs. It is called "The Game of Life." Satan, in the well-known disguise of Mephistopheles, is playing with a young man for his soul, while the youth's guardian-angel looks on, and watches the game. From the passive attitude of the angel and the decided want of interest shown in its face, it is rather to be feared that the fate of the youth is in the hands of his opponent, who is depicted with all the traditional armor of the stage-villain. Retzch had no power to portray delicate shades of character, even if we suppose that he was able to conceive them: he never got beyond the conventional abstractions of the stage, and his tastes were rather in the direction of melodramatic exaggeration than of direct and natural expression. Yet for a while his reputation was wide-spread, and his popularity seemed almost sure to ripen into fame. In our own country he had several followers: one of the best of them, the late Felix O. Darley, produced in his "Margaret," a series of designs illustrating Judd's beautiful but rough-hewn story—a work that both in artistic skill and truth to nature far surpassed its model.

CARL MÜLLER was a native of Darmstadt, where he was born in 1818. He studied first under his father, and later at Dusseldorf with Professor Sohn; but while Sohn left the religious school which inherited, through his master Schadow, from Overbeck, Müller gave himself up entirely to the teachings of that school, and carried it to its last consequences in servile imitation and even affectation. His frescoes, painted in conjunction with Deger and Ittenbach in the Church of St. Apollinaris, are his best works, but in his easel pictures, not a few of which have been seen in this country, he carries the smoothness and minuteness of finish which belong only to miniature-painting into canvases that are rather belittled than helped by such treatment. Gilded haloes, jewelled borders to the robes of his Virgins and other saints, birds and flowers painted as if for the pages of a missal—all these details, however they may please as curiosities, do but detract from the pictorial interest of the works in which they are found. There can be no doubt, however, that, to a large part of the public, there was something in Müller's pictures that proved very pleasing: they appealed to a certain sensuous element long starved by the iconoclasm and Philistinism of German Protestantism, and now feeling its way to a more externally poetic religion, as plants shut up in a cellar, push out their tendrils to the light. We see in Müller's pictures an

attempt to return to the mysticism of the early Italian painters of the schools of Umbria and Siena; but although the effort is successful up to a certain point, the impression left upon the mind is always of effort: the unconsciousness of an art that had developed in ignorance of any art greater than itself, or even very different from itself, is not to be found in these pictures. In the picture by Carl Müller which we reproduce from an engraving, the youthful Christ is represented in the courtyard of his parents' house, assisting his foster-father in his work as a carpenter. This was not a subject familiar to the older art, nor does it belong



"THE HOLY FAMILY."

BY CARL MÜLLER.

in the authorized series of scenes from the Life of the Virgin. It is rather an innovation, particularly as treated by Müller and other artists of his time, due to the sentimental way of looking upon the story fostered by the new school of Catholics and which found a profuse expression in poetry and romance. In Müller's picture, Joseph is supposed to be cutting a beam intended for a house, and while he stands by the side of the beam and pushes the long saw with one hand, the child, kneeling upon the ground, draws the saw toward him with both hands. Mary, who has been sitting upon a bench at the side of the house, engaged in spinning, has risen and turns to look at her child, lifting her hand with a gesture of pity,



as if an apprehensive thought of evil days in store had crossed her mind. As it is, the picture stops far short of the symbolism that in our day has produced such works as the "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop" of Millais and the "Shadow of the Cross" of Holman Hunt; we have nothing but a commonplace incident in the probable early life of Jesus. It is in the treatment of his subject that Müller betrays that morbid affectation, which not in his works alone, but in those of all his school, marks the wide difference between these artists and the art they sought to emulate. Goethe in his *Wilhelm Meister*, in one of the most charming of its many charming episodes, has given his version of the story of the Birth and Childhood of Jesus, thinly veiled as a real narrative, but the common-sense of Goethe gave an objective clearness and reality to the poetry of his idyl. Even Dürer, in spite of his tendency to treat his subjects in a fantastic manner, knew how to give a similar scene to this of Müller's picture a real side, making Joseph working in earnest at his task and Mary singing to her baby in the cradle which she rocks with one foot as she spins. But in Müller's picture neither Joseph nor the child is really working: they are merely posing. Joseph could not work with such tools as he has, nor with a log so ineffectually braced, while the artist has thrown all his learning into the drawing of the child to make him beautiful and graceful, playing at pulling the saw with his slender hands, and taking care not to disturb the lines of his delicate body by any suggestion of toil or uncomfortable exertion. Yet, that this graceful, vapid, sentimental treatment of religious subjects has a place in the world, was shown some years ago when Müller's "Holy Family" was brought over to this country by Mr. Schaus—the picture, a copy of which has since been presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum. In this picture where the infant Christ is sitting in his mother's lap and listening in ecstasy to the music of attendant angels, the frank homeliness and simplicity, that in the pictures of a Botticelli, a Lippi, or a Gozzoli act as a healthy antidote to the supersensual mysticism of such subjects, are wholly refined away by Müller. There is an excess of sweetness and grace, and in the attempt by the artist to portray the ideal, infantine beauty of a divine child, the result is a too painful reminder of the abnormal developments sometimes produced by excessive religious training. Müller's Child Jesus is the hydrocephalic victim of too much Sunday-school.

A far healthier development in the same general direction is found in FRANZ ITTENBACH, who was born in 1813 at Koenigswinter, a pretty little town on the Rhine near Bonn. He studied at Dusseldorf under Schadow and, like Deger, Jaeger, Müller and the rest, became

deeply imbued with the mystical-religious ideas that permeated the school under the influences of the master. Like the rest, too, he travelled in Italy, and gave himself up to the study of Raphael and the painters that immediately preceded him.

Ittenbach was one of the group of artists who were invited by Count Fürstenberg-Stammheim to decorate his newly built votive-church on the Apollinaris-Berg. Ittenbach painted a "Child Jesus among the Doctors," and in the choir, figures of St. Peter, St. Apollinaris, and the four Evangelists. His picture of the Holy Family which we copy is in the Museum at Berlin, and is a good example of his style. It will be noticed that it is far less artificial and less sentimental in treatment than the pictures of Deger and Müller: of the morbid feeling of the latter artist there is indeed no trace. The symbolism, of which the picture is full, is purely idyllic and unaffected, and considering the nature of his subject, and the infinite number of times it has been painted, the artist must be given credit for his freedom from direct imitation. Like Müller, he has borrowed from Raphael and Leonardo, who, themselves, learned it from the miniaturists, the delicately painted flowers and leaves that spring up about the feet of the Virgin in the foreground of his picture: the strawberry, the violet, the clover, and the mullein: all executed with the precision and painstaking of a missal-painter in a mediæval monastery, and reminding us of such work as well in their artificial disposition, not growing naturally, but set about in little isolated groups, each one asking to be looked at for itself. Ittenbach has introduced some of these plants for their symbolism: the lilies of the field that grow by the stone on which Mary is sitting, and the ears of wheat choked by the thorns of the rose that climbs over the parapet at her side. In the window of the house a passion-flower is growing, and the fowls of the air are preparing to build their nest in the hospitable shelter of the embrasure. In the distance are the columns of the ruined temple which Christ came to rebuild. Joseph, the carpenter, girt with his workman's apron, and with the main tools of his trade, the saw, axe and plane on his arm, and the smaller implements in a wallet at his waist, stops as he goes forth to his day's labor, to look at his foster-child asleep on its mother's lap. Joseph who, for some unexplained reason, is usually represented in the older pictures as a man advanced in years, hardly needs, in Ittenbach's picture, the staff he holds, and which is, indeed, rather a shepherd's crook than a staff. The Virgin is also an unusual type, reminding us more of Venice than of Florence: of the beautiful and bountiful Violetta with the golden hair, of Palma, than of the aristocratic and cloistered virgins of Raphael and Botticelli. The Child, too, is a healthy, happy creature



"THE HOLY FAMILY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANZ ITTENBACH.



enjoying his sound morning sleep: very unlike the precocious swaddled darling of Deger's picture, or the too graceful boy in that of Müller.

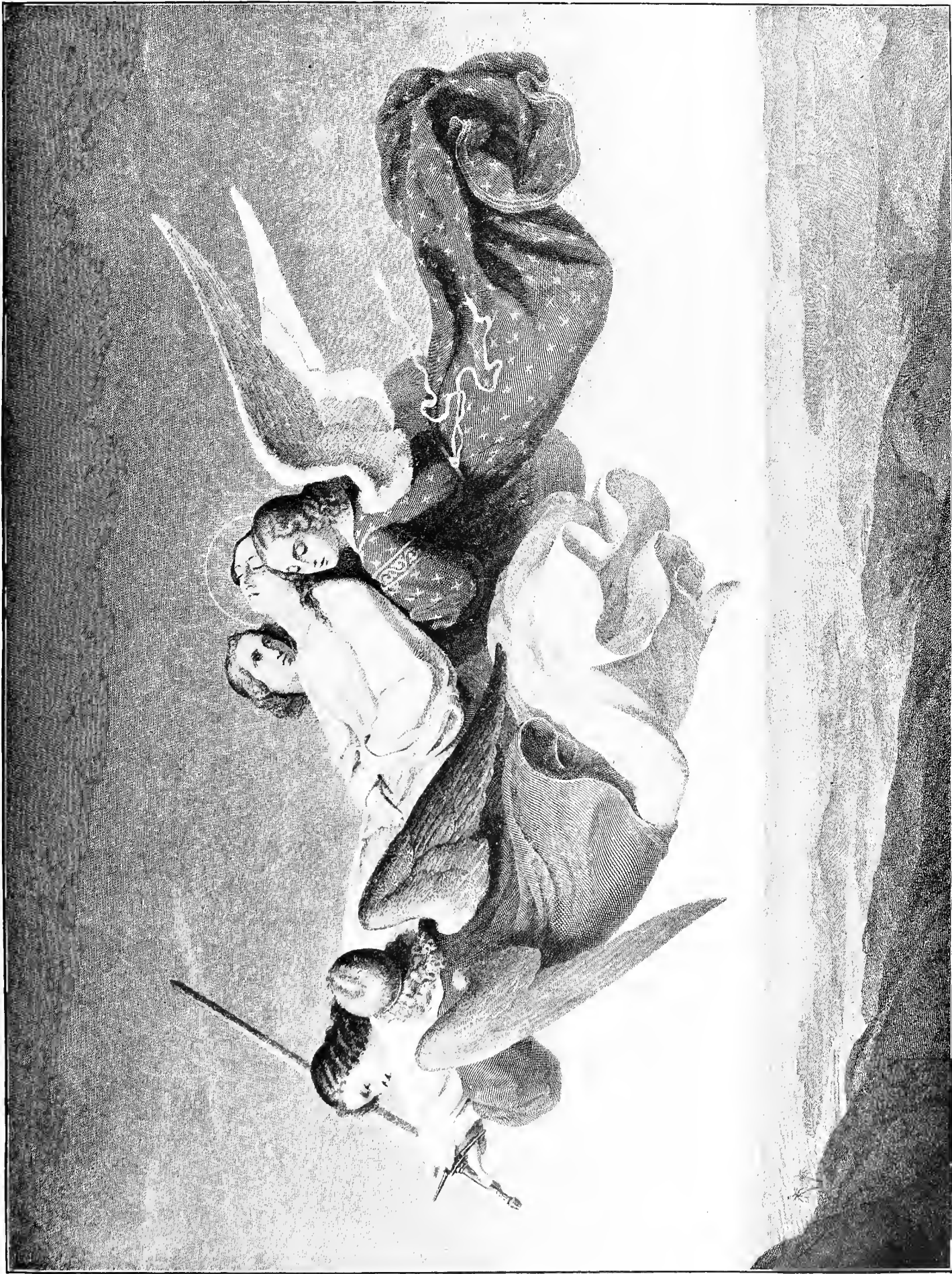
It may be said, in passing, that these German painters—the disciples of Overbeck—deserve our thanks for the influence they exerted in awakening the public to the neglected merits of the “primitives” as they are called in France, the artists of the Umbrian and Florentine school in especial, who were the immediate predecessors of Raphael and to whose circle he himself belonged in his youth. It was to the “Nazaries” of the Pincian Hill in Rome that was due the revival of interest in Perugino, in Botticelli, Gozzoli, Fra Angelico and the young Raphael, which we are apt to ascribe rather to the youth in England, the self-styled Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, who made a public announcement of their faith transferred to these older men: from the Raphael of the “School of Athens” and the “Disputa,” to the Raphael of the “Betrothal of the Virgin” and the “Madonna of the Grand Duke.” And it is due to them to say that they showed a true taste and a sound artistic feeling in their choice—a choice which has never been reversed, but rather confirmed since their time, as is shown by the fact that these earlier pictures are now among the choicest treasures of the collector, and have reached prices that are rapidly withdrawing them from private hands and restoring them to the public by means of museums and galleries owned by the State.

Another service that these artists and their pupils and disciples rendered incidentally was the awakening an interest in the work of the old German masters, particularly Dürer and Holbein, who, if not despised, were at least neglected and almost forgotten in the beginning of the present century. We shall see, a little later, how the revived interest in these men led to the restoration of the old art of wood-engraving as it was practised under their superintendence, and generally speaking we may say that, in spite of the apparently reactionary character of their art, their influence was steadily in the direction of the development of a national spirit, and of a national culture; although it may well be that they were unconscious of the part they were playing.

HEINRICH KARL ANTON MÜCKE, the painter of the beautiful “St. Catherine carried to Mt. Sinai by Angels,” was born in the old city of Breslau in 1806. Drawn to art at an early age, he at last made his way to Berlin and entered the Academy there, studying under Schadow who was then the Director. When Schadow went to Düsseldorf to take charge of the Academy, Mücke followed him with a crowd of other young artists, and soon after his

arrival was intrusted with a share in the decoration of the Château of Heltorf near Düsseldorf. The painting of this chateau, the property of Count Spee, had been begun by Cornelius when he was Director of the Academy at Düsseldorf. He had chosen as the subjects of the frescoes, scenes from the life of the Emperor Frederic I., Barbarossa, and he was assisted by his pupil Karl Stürmer, to whom is due the oldest picture of the series, afterward continued and completed by pupils of Schadow—Lessing, Plüddemann, and Mücke. Mücke's work is the most important, and he owed his reputation to it. He was employed on these frescoes from 1829 to 1838, but in the interval he went to Italy, and it is no doubt to the influence of his studies there that we owe the picture we engrave. The motive is distinctly borrowed from the well-known painting by Luini in the Brera Gallery at Milan, but Mücke has given it independent expression, and has produced a work that at one time enjoyed more popularity than any of the productions of the mystical-religious school of Düsseldorf. The subject of Mücke's picture is taken from the legendary history of St. Catherine of Alexandria, so-called to distinguish her from a more modern saint of the same name, whose legend belongs to Siena. St. Catherine is one of the oldest of the legendary saints of the church: she belongs to the Eastern branch of the church, and her story seems to have originated with the monks of Mt. Sinai. She is the patroness of studies and learning, a combination of the types of a Minerva and a Sibyl. Like Minerva, she was an "unconquered Virgin," and one of the chief points in her story is her mystical marriage with Christ, which has been made the subject of many pictures, the most beautiful and famous of these, the one painted by Correggio which is in the Louvre. The King of the country, seized by her beauty and her wonderful accomplishments, wished to marry her, and when she refused, and refused also to renounce her religion, he caused her to be put to death on the wheel. Her body was carried by angels over land and sea to Mt. Sinai, where it was placed in a sepulchre. In the picture by Luini, the angels are placing the body of the saint in the tomb, a beautifully designed sarcophagus of the Renaissance period. In Mücke's picture, the angels have not yet reached their destination, but are still bearing the body of the saint through the air. The sword, carried by the foremost one, is emblematic of her martyrdom, and the stars that strew the robe of the angel at the right are perhaps typical of the astronomical studies in which the royal virgin took such delight in life. The picture certainly deserves its popularity. We still admire in it, seen again after the lapse of years, the beauty of the flowing lines of drapery, the grace of the angelic forms, the sense of slow onward movement as the saintly convoy is lightly borne





"THE BODY OF ST. CATHARINE BORNE TO MT. SINAI."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HEINRICH MÜCKE.



along like some flock of soft clouds in the morning air, sailing over the earth just wakening from its slumber. Mücke has certainly shown a great deal of poetic feeling in this picture: the power to put new life into an old and well-worn theme.

## II.

WILHELM VON KAULBACH was born in 1805 at Arolsen in Waldeck, a small settlement prettily situated not far from Cassel. His father was a goldsmith and an engraver on metal, and as Wilhelm was his only son, he naturally expected (after the fashion of his country) that the boy would learn the same trade and continue the business. But, besides that Wilhelm had no inclination to that particular branch of art, he would seem at first to have had no special leaning to art of any kind; and owing to domestic misfortunes brought about by unfortunate speculations, his education in the regular way was neglected, and he was left to pick up learning in whatever way he could. His biographers do not supply us with many details of his boyhood: it may be that in after-life he did not care to recur to his early years; we are therefore left to conjecture, in searching for the influences that made him an artist. Arolsen has a small museum which contains, among other things, a good collection of antiquities from Herculaneum and Pompeii: if that were there in Wilhelm's youth, it may have led his mind to the study of the antique in a natural way. And if he had any germs of a love of art in his nature, he would have been certain to hear of the gallery at Cassel: a rich collection, one of the best of the minor galleries of Europe. Cassel was only a short distance from Arolsen, about twenty English miles, and if he felt any desire to go there, the distance would have been no obstacle to a stout and healthy German boy. But, however this may have been, there was in Arolsen itself a still more powerful influence, a living one, in the person of Wilhelm's townsman Rauch, the famous sculptor, author of the statue of Frederick the Great with its accompanying groups of the chief men of Frederick's reign, well known to every visitor to Berlin. Rauch, born in 1777, was twenty-eight years older than Wilhelm Kaulbach, and already distinguished when Wilhelm was a youth. He was an intimate friend of the Kaulbach family, and he must have seen evidences of talent in the boy, since it was by his advice that he was sent to Dusseldorf in his seventeenth year, and put to study under Cornelius, who was at that time Director of the Academy.

A person skilled in physiognomy might gather some indications of the influences that went to form the domestic training of Wilhelm Kaulbach from the admirable portrait-group of his family which we engrave. Unfortunately, it is not dated; but, from the age of the persons represented, we gather that it was a study made when Kaulbach was still in his



"THE PARENTS AND SISTERS OF WILHELM VON KAULBACH."

FROM A DRAWING BY W. VON KAULBACH.

father's house; and the style of the drawing, in its clear, hard precision, bears witness to his early practice obtained in the use of the graver under the elder Kaulbach's direction. The father, a man of middle age, sits at the nearer arm of a sofa, looking earnestly at us, or rather at his son who is supposed to be making the drawing. The face is that of an intelligent man of firm but sympathetic character: one from whom we should much sooner expect

the sort of work produced by his son than from the son himself, were we left to judge of the latter's character by the hard-headed peasant-type shown in his portraits. The father has on his morning-gown, and appears to have seated himself thus for his son's pleasure before beginning the day's work. Next him is the mother, who in her plain house-dress, with her scissors at her side, and leaning forward with her hands loosely clasped, looks with even more earnestness than her husband at the young artist, following his work with a penetrating glance, as of a cool and not over-indulgent observer. Of the two sisters, the one next the mother, with her elaborately plaited hair, carrying us back directly to the models of the sixteenth century preserved in the engravings of Dürer, is the nearest also in character to that parent, while the younger daughter, who sits at the right, facing the group, her knitting dropped upon her lap, is the child of her father. In her well-fitting but easy and simply designed dress, with its falling ruff of muslin; her hair in loose waving ringlets, and her sensitive intelligent face, she is the complete opposite of her mother and her elder sister, and it may well be that she and her father were the nourishers and supporters of the artistic leanings of her brother, in opposition to the cooler and more practical judgment of the other two. The reader will judge for himself of the reasonableness of our deductions: we have no more to go upon than he himself will find in this group, but it is most certain that the truth of this family's history is here recorded; in its simplicity, its earnestness, its freedom from all posing or self-consciousness, it is not only one of the most interesting among the similar performances left us by artists, but to our mind one of the most interesting of Kaulbach's works, small as it is in bulk, and at first glance insignificant.

The same qualities that we praise in this drawing, we praise in the "Madhouse," of which we judge from the cartoon, as engraved by Johnson. It must be conceded that the subject is one abstractly unfit for art to engage itself upon—unfit because repulsive to the mind no less than to the eye, and absolutely empty of anything that can elevate, cheer or inspire the human mind. It is useless as well, whether for instruction or reproof, since it portrays afflictions that are apparently as little to be avoided as they are impossible to cure: so that, if Kaulbach had deliberately chosen the subject, he would be to blame as an artist; but, as we shall see, he did not choose it, it forced itself upon him, and the painting the picture was no doubt a relief to his mind, over-charged with the spectacle of so much misery. It is this necessity of utterance that gives the picture its power over the mind and makes the secret of its horrible fascination.

Cornelius also saw the signs of talent in the youth placed under his care, and early distinguished him among his numerous pupils. He employed him upon the cartoons he was making for the decoration of the Cathedral in Bonn, but Kaulbach was dissatisfied with his share in the work, and so much discouraged that he was strongly tempted to give up the profession, and to content himself with the humbler position of a teacher of drawing. From this resolve he was, however, earnestly dissuaded by Cornelius, who persuaded him to accompany him to Munich, whither he had been invited by King Ludwig to take charge of the Academy which had been founded there by King Maximilian in 1808. Kaulbach accepted the invitation of his master, and went with him to the city, where, with the exception of the years spent in Berlin while executing his frescoes in the Museum, he was to pass the remainder of his life, and to become identified with the art and culture that were so energetically developed there under the generous encouragement of the King and his Court. At first, however, Kaulbach found nothing to his mind to do in Munich. He was given a commission to paint a wall-picture of "Apollo and the Muses," for a Concert-Hall, and for the Count von Birkenfeld he executed a series of designs illustrating the story of Cupid and Psyche, but nothing in his treatment of these subjects betrayed any special talent, nor was it until he came to work in the throne-room of the Queen's palace that he seemed to find his proper field. Here he painted the first of those heroic subjects on which his fame was to be founded: "The Victory of Hermann over the Romans," but it was a picture in a very different vein that immediately followed this, which fixed all eyes upon him, and announced the arrival of a remarkable personality in the world of art. This was his "Madhouse," a subject not arbitrarily selected by him, but the result of a powerful impression made upon his mind by an actual experience. He had been invited to paint a group of angels for the chapel of an Insane Asylum at Munich, and when the work was finished, the keeper, to reward him, invited him to make the rounds of the establishment—a privilege rarely accorded to any outsider. The sight of these unhappy people so deeply affected the young painter that he was unable for some time to rid himself of the impression, and it was while the scenes he had witnessed were still haunting him in his sleeping and waking hours, that he painted this picture. Its clear and unrelenting realism recall the family group of his parents and his sisters which we have already described: in both pictures he shows a power of observation and a love of truth that promise a far different fruit from that which his tree of life actually bore. We know so little of the influences that acted upon our artist in his





"THE BATTLE OF THE HUNS."  
FROM THE FRESCO BY WILHELM KAULBACH.



youth, that we are able to say nothing with certainty about the matter, but to us it looks as if the influence of the sculptor Rauch must have told for more at this period than the teachings of Dusseldorf. The love of truth to nature, the accuracy of statement, that characterize the author of the statues of Frederick the Great and of Queen Louisa are far more akin to the Kaulbach who made this drawing of his family, the picture of the "Madhouse," and the illustrations to Reynard the Fox, than to the Kaulbach of the "Destruction of Jerusalem" the "Tower of Babel," and the "Age of the Reformation." In short, it seems to us that in his later pictures Kaulbach departed ever more and more from the true path which his native genius, aided by sane teaching, had clearly marked out for him. Had he followed his real bent, we should have had something pleasanter to record than we find in these labored attempts to give a romantic and mystical interpretation to historical events. But, to admit this, is, we are aware, to deny to Kaulbach the possession of genius: genius never makes such mistakes: no teaching, no influence can make her desert her own ideal.

Kaulbach's next picture deepened and strengthened the impression made upon the public by his "Madhouse." This was the "Battle of the Huns" painted in 1837, when he was thirty-two, and which we reproduce from the engraving made after the cartoon. The scene it represents is, of course, a wholly imaginary one, and the choice of such a subject was, no doubt, due entirely to the artist's surroundings, since, in the reviving national spirit of the Germans, there was a healthy tendency to seek for themes in the story of their own people. If preference were given to the legendary history as recorded in the Lay of the Niebelungen, or in the other heroic tales that, however born, had taken root in the popular fancy, it was due partly to a feeling that such subjects made a more universal appeal to public interest, and partly because they afforded more scope for an artistic treatment in costume and details.

Kaulbach, as we have seen already, had painted in the throne-room of the Queen, on his first coming to Munich, a great event of actual history: "The Defeat of the Romans by Hermann." The subject of his next picture in the heroic field was a legend of the arrival of Alaric with his Huns before the walls of Rome in the time of Theodoric the Visigoth. In one of the furious combats which ensued, the battle raged so fiercely that the souls of the dead rose from the field in the night and continued the fight in the air. Once given the subject, we are able to follow Kaulbach's conception, which, as in the case of all the works of its class, is absolutely incomprehensible without the literary comment. This fact, however, has to be accepted once for all: these men of the new school were tellers of stories: not

painters of pictures. They looked upon their art as the handmaid of history and poetry, translating to the eye, what the muses sang to the ear. If for this position of "recorder" and "translator" they were willing to surrender the nobler name of creator, our part here is not to criticise their choice, but, as occasion arises, to ask how they have acquitted themselves of their task. The wide applause that greeted the appearance of the "Battle of the Huns" proved that, to his countrymen at least, Kaulbach had done his work well. Before us in the distance rises the city of Rome with the great tomb of Hadrian crowning its mass of buildings, and at the extreme left the line of the Alban mountains traced against the sky. Under the nearer walls a group of dead and dying warriors serves to connect the battle with the groups in the foreground. In the middle foreground we see a group of dead warriors, Romans as we judge, though pillaged of their arms, and near them their wives, or fellow-combatants, Amazons, filled with the fury of battle, or with despair at their threatened fate, refusing to believe that the dead can be deaf to their passionate cries, urge them with shrieks and prayers to rise and fight on, for them and their children. The dead hear their voice and stir in their slumber. The heathen foe, too, hearken the call of their kindred and companions—one rough-bearded warrior at the left already draws his sword again from its sheath, and others near him open eyes closed in death and look upward to the sky where the souls of the slain on either side, once more reforming their ranks, continue the bloody strife:

"Fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds  
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war  
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol.  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air.  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan."

In the upper part of the picture, where the ærial combat is waging, we see, on the left, the Roman Emperor, supported by attendant youths, advancing with drawn sword to meet the furious Attila, who stands charioted upon a mighty shield upborne by his warriors. Behind the Emperor, the souls of dead Romans bear the cross, streaming with triumphant light, while others in advance of the sacred emblem turn and point to it with loud exultant cries and furious gestures, as their standard of victory. No matter what we may think of the moral value of the subject, or of its suitableness for the purposes of art, it is impossible to avoid praising the skill with which the composition is handled; the dramatic power shown in the gradual awakening from death to the active renewing of the bitter passions of life,

and the majesty of movement in the contending armies, as they meet on their new battlefield in the air.

The original cartoon for this celebrated picture, painted in monochrome, is in the National Gallery at Berlin, in the collection of Count Raczynski, which has been loaned to the government for public exhibition. The completed fresco is one of the six immense pictures painted by Kaulbach between the years 1847 and 1866, for the decoration of the great staircase of the New Museum. The painting of these frescoes was the chief occupation of the later years of Kaulbach's life, and necessarily transferred much of his active interest from Munich to Berlin. "The Battle of the Huns" was the starting-point of the conception of a series of pictures that should illustrate important epochs in the history of mankind. "The Battle of the Huns" is the finest of the series, whether we consider the clearness and unity of the conception or the harmony of the design in which it is embodied. We shall only name the others, without attempting any detailed description, since not only has this been well done already in many popular works, among which we may refer the reader to Miss Howitt's "An Art Student in Munich," a little book reflecting in its earnest youthful enthusiasm the spirit of forty years ago—that time of strife, intellectual, artistic and political—but these pictures have been made common property by innumerable cheap reproductions. The subjects of the frescoes are "The Tower of Babel," "Greek Civilization" with Homer reciting his poems to the Greek people; "The Battle of the Huns;" The "Taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders," "The Era of the Reformation." Between the large paintings and connected with them, are several figures on a gold ground: allegorical representations of Tradition and History, Poetry and Science, with colossal figures of Moses, Solon, Charlemagne, Frederick the Great, and beside these a cloud of lesser figures, groups and symbolic subjects, over which, as over the great pictures themselves, the uninstructed eye wanders in a maze of conjecture, for without a guide the work is intelligible only to the learned. No doubt the whole idea of such a series of pictures with their attendant and connecting allegories and ornaments was borrowed from the Camera of Raphael in the Vatican, but beside that the thing could only be done once—and Raphael himself never repeated the triumph of the Camera della Segnatura with the "School of Athens," the "Disputa" and the "Parnassus," the minds of the two men were so totally different that the success of Kaulbach's experiment was fatally impossible. With all its faults, the work of Raphael is sufficiently clear to make it easily enjoyable with slight explanation, and the whole decoration of the room is bound up in a

unity, the beauty and ingenuity of which are not less enjoyed as time increases our familiarity. With Kaulbach's work, however, there is no real harmony in the ground-work, and



"DOROTHEA."

BY WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

the whole is so overlaid with fantastic symbolism, far-fetched, recondite allusions, pedantic display of petty learning, and a misplaced humor, that the mind becomes inexpressibly wearied: we depart with a sense of intellectual and æsthetic indigestion, and are hardly able



henceforward to do justice to the real talent and greatness of the man—how much greater, had he not been born in that unlucky age of bombast and misdirected art-patronage. No one of these paintings in the Staircase-Hall (Treppenhaus) at Berlin is so comical in its tragic incompetence as the once much-vaunted “Era of the Reformation,” the cartoon of which is unhappily owned in this country—a salad where all the great men and women of the time are stirred in together without aim, and with no attempt at unity of composition, a vast charivari, a Mardi Gras, where every one is grinding away at his own little job, Luther banging the Bible, Elizabeth strutting like a stage-queen, Albert Dürer painting away for dear life in a corner, Petrarch pulling Greek manuscripts out of a chest, Shakespeare “chewing his gums,” as a clever American critic once said, Copernicus puzzled over his own theories, and so forth, and so on—as we look we seem to see the “Madhouse” of the artist’s earlier years enlarged into a panorama of the world.

Of Kaulbach’s once much-praised “illustrations” to “Shakespeare,” “Goethe,” “Schiller,” nothing is now left for the world at large but the faded memory: as we turn over the crowd of photographs in the printsellers’ portfolios we cannot but wonder at the popularity they once enjoyed—a popularity that must have been factitious, since no critic of to-day could by any charm of words bring back the public to where it once stood. These works with their clumsy type of beauty, their affected simplicity, their incompetence of characterization, are their own condemnation. Not that they are all alike failures—that would not be possible with a man so able in many ways as Kaulbach: had he known and obeyed his own limitations it may be believed that his place in the history of art would have been far more secure than it is. We have selected the “Dorothea,” one scene from Goethe’s beautiful idyl of the exiled peasants, forced from their homes in Salzburg, unwilling emigrants, made to serve the will of Frederick by transferring themselves and their belongings to a barren land, where he would sow men as the husbandman sows corn. The point chosen by the artist for illustration is that where Hermann first meets Dorothea, as he describes the interview to his parents and their guests on his return to the house.

“When, now, as I went, I reach’d the new road through the valley,  
There was a wagon in sight, constructed with suitable timbers,  
Drawn by two oxen, the largest and strongest that foreigners boast of.  
Close by its side, with steps full of strength, was walking a maiden,  
Guiding with a long rod the pair of powerful cattle;  
Urging on now, and again holding back, as she skillfully led them.”

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Another work of Kaulbach's that has given much pleasure, and will long continue to give it, is his "Reynard the Fox," a series of illustrations to accompany an edition of Goethe's translation of the old poem, the delight of Germany in the Middle Ages. No one, not even Grandville, has surpassed Kaulbach in the difficult task of representing animals moved by human emotions, and yet never losing sight of the animal nature. Here again Kaulbach's talent both for clear conception and clear statement are seen working in harmony within their natural limits, and we are happily far away from the confused pretension of his so-called great works.

EDOUARD BENDEMANN, another artist who pursued the road of "grand art," was born in Berlin in 1811, a few years later than Kaulbach. He too studied at Dusseldorf, but under Schadow, who succeeded to the direction on the resignation of the post by Cornelius. When his studies were completed he went to Rome, where his original tendencies toward religious subjects, nourished by Schadow's influence, were still further strengthened, and on his return to Germany in 1832, at the age of twenty-one, he painted his "Mourning Jews in Captivity" which is now in the Museum of Cologne. In 1837 he sent to Paris his chief picture, "Jeremiah on the Ruins of Jerusalem," which was so much admired that it gained a first prize. It is of the same order of work in its conception and artificial arrangement as the Destruction of Jerusalem by Kaulbach, but it is more classic in its restraint and in its subjection to the laws of unity, while it is far superior to Kaulbach's pretentious and over-weighted work in its directness and simplicity. Whether Bendemann were a Jew or not we do not learn, but these two pictures have the appearance of springing from genuine feeling and sympathy; they do not affect us as painted merely to conform to a fashion for grandiose historical, or so-called historical, compositions.

Bendemann's chief work, next to these paintings, is his decoration of the royal palace in Dresden, where he painted a series of frescoes completed in 1845. These frescoes cover the walls of two connected apartments: The Ball-Room, and the Throne-Room or Banqueting-Hall. In the former are scenes from Greek mythology: a procession of Bacchus with allegorical figures of poetry, music, dancing, architecture, sculpture and painting—the eternal round of which the Germans never were known to tire. Then come the Marriage of Alexander and Roxana, the Wedding of Thetis, Apollo in his swan-chariot leading the three Greek tribes, and Homer. As for the Throne-Room, the pen recoils from the task of recording its perfunctory themes where the Four Estates: the Knights, Burghers, Churchmen and Peasants, are

figured in scenes from history: in the frieze the story of the Occupations and Labors of Life, and then a long procession of the great names of the earth from Moses to Maximilian, with all the Virtues for outriders and stirrup-holders. In such a riot of allegory and symbolism, since no one is capable of unravelling the skein by himself, or would care for it if unravelled for him



"JEREMIAH ON THE RUINS OF JERUSALEM."

BY EDOUARD BENDEMANN.

by another, the only satisfaction is in surrendering one's self to the enjoyment of the mere physical sensation produced by such a multitude of personages and incidents, following one another in swift succession along the walls of these sumptuous palace-rooms. Pleasing forms of youth and beauty, manly vigor, and dignified, serene old age—this vision of life is sufficient in itself, and we ask no more than to close our guide-book and watch it as it glides before our

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eyes, and mutely praise the versatility of the artist. Many other works of the elder Bendemann—for his son Rudolf has inherited much of his father's talent, evince the possession of poetic feeling united with great technical accomplishment; but, in his case, as in that of the other men who at this time were making their mark in the history of German art, neither feeling nor skill found subjects of universal interest to work upon, nor even such as could long hold the attention of the German people themselves. Even the German mind, with all its love of abstractions, cannot live upon "allegory," and "symbolism," "types," and "epochs," forever, and the fate that has overtaken Cornelius, and Schnorr, Schadow, and Kaulbach and the rest of the "grand school" could not be expected to spare Bendemann.



CHARLES FREDERIC LESSING.

This artist, less fortunate than some of the others, had no opportunity to show to the world at large what he could do on a monumental scale, but he has certainly earned the high estimation in which he is held as a decorative painter. Bendemann married a daughter of Schadow and succeeded that artist as Director of the Academy at Dusseldorf when he resigned the position in 1860.

CHARLES FREDERIC LESSING, born at Wartenberg in Silesia in 1808, was one of the first of the modern Germans to apply the principles of the "grand school" to

subjects outside the domain of allegory and symbolism and bounded in a more objective circle of ideas. He received small encouragement at home in his early expressed desire to be an artist, but his father gave way on seeing a picture painted by him at seventeen, "The Cemetery in Ruins," and sent him to Dusseldorf, where he studied under Schadow, who saw his talent and encouraged him in every way. While a boy, Lessing had studied with deep interest the exciting and romantic history of Bohemia, with which country his native Silesia had been so closely connected in earlier times. The story of Huss particularly appealed to him, and his first important picture had for its subject "Huss preaching to his Disciples." The earnestness of the painter communicated itself to his work, and the picture was received by the

public with real enthusiasm. In Paris, where Delaroche was to win fame by a similar treatment of historical episodes, Lessing's picture was much applauded, but in Germany, and especially in Lessing's country, where the story of Huss still burned in the popular heart, it excited acrimonious criticisms. Not daunted by the opposition, Lessing painted other pictures illustrating the Huss legend, "Huss before the Council of Constance" and the subject we engrave, "The Martyrdom of Huss." This work is well known in America, where it is now owned. It originally belonged to the "Dusseldorf Gallery," for many years one of the chief attractions of New York City, containing as it did well-chosen examples of many of the chief painters of the Dusseldorf School, and Lessing's picture undoubtedly stood at the head of the collection in the popular estimation. The story is so well told that no explanation was needed, and as to the honor of human nature it may be said that hardly any subject is of more universal interest than that of a man sacrificing his life for his principles, the picture appealed to the heart of almost every spectator. At the same time the numerous episodes and manifestations of individual character were not only painted with great technical skill, but were ingeniously connected with the main event and made to lead up to it. "The moment chosen is that of the memorable scene before Constance, whose steeples are seen in the distance. The stake to which the martyr is to be fastened is planted upon an eminence in the middle of the picture. It is surrounded by the fagots, and three executioners stand ready to carry out the punishment. The troops of the Duke of Bavaria are in the background with the banner of Constance in their midst. Huss stands before the stake about to kneel in prayer. Filled with faith in the righteousness of his cause, he looks toward Heaven, and as he turns his face upward, a sun-beam breaking through the fleecy clouds illuminates his countenance. As he kneels, the cap of the Heretics has fallen from his head, and a citizen has stooped to lift the cap and replace it; another citizen stares scornfully at him and a third threatens him with his clenched fist. While the prisoner and his escort have mounted the hill, the chief authorities have remained below: at their head is the Duke of Bavaria, charged by the emperor to superintend the execution. He is addressing a bishop also on horseback, and a cardinal is also seen at the extreme right. Between the horses of the duke and the bishop an old Franciscan monk looks at Huss with curiosity through his spectacles. Thus, the whole right side of the picture is filled with the enemies of Huss, while at the left are grouped his adherents. At the head of the latter group is a young girl looking compassionately at Huss, but her rosary shows that in pitying him she goes against

her conscience. A Bohemian noble on the other hand prays openly for him; a burgher of Constance looks at him with interest, but a young woman near him shows the deepest sympathy. This is a portrait of the wife of Lessing, who is thus ingeniously made to express her sympathy both with her husband as an artist and with his principles as a man. The remaining figures in the picture explain themselves; no one is introduced without a purpose, and the necessary violations of perspective and other technical points must be accepted if the

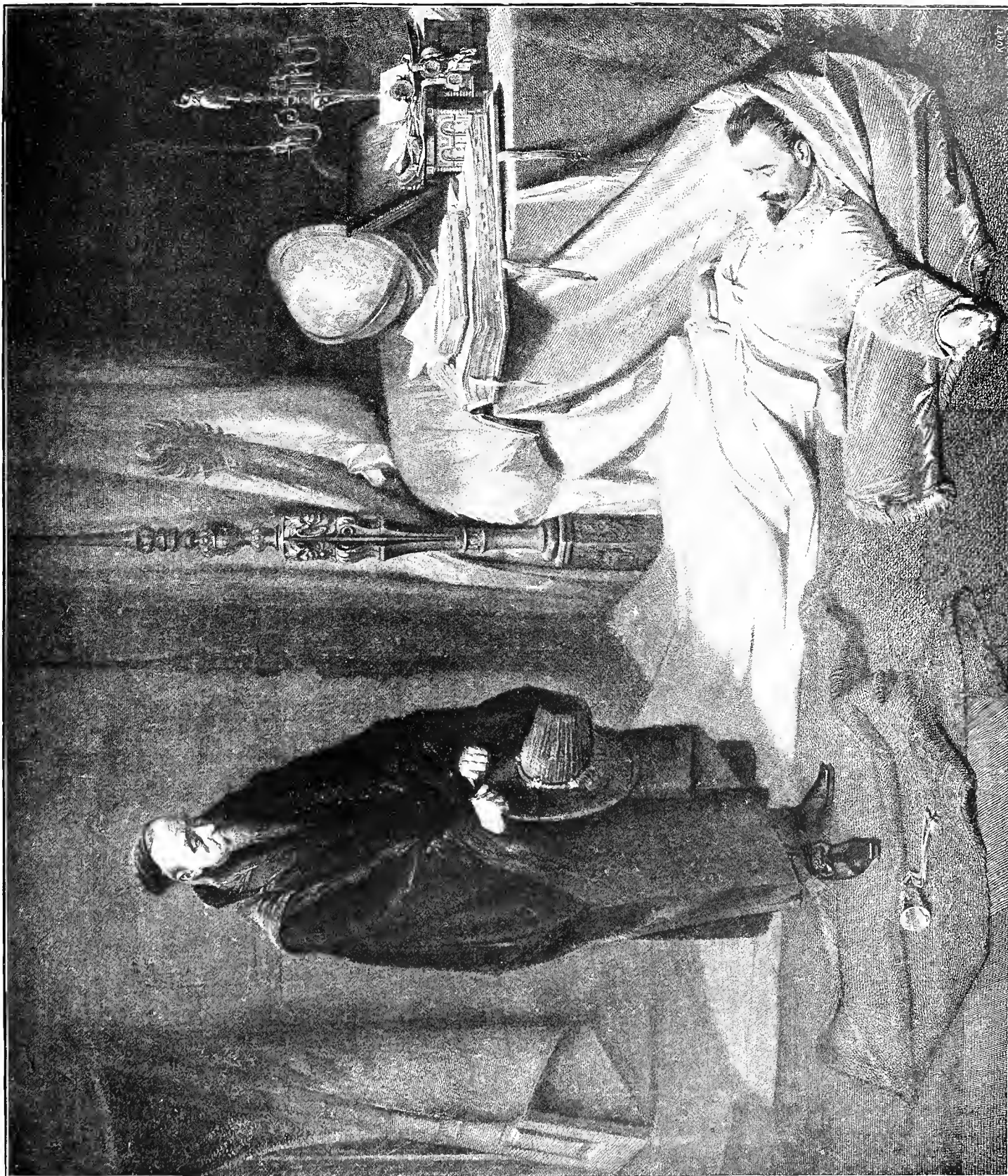


"THE MARTYRDOM OF HUSS."

BY CHARLES FREDERIC LESSING

picture is to be accepted at all. Lessing does not mean to give a picture of the scene that shall be historically true: it is a *tableau*, a stage-picture, and it is arranged as it is with full consciousness, no doubt, of its artificiality, but with the distinct purpose of summarizing the feelings of the time by a selection of types. The main purpose of the picture, in full accordance with the spirit of the school to which Lessing belonged, is literary: it is a page of a painted story, and is told as Walter Scott would have told it, aiming to bring about a realization of the scene by the selection of a few striking particulars: not as Hugo would have told





DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN,  
FROM THE PAINTING BY PILOT.



it, storming at our imagination with a multitude of details: an indistinguishable tempest of hate and scorn, insult and reviling, love and worship and pity surging about the one central figure of heroic sacrifice and self-abnegation. Such a comparison between Lessing and Hugo is no doubt unjust, perhaps it may be reckoned by some absurd, and certainly there cannot be comparison between a man of talent—and Lessing was nothing more—and a man of mighty genius, such as Hugo was with all his weakness. But a comparison with a painter like Delaroche would leave Lessing, in a work like this, defenceless on the score of elegance, refinement, and the dramatic power of concentration. Lessing painted many pictures in the same vein of pseudo-history: “Luther burning the Bull of the Pope,” “Luther and Eck disputing at Leipsic,” “Pope Pascal II. Prisoner of Henry V.,” he was also noted in his day for his landscapes, but even in Germany they would be reckoned nowhere, to-day. The artificiality of his historical pieces may be forgiven: it may even be defended with a show of reason, but his landscapes come too late to please a public that has been ministered to by painters of nature such as England and France and our own country have produced, and are every day producing.

KARL THEODOR VON PILOTY, the last survivor of the old régime we have been considering—for Bendemann is hardly to be reckoned in the list—was born at Munich in 1826, and died in that city in 1886. It would be hard to explain his reputation as an artist, and in fact it is not as an artist that he will be remembered, but rather as a teacher and the founder of a school out of which so many artists of repute have issued, that it has been said, the history of art in South Germany for the last thirty years is nothing more than the history of Piloty's school.

Piloty was at first the pupil of his father, Ferdinand Piloty, who had some distinction as a lithographer. He studied later in the Academy under Schnorr, and later still at Antwerp and Paris, but returning to Munich fixed his residence there, and for the remainder of his life associated his fame and fortunes with his native city. His picture of the astrologer Seni before the body of Wallenstein, which we copy, painted in 1855, when he was twenty-nine, was the first of his works to awaken a general interest, and perhaps he never painted a picture that more completely expressed his talent. Once given the key to the subject—and in this, as in ninety and nine cases out of every hundred “historical” paintings, it cannot be understood without an explanation—we find the story told in a dignified, impressive way, with such simplicity and directness as forces our attention upon the fact narrated and makes us for the

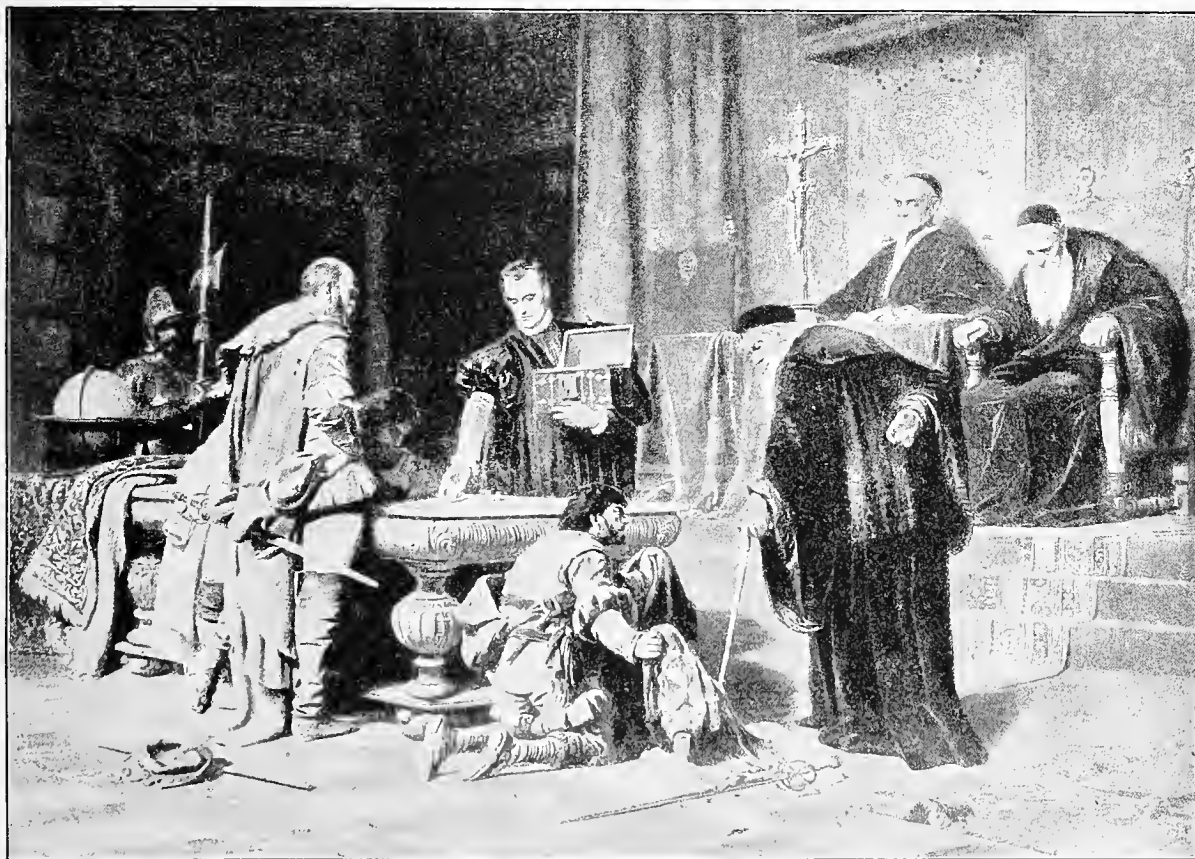
moment forget everything but the tragedy enacting before our eyes. The writer saw the picture for the first time not long after a visit to Eger, where we were shown the room in which Wallenstein was murdered, and this may have added something to the interest with which we looked at the work. And yet, on seeing it again, now, after some years have elapsed, the first impression is not weakened.

The subject of Piloty's picture is nowhere literally found in history, but the elements of it are derived from Schiller's great drama. As in the case of Shakespeare's historical plays, we find our views of history colored, if not formed, by the poet, from whose interpretation sober fact finds it difficult if not impossible to separate her legitimate share. Even the name of Wallenstein would seem to be of Schiller's creating, since all historians are agreed, and indeed it is most certain, that the hero's true name was Waldstein. It is to Schiller, too, that we owe the emphasis given to Wallenstein's superstitious dependence upon augury and astrology, and if he had any authority for the existence of the astrologer Seni, it amounts at the best to a mere hint: one or two of the biographers of Wallenstein alluding in a cursory way to a certain Senni or Zenni, an Italian astrologer whom he supported about his person. In both the second and third parts of Schiller's trilogy: "The Piccolomini" and "The Death of Wallenstein," Seni appears among the *Dramatis Personæ*, but he plays no part of importance. In the stage directions of the scene in "The Piccolomini" where Seni first appears, he is described as fantastically dressed like an old Italian doctor, and Piloty has followed this hint in his picture, and has encircled the astrologer's tall hat with a band studded with stars. It was said that Seni had been with Wallenstein a few minutes previous to his assassination, to warn him that he had been consulting the stars, and that

"A fearful sign stood in the house of life.  
An enemy, a fiend, lurk'd close behind  
The radiance of his planet."

He warned his master that the danger had not yet passed. Wallenstein, however, assured him that he had no fear for himself, but as for Seni, *his* fate was certainly sealed, since the stars had assured him that a few hours would see the prophet in prison. Out of these scattered hints and suggestions, Piloty has contrived his picture. The scene is in the bed-room of Wallenstein in his palace at Eger. The light of early morning steals into the room and falls upon the body of Wallenstein as it lies where the dagger of his assassin left him. He is dressed for the night as in Schiller's play: in falling he has dragged down the

cloth from the table, and his dark head, still stern in death, is relieved against its folds. On the tumbled carpet a hand-bell is lying, flung from him as if he had tried to summon help with it and it had been wrenched from his hand. The bed on which he had not yet slept is seen in the background with its richly carved post and its hangings wrought with the Imperial Eagle. On a table at the foot of the bed are the books he has been consulting, a casket



"THE COUNCIL OF THREE."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY KARL VON PILOTY.

with letters and documents with their seals, and a sidereal globe where the sign of the Scorpion seems to be threatening the Lion. A candelabrum stands in the middle of the table: it is crowned with a Victory whose back is ominously turned toward Wallenstein, and its one candle burned to the socket, sends up its thin spire of smoke into the gloom of the not yet fully awakened night. By the side of his dead master the old Seni, who has entered by the battered doorway, stands looking down upon his dupe with a half-pitying, half-contemptuous

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expression—pity for one who had trusted him, contempt for one who in spite of warning had refused to see the hand of God in the stars. He has taken off his star-encircled hat and holds it in both hands, gripping it strongly by the rim: a gesture full of force and meaning: he still holds firm to his belief in destiny; his grasp on the secrets of fate is not relaxed, although the arm of the dead hero who would not listen to his warning is stretched out in surrender, and his good right hand lies cold upon his heart.

After he had been appointed Professor at the Academy in Munich, Piloty went to Paris for a second visit in 1856, and then to Rome, where he busied himself with studies for his picture "Nero at the Burning of Rome." This picture, which made a great sensation throughout Germany, was finished in 1861 and is now in the gallery of Count Palissy at Pressburg. The titles of some of his other pictures will show the principal direction of his art:—"Wallenstein on the Road to Eger," "Wallenstein's Entrance into Eger," "The Death of Cæsar," "Thusnelda in the Triumphal Procession of Germanicus"—the original sketch for this picture is in the Metropolitan Museum, "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," "The News of her Sentence Announced to Mary Queen of Scots," and "The Council of Three" which we copy. This last work depicts no particular event in history; it is intended only to illustrate a phase of life in Venice in the sixteenth century at the time when the city was ruled by the despotic Council of Three. Hired bravoës have brought to the Council the clothes and weapons of their victims to prove their obedience, and secure the promised reward. Two members of the tribunal keep their places on the bench: the elder of them seems to be touched with a shadow of remorse for what has been done; but the third has no compunctions. He has approached the murderers and listens to their tale while he coolly examines the bloody evidences of their crime, and an attendant places on the table the casket that contains the gold with which that crime is to be rewarded. So long as there is a public eager to welcome such pictures they will be painted, and it is perhaps useless to complain of their want of serious purpose; of the way in which a pedantic display of furniture and costumes is allowed to distract our attention from the vital meaning of the scene: dramatic truth sacrificed to stage-effect, and that of a very commonplace kind. Probably no one of the Munich masters has had so many distinguished scholars as Piloty, though, as has been said, the bond that united pupils and teacher was less a spiritual than a purely technical one. Among these names we find those of Makart, Lenbach, Defregger, Liezen-Mayer, Gabl, Grützner, and our own David Neal, Toby Rosenthal, and Wm. M. Chase. That Piloty was not



narrow in his teaching, in spite of his insistence on certain dryasdust rules, is shown by the result—his best pupils reflect his manner but slightly; he allowed them to give free play to their own individuality. His own work is solid, scholarly, and often interesting, in spite of



"THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILHELM CAMPHAUSEN.

the faults of artificiality and theatric posing, which have been so freely brought home to him by German critics no less than by Frenchmen and Americans.

The art of Piloty was of a kind that for some reason, or for many reasons, belongs to Germany and finds there a hospitable home, a widely spreading circle of kindred, and troops of enthusiastic friends. Since the days of West and his school, historical painting has steadily lost ground in England, and now scarcely survives there; in France, Delaroche and Horace Vernet are almost the only names that keep even the memory of it alive, for such historical painting as there is in France, to-day, is hardly more than genre-painting. But, in Germany, it survives in full force, and tempts to emulation her best painters; while public enthusiasm for such subjects is always ready to crown with applause and honors any successful effort in the field.

Mr. Wm. M. Chase, who was for some time a pupil of Piloty, and who was invited by him to paint the portraits of his children, has communicated to us the following interesting reminiscence, which will illustrate the theories of Piloty and the practice of his studio.

The immense room devoted to the pupils of the master was divided by board-partitions into a number of smaller rooms, in each of which a pupil was installed and set to work on a subject given to the whole class, to treat according to their own ideas, but, at the same time, grammatically and orthographically, in obedience to established canons. At one time, when a good many of the pupils happened to be Americans, Piloty came into the studio and said with his strong voice and energetic manner: "I will give you a subject; it belongs to you; take it, and do your best with it: Columbus before the Council." When the young fellows were left to themselves, there began a lively debate, accompanied by the usual skylarking, and in the midst of it, some one put the question to Chase, known perhaps to be not a little sceptical as to the merits of the baking-powder expedients in historical painting: "Well, how will you treat it then?" "I'll show you," said Chase; and, turning into his stall, shuts himself up, and in a little while comes out with his Columbus. A long canvas, longer than high, a table stretching across it, nearly from side to side, and behind it and at the projecting ends, a crowd of ecclesiastics, big and little, cardinals, priests, and doctors—listening, or not listening, to Columbus, who stands in the middle, facing the table, with a globe and a lot of books and papers on the floor at his side, and with one hand raised, energetically arguing his case. It was but a sketch, but a sketch of such marked originality in its conception, and showing such exceptional skill in the handling, that both the wrath of Piloty on seeing it, and his

interest in this sinner against all his rules and teachings were alike explicable. He looked at it long and earnestly; he marked the vigorous, succinct painting of the row of heads, all characteristic of such an assembly, no two alike, only blocked out, with a few strokes to each, yet each alive—eager, indifferent, hostile, supercilious, respectful, haughty. Piloty saw all this, but he also saw the figure of Columbus, standing with his back to the spectator—ye powers! The principal personage standing with his back to us! What folly! For, of course, in the true scheme of historical painting according to the Munich gospel, no matter what the facts, or probabilities of the case may have been, the spectator has the first right, and Columbus should have turned his back not upon us but upon his audience; spoken to us, not to the Council. Therefore it was that Piloty came down upon his pupil with stern rebuke and remonstrance; reminding him of the sacred rules, showing him again for the twentieth, the hundredth time, how he ought to have composed his picture, and leaving him with a recommendation to repentance. That he saw what good material was in his pupil, however, is shown by his urging him shortly after that to paint a great historical Columbus—according to the rules no doubt!—with a view to the Capitol at Washington, offering to help the scheme in every way by his influence—but Chase had no mind to the undertaking.

WILHELM CAMPHAUSEN, a painter of battle-scenes, and ideal portraits, was born at Dusseldorf in 1810. He made his studies in the Academy of his native town, and afterward became a Professor in that institution. In order to become more familiar with military matters he joined a company of hussars, and remained several years with them. Later, he travelled in Europe and brought back many studies used since in his numerous pictures and in the designs he has made for illustrated publications. The titles of some of his works: "Puritans Reconnoitering the Enemy," "Charles II. at the Battle of Worcester," "Taking the Entrenchment of Duppel," "Cavaliers and Roundheads," will give an idea of his sphere of activity. The two pictures which we have chosen belong to the list of his "ideal portraits," as we may call them, for lack of a better name. That is, they are portraits founded on authentic pictures of their time, but dressed up to suit the artist's notion of the subject's personality. The "Frederic the Great" is an animated, stirring image of that "*Alexandre de nos jours*"—a splendid sword in a rough sheath. The "Maria Theresa" is perhaps rather the "Rex Noster" of the legend and of our imagination than the Queen of sober history. Still, the imagination has her rights, and what is more, in the struggle with facts she generally gets the better, in the long run, of her antagonist.



"HEAD-PIECE BY MENZEL."  
FROM KUGLER'S "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

### III.

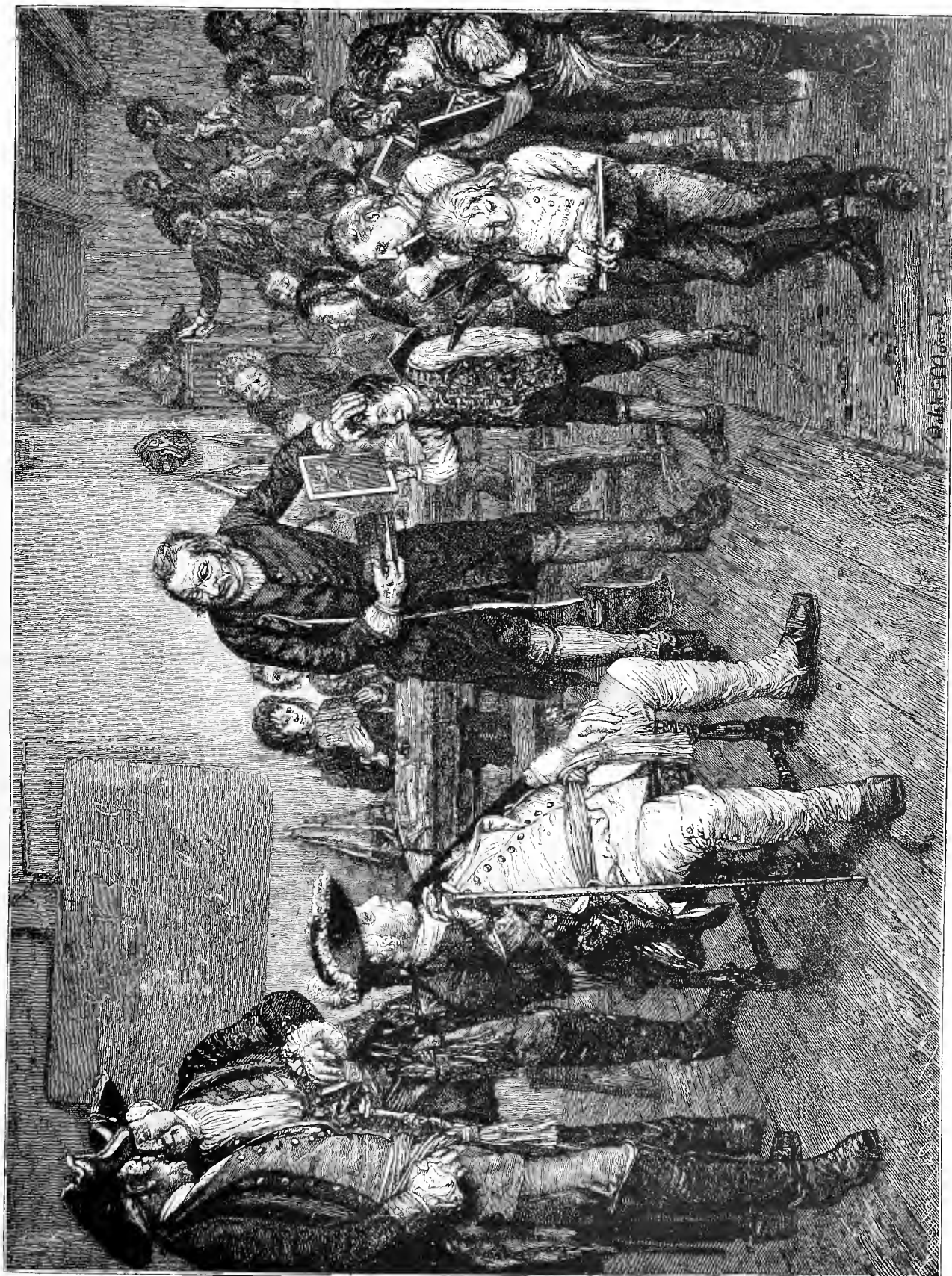
**A**DOLF FRIEDERICH ERDMANN MENZEL, one of the first of modern draughtsmen, recognized both at home and abroad as a chief in the modern school of historical painters, was born at Breslau in 1815.

His father, though not an artist, was interested in the arts, and gave up the profession of teaching to engage in the business of lithography, the new process discovered only a little while before by Sennefelder, which was just then interesting everybody as photography and process-printing are interesting us to-day, and like them threatening to displace wood-engraving and etching, as in fact it did displace them for a time. It may be worth noting in passing, that one of the most remarkable though one of the least known of Adolf Menzel's published works, the "Christ among the Doctors," is executed in lithography, the art he learned in his youth from his father. It is not, however, a genuine lithograph, but rather an engraving, since it is etched with acids, not simply drawn upon the stone.



ADOLF MENZEL.  
FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY BEGAS

The boy early showed a strong leaning to art, but his father, with his instincts as a teacher, felt that it was desirable his general studies should be attended to before engaging



"FRIEDRICH WILHELM I. VISITS THE VILLAGE-SCHOOL."

FROM THE DRAWING BY ADOLPH MENZEL





in a special profession. He therefore tried again the experiment that has been tried by unnumbered parents since the world began, and sought to put his young Pegasus into useful harness. But this colt, like all the rest of his kind, kicked the traces and refused to browse in the pastures provided for him. His childish studies were neglected, and the world-old legend of the scribbled copy-book reappears in the case of the little Adolf, as fresh as if it had not been told of a hundred other born artists. Seeing this, the elder Menzel, aware that a talent had been intrusted to him for safe-keeping, and anxious to do the best he could to make it profitable, broke up his household at Breslau and removed to Berlin, where he thought his boy would have better opportunities. He had the boy fitted for the Academy, but though he entered it, he could not be induced to stay there. The methods no less than the routine were irksome to him, and he insisted on being allowed to sit by his father's side and assist him in his lithographic work. This he did until he was sixteen, when his father died, leaving his whole family, a large one, dependent on Adolf's exertions for support.

The boy applied himself energetically to the task, working, says Miss Helen Zimmern, in her interesting summary of Menzel's life and work, printed in the Magazine of Art,—“working almost literally, day and night—twelve hours being his nominal allowance, often exceeded. He composed and lithographed dinner, New Year, and birthday cards; he designed and executed bill-heads, and invitations, illustrations to children's books, *menus*, etc., etc., whatever, in short, came in his way. Yet he always looked upon this as merely a way to get bread and butter for himself and his family; his aim was to be an artist, and of this he never allowed himself to lose sight.” In 1833, when only eighteen years old, he made his first appeal to the public with an original work, publishing a series of six lithographed illustrations to Goethe's poem “Künstler's Erdenwallen.” This attracted immediate attention, and the publishers soon gave him all he could do, encouraging him to new undertakings. He produced a second set of designs, “The Five Senses,” and followed it with “The Lord's Prayer,” and soon after turned his attention to the field in which his most successful work has been accomplished: the history of the Hohenzollerns. Frederick William IV., who was then King of Prussia, was ambitious to play the same part in Prussia that Louis of Bavaria was playing so conspicuously in Munich, as modern Mæcenas, Patron of the Fine Arts, etc., etc. The work that Menzel had already done in his designs for the History of Brandenburg in illustration of the life of Germany in the eighteenth century, had drawn the king's attention

to the artist as the man peculiarly fitted by nature and by the exhaustive studies he had made, for the carrying out of his special hobby, the glorification of his ancestor, Frederick the Great. He therefore received the commission to make four hundred illustrations for Kugler's "Life of Frederick the Great." The work occupied four years of Menzel's life. He made all the drawings on the block for the wood-engravers, and as the art of engraving on wood was then in a very unsatisfactory state in Germany, the first blocks were sent to Paris to be cut. This was done for some time, but as fast as the blocks were returned from Paris they were used by Menzel as models for the Berlin engravers, and thanks to his zealous superintendence and earnest effort, such an improvement was brought about that the later blocks were cut at home. It was absolutely necessary that this should be done if Menzel's work were to be faithfully reported; for his vigorous and uncompromising method of dealing with subjects in which neither beauty nor grace had any part, was not suited to French elegance and refinement. This work was so successful that the king immediately gave him another commission, that of illustrating the works of Frederick the Great, a most unwelcome task, since the writings of Frederick offer scarcely any material for the artist's skill. Beside the mistake of employing one of the first artists of the time on such a thankless task the king, like a truly royal connoisseur, Mæcenas, Patron of the Fine Arts, etc., etc., confined the circulation of the book when completed to the circle of his own immediate family, and to the few crowned heads and men of mark whom the king wished specially to honor. The late emperor, William I., seeing that Menzel's work was virtually lost to the world by this exclusion, allowed the illustrations to be reproduced without the text, but this has availed but little, since even in that state the book is too costly for general circulation.

Other works of Menzel in this field, are a series of plates filling three thick folio volumes and called "The Army of Frederick the Great." This vast storehouse of illustrations of a subject of no possible interest to any one but a special student of the time, consists of three hundred plates, drawn upon the stone, and preserving for the antiquarian every possible recoverable detail of the costume, arms, weapons and accoutrements of the soldiers and officers of Frederick's army. Into these drawings Menzel infused all the life and reality that he was capable of, but after completing the work and coloring the plates with his own hand, he cleaned off the stones, preserving only thirty impressions. He followed this work by one that appealed more to the popular taste: a series of twelve large and vigorously drawn and engraved woodcuts of Frederick's generals, with a plate devoted to Frederick himself. Fortunately for

Menzel's fame this was not a royal commission, but a work designed for the public, and it is likely to prove the most worthy monument of his fame. The Head of Blücher which we copy, will give an idea of the style in which Menzel has treated these soldier-figures, though it is not taken from this particular work.

It would be impossible to enumerate even in a summary way, the titles of the works



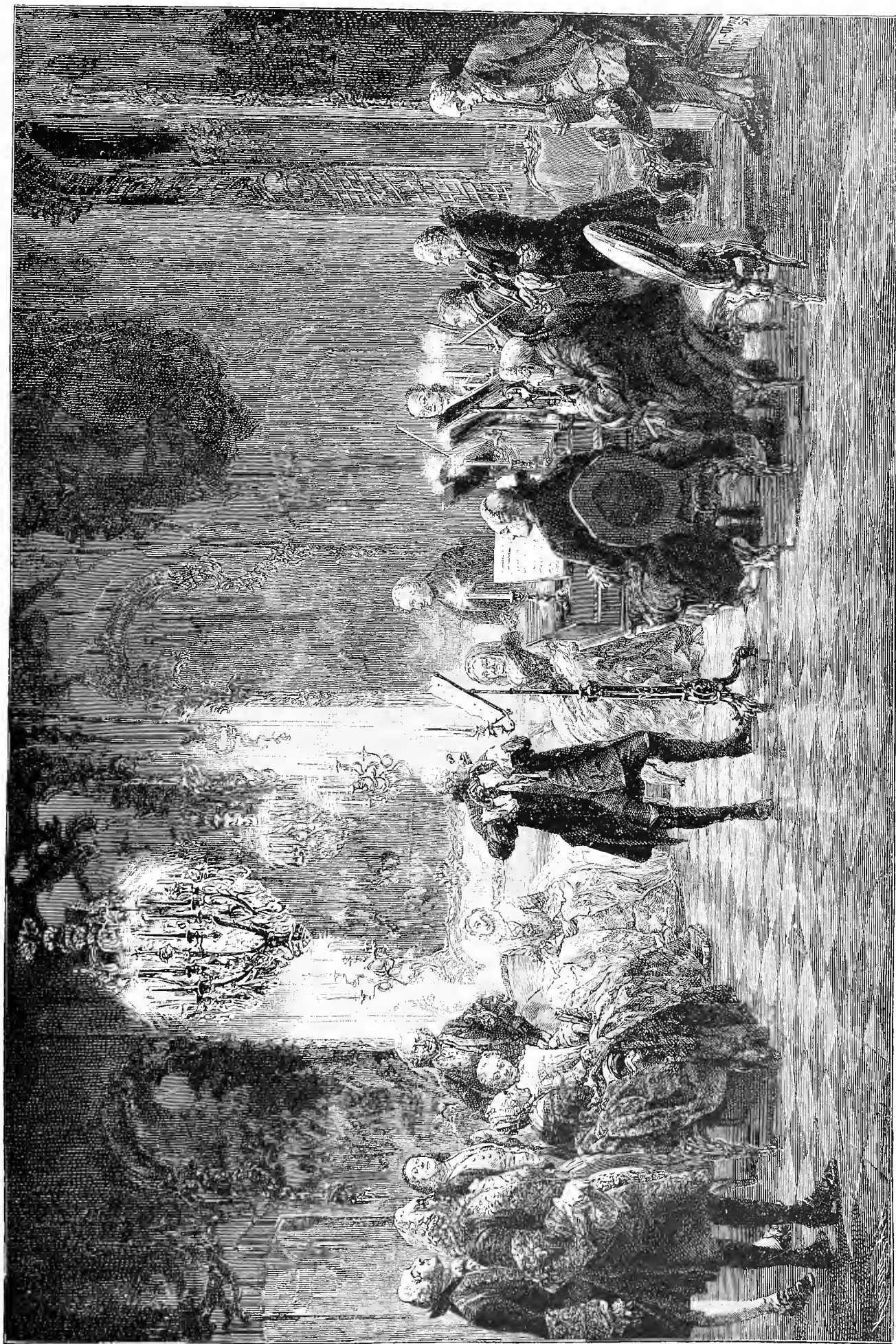
"BLÜCHER."

FROM A DRAWING BY MENZEL.

produced by Menzel's prodigious activity. He has worked in almost every style and with every material, but it must be allowed that it is as a draughtsman, not as a designer, that he excels. Of the two pictures that we copy, one, "Frederick playing on the Flute at Sans Souci," is from an oil-painting, the other, "Frederick William visiting a Village-School," is from an illustration made by Menzel for the History of the Hohenzollerns. Menzel's oil-painting can be studied at Berlin, in the Museum; as a painting it has small value, but the

design has all his excellences, and the subjects gave him an opportunity that he did not enjoy in his book-illustrations. The picture we have selected, "The Flute-Concert," is a companion to "The Banquet at Sans Souci," which also hangs in the Berlin Museum, where are also "Frederick on his Travels," and "Frederick at the Battle of Hochkirch," with others of less importance. The scene of our picture is the drawing-room of the palace, gorgeous in its rococo splendor, dazzling in the blaze of wax-candles clustered innumerable in chandeliers and sconces of crystal, their soft light reflected from mirrors and gilding and the polished floor, and from the rich dresses of the company; the costume of a time that was all of a piece with the architecture and the decoration. The king is at a music-stand in the middle of the room, executing on his flute a difficult piece, with as much dignity as any man, even a king, can put into that most undignified instrument. At the piano near him sits Emanuel Bach, who plays the accompaniment, while Benda with his violin awaits the cadence of the musical phrase to recommence his playing. The king's music-master, Quanz, sits in the embrasure of the window, and on a sofa is the king's sister Wilhelmina, the Margravine of Baireuth, whose affection for her brother, as his for her, plays such a part in their early life. Near her stands Graun, an amateur of music, and the rest of the company is made up of the noble and distinguished people whom Frederick gathered about him in his Court. The other picture shows Menzel in a very different vein: the old king, in the carrying out of his elaborate system of paternal government, has come to a village-school, and the master, for his sovereign's pleasure, is subjecting the urchins to the terrors of an examination in their studies. Menzel has depicted the various characters with much quiet penetration and sense of humor—the old king, with his mingled good-nature and patronizing self-importance; the school-master equally anxious for his own credit and that of his boys; the youngsters moved by every emotion natural to their years: one with boyish glee showing his slate to the king; another, vexed with failure, cleaning his slate for a new trial—in this slight subject equally as in the more important pictures, and as everywhere, Menzel is conspicuous as the story-teller, the narrator, who to a full knowledge of every detail of fact unites the dramatic power to seize the situation as a whole.

As we have said, it is not alone in his own country, but among artists everywhere, that Menzel is honored. Several of his pictures were sent to the Paris Exposition in 1867, and they were warmly welcomed, by no one more than by Meissonier. Miss Zimmern tells us that Meissonier could not do enough to show his appreciation of Menzel's talent: he not only



"A CHAMBER-CONCERT AT SANS-SOUCI."  
FROM THE DRAWING BY ADOLPH MENZEL





introduced him everywhere, but by his influence, deservedly powerful in France, he caused him to be decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honor. The two artists were inseparable, but as Meissonier could not speak a word of German, and Menzel knew no French, their personal communication was confined to repeated pressures of the hand, and gestures of mute admiration. Beside his exhaustive work in relation to Frederick and his times, Menzel has published several etchings, has made designs for the illustrations of Kleist's drama "The Broken Jug," and has painted several pictures on themes drawn from our modern life. The most important of these is "The Machine Shop"—as seen from the industrial life of the Berlin of our own day, reproduced with that mingling of photographic accuracy and large picturesqueness in which Menzel excels all his contemporaries. It must be said of Menzel that the picturesqueness is, so at least it appears, none of his choosing. He has the indifference of Nature to beauty or ugliness—since those terms are our own, not hers—his whole aim, and it is his sole enjoyment, is to reproduce with faithfulness either what he sees of the present with his eyes, or what an exhaustive and impartial study has taught him must have been seen by the men of the past. He accepts with cheerful equanimity, the fact that he lives in an ugly city, in an ugly country, among a people indifferent to art and incapable of producing it. And where another artist might have sought relief from these conditions in some enchanted Armida's garden of the past, Menzel has deliberately plunged, fathom deep, in the study of a time when these same conditions existed in even greater force than they do at present. Yet by the sheer power of loyalty to truth, and a determination to accept life as he finds it, he has not only won for himself a foremost place among the artists of his time, but has done much to make impossible a return to the literary treatment and the bombastic methods of the earlier historical painters of "the grand school."



"TAIL-PIECE BY MENZEL."  
FROM KUGLER'S "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

TRACES of that art, of which Kaulbach and Piloty were the high-priests still remain in the studios, but they are tempered by the logic of the realistic school. Among the pupils of Piloty, Alexander Liezen-Mayer is one who occupies, with no little distinction, this middle ground. He was born in 1839, at Raab in Hungary, and after studying for a time in



"QUEEN ELIZABETH ABOUT TO SIGN MARY'S DEATH WARRANT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LIEZEN-MAYER,

the Academies of Vienna and Munich he entered the studio of Piloty, and in 1862, when only twenty-three, produced his "Coronation of Charles of Durazzo"—a subject evidently chosen—since the Coronation of Charles of Durazzo could be of no interest to any mortal of the present day—merely because it lent itself to the picturesque theatrical treatment in vogue in

the Munich of that day. Neither this picture, however, nor the "Canonization of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," though they were considered to show much promise, had any marked success with the public; the artist's first laurels were gained by his "Maria Theresa Comforting a Poor Child," a subject that by its natural and unaffected treatment appealed even to people whose aristocratic loyalty was not touched by it. The two pictures that we copy show both sides of Liezen-Mayer's art. The "Queen Elizabeth Signing Mary's Death Warrant" is a genuine product of the Piloty school—graceful and dignified, with the gracefulness and dignity of the stage, not of real life, since neither in costume nor in person is this the true Elizabeth; but very frank in its appeal to the popular taste for a histrionic presentation of a past which exists for us only in the imagination. The picture recalls very vividly the personality of the great actress Ristori in the part of Elizabeth which she made so famous. The dress of the Queen is the one Ristori idealized from the formality of the contemporary portraits, and just so she used to stand, leaning over the fatal parchment, holding the irresolute pen, and deeply meditating on the chances of the cast she was about to make. In the other picture, "Saint Elizabeth of Thuringen," Liezen-Mayer has chosen a theme resembling that of his Maria Theresa picture: the charitable princess is sheltering under her ermine mantle a mother and her child exposed to the cruelty of the winter's cold. Beside his pictures, Liezen-Mayer is well known as an illustrator of the poets—his designs for Goethe's "Faust," for Schiller's "Song of the Bell," have been very popular, and he has also made drawings for Shakespeare's "Cymbeline."

WERNER WILHELM GUSTAV SCHUCH, born in Hildesheim in 1843, began life as an architect, and did not take up painting until he was thirty years old. In 1872 he began, without any teacher, to practise himself in oil-painting, copying pictures in the Dresden Gallery and making sketches from nature in the Tyrol, and in Upper Italy. In the intervals of his occupation as an architect he made frequent excursions in search of landscape-material to serve as backgrounds for his pictures. The subject we copy is called simply an episode of the Thirty Years' War, but it has no special interest except as an attempt to depict the manners of a bygone time. And to tell the truth, we much prefer to such a picture, made by a man whose knowledge of the time is necessarily limited to what he has been able to gather from books and museums, the old prints and wood-cuts made by contemporary artists whose technical skill no doubt was far below that of such an accomplished draughtsman as Professor Schuch, but who, at any rate, described what they saw with their own eyes. But it

would be unfair to find fault with our artist for doing what all the rest of his contemporaries with few exceptions are doing: let us see how he has told such story as he has to tell. A body of troops is crossing a wild stretch of country, and the main part of the canvas is filled



"SAINT ELIZABETH OF THURINGEN,"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY LIEZEN MAYER.





EPISODE FROM THE "THIRTY YEARS' WAR,"  
FROM THE PAINTING BY W. SCHUCH.





with one of the baggage-wagons and its guard. The ravages of war are hinted at in the ruins of a castle with its shattered tower and dismantled gable rising above the boscage of its park, while some nearer trees serve, with their blackened trunks and blasted branches, as emblems of its former pride, now fallen. The baggage-wagon is a cumbrous structure, too heavy apparently for the work it has to do in carrying only a barrel of wine and a man whose business seems to be to tap the barrel occasionally for a thirsty officer. The sturdy wheels plough deep in the muddy road, but the outrider on one of the two horses that drag the vehicle has only an ineffectual dog-whip to urge his beasts. By the side of the team, the captain, bare-headed, and with his leathern doublet protected by pieces of armor—since armor died a lingering death after the invention of gunpowder, sits on a sturdy cob, and draws the rein as he turns to throw back some jest at the man in the wagon. He holds in his hand a flagon, the cover raised, from which he will drink again when his jest is sped. By the side of the wagon a man-at-arms is walking, matchlock on shoulder, pipe in mouth and hand in pocket; he is dressed in doublet and breeches, with iron helmet, and big boots, his thick beard just allowing us to see the corners of his falling linen collar. Behind the wagon comes the rest of the convoy, a band of musicians with fife and drum and mounted warriors following, some in armor with helmet and plume, some in laced jerkins and broad-brimmed hats and feathers, a motley crowd characteristic of this time of change, when old faiths and customs were giving way to new, and the world seemed for the time being in chaos. So, at least, the donkey by the roadside thinks, as he plants his fore-feet, shakes his conservative head, lifts his remonstrating ears to heaven, and lets his angry owner thwack him with the stout oaken cudgel at his will. Meanwhile the woman on his back with her nursing baby in her arms joins in the laugh of the soldiers at her plight, and shakes her fist at the beast, as if she thought the affair a joke. Not so the little daughter, however, who stands by the donkey's side crying, half for pity at the beating he is getting, and half for fear of the soldiers; to her the affair is anything but a joke. This picture of Prof. Schnuch is owned in this country, and has lately been on exhibition at the gallery of Mr. William Schaus in New York.

OTTO SEITZ, the painter of the "Murder of the Princes in the Tower," was born at Munich in 1846, and studied with Piloty. His subjects are, as a rule, of a tragic character—"The Murder of Rizzio," "Prometheus Chained to the Rock" and the "Children of Edward IV."—the one we copy—but he has also tried his hand at lighter themes, "A Faun and Nymphs," "Neptune Riding on the Water," and others. There is no need of repeating for

the hundredth time, that such subjects as the one we engrave are chosen by the artist not because he has intellectually any concern with them, but simply because he has come across them in his search for picturesque incidents. No doubt the murder of the sons of Edward changed the course of English history, but in what direction no one can tell; for us, its only interest lies in the pathos of its tragedy. Seitz has treated his theme in a less imagina-



"THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY OTTO SEITZ

tive way than Delaroche, who, in the two pictures he painted of the affair, shows us the boys alone in their room, waiting in foreboding fear for the danger that they feel is hovering about them. Seitz shows us the murderers on the very point of their bloody deed: one getting ready the bolster with which the victims are to be smothered, while the other, touched with remorse, holds back his companion with a gesture, as if he would make sure that the boys are asleep. Should they stir, the villain's heart would be softened, and his hand would fail him.

The story is clearly told, and all the details are true to the time, or probable, at least. But, as a work of imagination, we must think it inferior to Delaroche's picture, with which it is impossible not to compare it.

JOHANN ADOLF PAUL KIESSLING was born in 1836 at Breslau, and studied his art at Dresden under Schnorr. He there painted his first picture; a "Ulysses recognized by his nurse Euryclea," which won him a prize and enabled him to go to Italy. Here he gave himself up to the study of the peasant-life under the influence of Passini, but he also painted several classical subjects—working in the old, well-worn mine of Venuses and Adonis, Rapes of Hylos, Rapes of Europa, and the rest, only half escaping for a time in the invention of allegories where antique and modern figures are mingled in illustrations of certain poems of Schiller. Later he found a better field for his powers in the decoration of the Chateau of Albrechtsburg at Meissen, where he was commissioned to paint two wall-pictures with scenes from the life of Böttcher, the discoverer of porcelain in Germany, and the founder of that industry at Meissen. We copy one of these pictures, where Böttcher is seen showing to his patron, and long his dupe, August the Strong, the result of one of his experiments. Böttcher was an alchemist by profession, one of the tribe who all over Europe were deluding rich men and princes with the hope of vast wealth to be acquired when once the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold should be acquired. He found a ready dupe in August the Strong, but we should have heard no more of him than of a hundred other men of the same character, had he not by accident hit upon the discovery of *Kaolin*, the long-sought-for material of which porcelain is made. The anecdote current is, that one day on calling for his wig, Böttcher, taking it from his valet's hands, remarked that it was much heavier than usual, and the valet explained that as his supply of the ordinary hair-powder was out, he had borrowed some from an acquaintance, who had discovered a material that he thought superior to that in common use. Something in the look of this powder struck the eye of Böttcher, accustomed to observe, and after some experiments he found that it was the long desired basis of porcelain. This discovery was one of great importance, since it supplied what had long been a real need—there being no material for the making of cups, platters, and dishes, excepting wood and metal, and clays too coarse to suit the uses of any but the poorest people. Böttcher was only one of many who had been looking for a solution of the difficulty, and, as in every such case, he has to share the credit of the discovery with men in other countries. The seeds of discovery, microbes of thought, so to speak, are always in the air and they may

lodge simultaneously in any brain where they find a condition of receptivity. Printing and steam, electricity and anæsthetics, daguerreotypy, and a thousand lesser arts that ameliorate the roughness of our material life are brought out of her pocket by Old Dame Nature when-



"BOTTCHER DEMONSTRATING BEFORE AUGUST THE STRONG."

FROM THE PICTURE BY KIESSLING.

ever we spoiled children of hers are fully persuaded that we must and will have them. So it was in the case of porcelain in Europe, but so far as Germany is concerned, Böttcher's fame is secure, as the benefactor to whom we owe the discovery.

LUDWIG HERTERICH, the painter of the "Episode from the Peasants' War," is the son of an artist who occupied a respectable position in his profession, but was in no way distinguished. The son made his first success with the public by this picture, exhibited at the *Kunstaussstellung* in Munich, in 1883. It was a commission, we believe, from Mr. Henry Villard, of New York, and was considered one of the most interesting pictures in an exhibition that contained not a few of the best works that the artists of modern Germany have produced, and where it was a distinction in itself for any young artist to attract more than a passing glance from the crowd.

Something of the interest excited by the work of Herterich was due, no doubt, to the tragic nature of his subject, since people in general are strongly drawn to the contemplation of horrors, whether described with the pen or the pencil. But it is not given to every one to make tragedy real. Founded on historic truth though the subject may be, there is the temptation to exaggeration, to melodrama, to be overcome, and in Munich this temptation has been too seldom resisted: the public has been habituated, since the days of Kaulbach, to a theatrical, a spectacular, treatment of historic scenes, until it has become difficult to get back to a sane and natural method. It is worth noting that the earlier men, to whom the credit of the revival of art in modern Germany is given, got no nearer to nature than their immediate successors, in spite of the fact that they sought inspiration in the works of the "primitives," and the artists of the Italian Renaissance. For all their worship of Angelico and Gozzoli, Raphael and Michelangelo, such men as Cornelius and Overbeck, Schadow and Schnorr were no nearer to nature than Kaulbach or Piloty. Nature alone can impart her secret: it is not to be obtained at second-hand. We cannot learn of Chaucer how to be simple-hearted, nor from Keats to revel in the luxuries of natural beauty, the delights of sensuous being, nor from Shakespeare to read the human heart; we must carry to Nature the nature that she herself has given us, and let her tune its chords as she will. The only true historical-painting is that which shows the artist moved to his work by strong independent sympathy, and where the instinct bred by such sympathy has shown him the scene, and enabled him to show it to us, as it really looked, or as it may have looked. To such art Herterich's picture belongs. And the artist has revealed the possession of a finer dramatic



sense in bringing before us in this vivid way, the spiritual agony, the horror of fear, that goes before the dread event, than if he had plunged us into the midst of the physical torment and outrage that will soon drown the scene in blood. The stage on which this tragedy is acting is the great Hall of some baronial castle in Germany. The victorious peasants have burst the door, and overrun the guards, and armed with pikes and staves are about to revenge their centuries of wrongs upon the representatives of those who have inflicted them. The mistress of the house has thrown herself in front of the huddling crowd of her family and servants, beside themselves with terror, and offers herself as sacrifice or ransom to the men whom she and her kind have made wild-beasts, and kept them such. The aspect of the crowd is horrible, but the artist has avoided all exaggeration, melodrama, and even undue emphasis: enough for him to state the cold facts, and leave us to work out the details of the dread catastrophe by the aid of our own imagination; and as he has concentrated all that there was of true courage and chivalry in the feudal party in the person of the châtelaine who offers her own body to the fury of the angry mob, to protect, if so she may, those who are dearer to her than life; so on the other side he has concentrated all the brutal fury and lust of the mob in the person of the grinning Caliban who stands mopping and mowing at the prospect of his near revenge, and the sating of foul desires blindly nursed through years of serfage.

WILHELM LUDWIG FRIEDRICH RIEFSTAHL, born at New Strelitz in 1827, reminds us, in the simplicity and sincerity of his work, of the French painters, Brion and Charles Marchal. As with them, too, the incidents and scenes he paints have come under his own direct observation, and he has painted them because they appealed to his sympathies and feelings as much as to his artistic sense. He first appeared as a designer of book illustrations, making a number of the drawings engraved for Kugler's History of Art. In 1869 he went to Italy, and brought back sketches for some of his pictures—"The Anatomical Theatre in the University of Bologna," "The Pantheon of Agrippa at Rome,"—the former of them once in this country, in the hands of Mr. S. P. Avery, was unfortunately allowed to go back to Europe. It was a most interesting portrait of a world-famous room—the Hall where many of the most illustrious men in the history of medicine and surgery lectured and demonstrated—a picture that, were it here to-day, would surely be secured for some one of our richly endowed medical institutions. The anatomical theatre at Bologna is a noble room, roofed



WILHELM LUDWIG FRIEDRICH  
RIEFSTAHL.



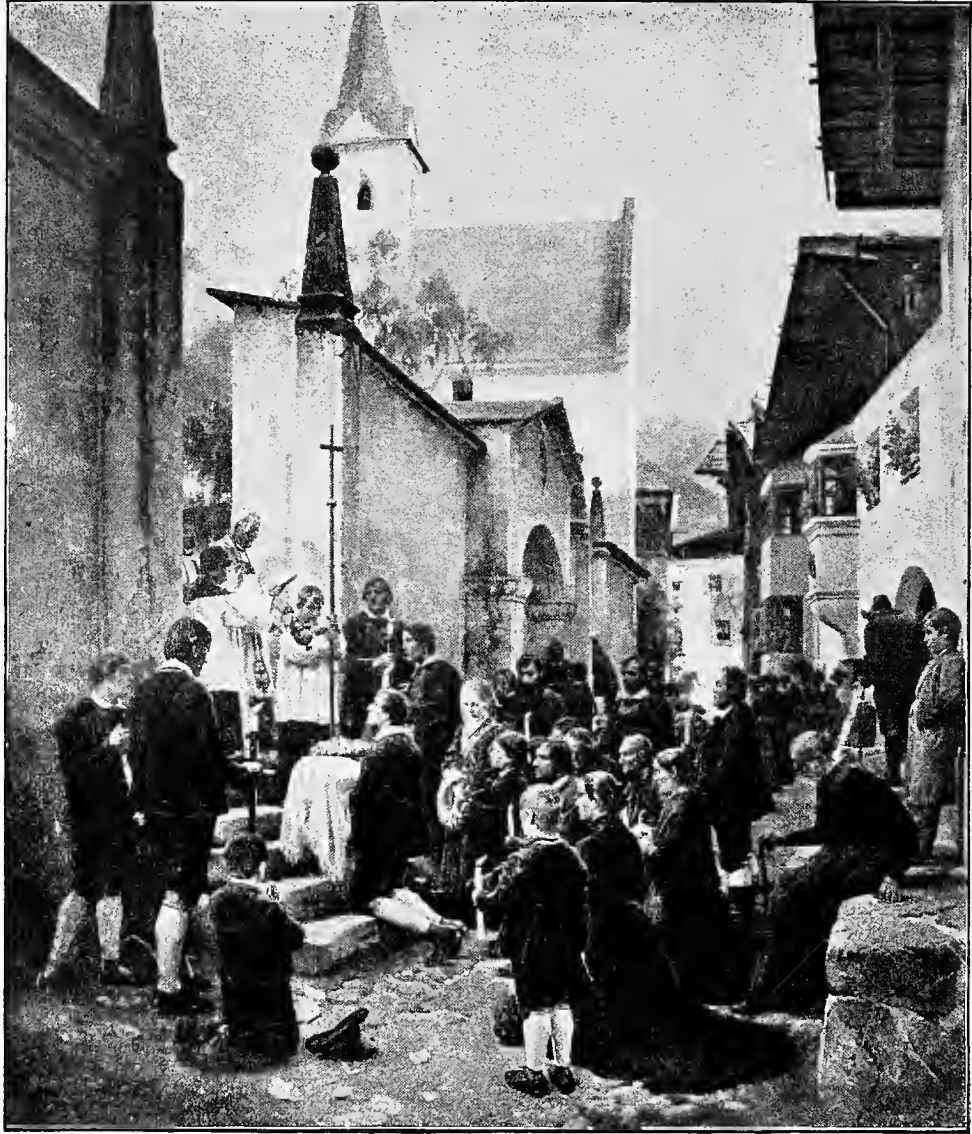


"AN INCIDENT IN THE PEASANTS' WAR."  
FROM THE PAINTING BY LUDWIG HERTERICH.



and wainscoted with cedar from the forests of Lebanon, and Riefstahl has imagined it filled with students, and with some of the famous men associated with its history. Riefstahl has painted several pictures illustrating convent-life; one of these, "In the Refectory," belongs to Mr. S. P. Avery, and by his permission we are enabled to offer our readers a copy from the original painting. Another of these subjects, a "Procession of Monks," belongs to a New York collector. Our picture, "In the Refectory," shows a scene that will be familiar to many travelers who have sought the hospitality and substantial comfort of these religious houses in their journeys. In some of these monasteries, the dining-room retains its original fittings and furniture, but, as a rule, the wars and social upheavals, and religious revolutions that have swept over the face of Europe, have made rough work with the prosperity of these ancient foundations, and in consequence their rooms have in general a bare look, and are furnished with plain but solid chairs and tables of modern make; good for use, but not ornamental. The dining-room in Riefstahl's picture is a plain apartment where eight monks, including the reader of the day and the brother who is to serve the table, are assembled for dinner. The ceiling of the room with its corner escutcheon furnishes the only indication of the time when it was built—in the latter part of the last century: so we judge by its *rococo* curves. For the rest, the room is plain to bareness; a window recessed in the thick wall, its sash filled with square panes of white glass, looks out upon trees and a glimpse of blue sky; at right distance from this window a niche, answering to it in form, is filled up by an altar; a crucified Christ is suspended at the back with a vase of flowers at its foot, and before the niche an ever-burning lamp is suspended from the ceiling. On the wall between these openings, hang symmetrically-placed pictures of saints, and in front of the window is a plain pulpit, with a lectern, where the brother stands who reads some pious exhortation or gospel-text before the meal begins. At the extreme left we see the end of a small modern harpsichord or piano; at this, one of the brothers skilled in music will, no doubt, sit after dinner and accompany the others singing hymns. About the table the brothers are standing, in varied attitudes of devotion; at the head of the board is the Prior, and at the other end of the room, opposite the buffet, is the servitor for the day, with his napkin over his arm. We note an absence of formality; each monk has his own way of listening to the reader and joining in the devotion. On the table the soup is standing ready, and the bread beside it; in contrast to this human restraint and deliberation, the eagerness of the tame magpies hurrying to their dish of food without so much as a "by your leave," is in suggestive, somewhat satiric, contrast.

The artist's other picture, "Funeral of a Child in the Passeir" shows him in a different mood. Beginning, as a painter, with landscapes, Riefstahl early peopled his views of places with figures, skilfully contriving to harmonize them with the scenery, or, rather, since each



"FUNERAL OF A CHILD IN THE PASSEIR (TYROL)."

FROM THE PICTURE BY RIEFSTAHL.

did, in his pictures belong to the other, making us feel their interdependence. Some of his most interesting pictures have for their subjects religious meetings or ceremonies of one kind or another, taking place in the open air. Such are his "Mountain Chapel in Passeir, with





IN THE REFECTORY.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM RIEFSTAHL





Herdsmen at Devotion," a picture in the Berlin Gallery, and another in the same gallery, "All Souls' Day in Bregenz." During his second visit to Rome, where he lived for some time, he painted one of his best pictures, "The Pantheon of Agrippa with a Great Procession," but as a rule he prefers the open country or the rural towns of South Germany and the Tyrol. In the "Funeral of a Child" the scene passes in the street before the gate of the cemetery, the priest with his assistants standing on the upper steps, while the father, holding in his arms the little coffin covered with its white pall and with the funeral wreath, kneels on the lowest stone. Behind him are his daughter and a young son; the poor bereaved mother, we must think, lying at home grieving in her bed, not able to come so far as this with her lost one. Sorrowing with their neighbor, the friends of the family kneel in a half circle about them, holding lighted candles in their hands; as we look at the picture we find ourselves believing in it, so to speak; an air of simple truthfulness pervades the scene, these people are really mourning and sympathizing, not attitudinizing nor pretending.

The Passeir is a district of Tyrol intimately associated with the memory of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot, born in 1767, shot at Mantua in 1810 by the French. The valley is rich in memorials of the hero; at Sandhof is the home where he was born, at Pfandlerhof the ch  let where he was captured. He was buried at Innsbruck, whither his remains were brought from Mantua and where a handsome monument is erected in the Franciscan church to him and his associates, Speckbacher and Haspinger. What particular village in the Passeir Riefstahl has chosen for the scene of his picture, we do not know. Perhaps it is St. Leonhard, where there is a churchyard made famous by the fact that in 1809 the Tyrolese peasants stormed it and drove out the French who were quartered in the church itself.

A group of artists notable for their treatment of religious subjects may be considered here; the successors of the earlier sentimental-religious school of the Overbecks, Degers, Ittenbachs and the rest, of whom we have already written. These are von Uhde, Zimmermann, Plockhorst and Gebhardt: of these, Plockhorst is the one whose talent is most nearly allied to that of his already-named predecessors.

BERNARD PLOCKHORST was born in 1825, in Brunswick. He began his studies in that city and thence went to Berlin, and afterward to Dresden, where, in both cities, he studied lithography. His natural bent, however, led him to painting, and he made his way to Munich. Here he was admitted to the studio of Piloty, and after some time passed there he proceeded to Paris and became for a year the pupil of Thomas Couture. He then, in 1854,

set out on his travels, visiting Holland and Belgium and, later, Italy, where he was especially interested in the works of the Venetians. After his return he settled for a while in Leipzig, but in the end fixed his residence in Berlin, where he has continued to live and to paint; his field of work being portrait painting, and religious subjects; these latter drawn rather from the Bible than from the legends. His first important picture was "Mary and John returning from the Grave of Jesus," a picture which by its dignity and deep feeling gave promise of a future, which, without disparagement it may be said, has hardly been fulfilled, although his next pictures, "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery," and "John comforting Mary after the Death of Jesus," were received with great favor. His large picture, "The Fight between the Archangel Michael and Satan," has been much lauded, but in it Plockhorst, like many an artist before him, exceeded his powers, although it may fairly be said that such a subject is one that no artist, not even Michelangelo himself, could do justice to. Nevertheless, there are degrees of unfitness, and the graceful, amiable art of Plockhorst is peculiarly unsuited to themes of such tragic import as the conflict between Good and Evil embodied in the imaginary forms of Michael and the Arch-fiend. We have chosen as more characteristic of Plockhorst's talent, his picture, "Suffer little Children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The theme once given, it must be admitted, we think, that the artist has treated it with a great deal of natural feeling, and a healthy absence of that morbid sentimentality that is too common in dealing with Jesus in his relation to other human beings. Nevertheless it is plain that Plockhorst has not allowed in the selection of his types for the varieties, not to say the imperfections, of human characters; all his children, and all their mothers, are made as pretty and as agreeable to look at, as possible. Christ is seated upon the curb of a stone water-trough, to which a shepherd is driving his flock to drink. This somewhat awkward arrangement is, no doubt, intended as symbolical, and recalls, the injunction given by Jesus to his disciples: "Feed my Lambs," but the incident is not obtruded; it serves perhaps an additional purpose in connecting Jesus himself more immediately with his time, and with the work-a-day world about him, than would be suggested by this rather idyllic incident, the blessing of the children. Jesus holds on his lap one of the youngest of the children who have been brought to him, and two others won over by the trusting attitude of the little one are pressing eagerly forward to share the caress. Jesus lays his hand upon the elder of the two, and in her turn, a little dark-haired girl debates in her childish mind, whether she too shall not join the others. For the moment, however, she still

clings to her mother's side, but the mother's friendly looks promise that she will not keep her daughter back. Behind this central group another mother stands, holding a baby in her



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

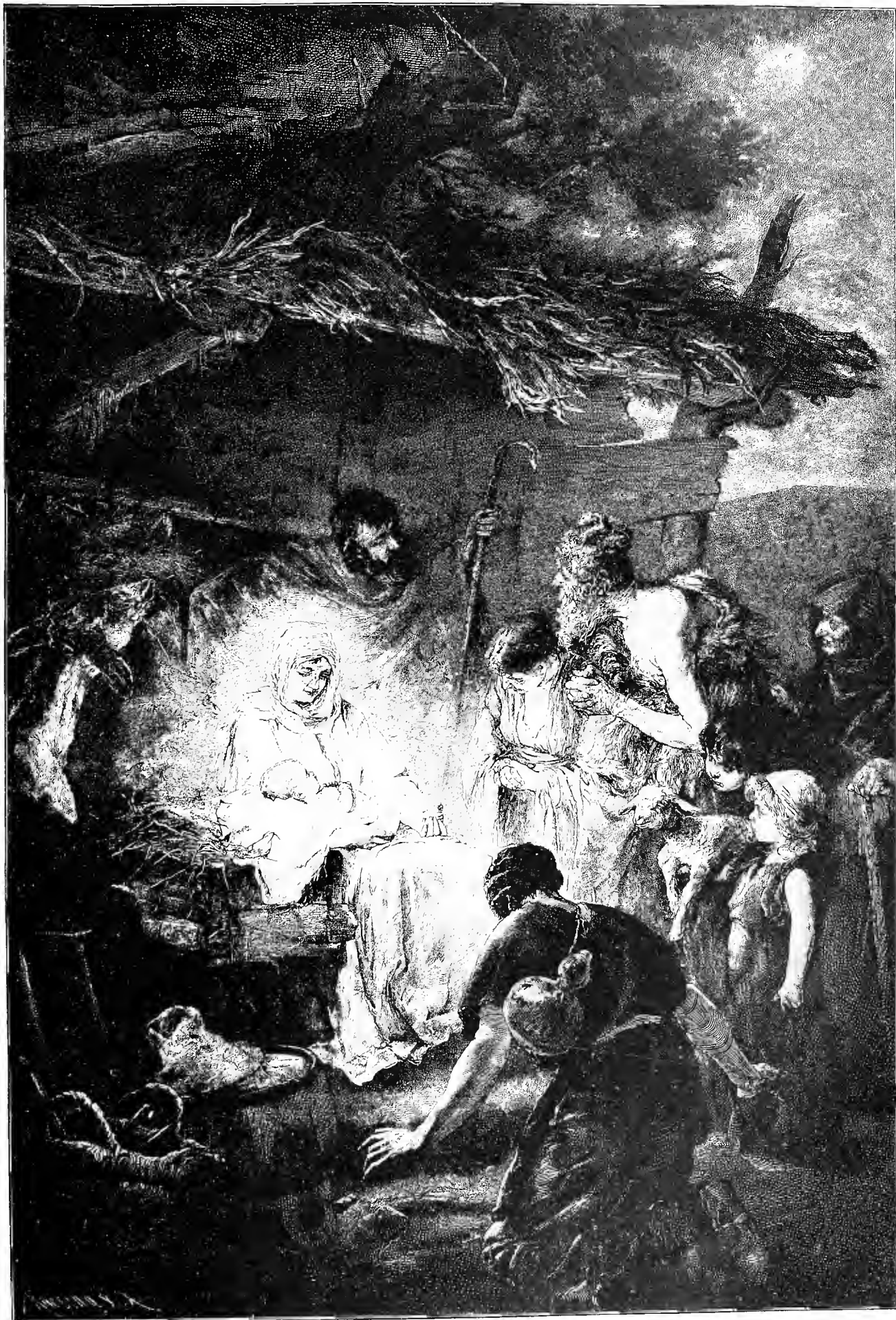
FROM THE PICTURE BY PLOCKHORST.

arms, who beats with its outstretched hand, baby-fashion, as if impatient to do what it sees the others doing. In the foreground a young mother, her unbound hair falling over her

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shoulder and her dark mantle slipping down revealing a lighter under garment, half holds her son, who asks her consent to share with the kindly man some of the flowers they have been gathering in the fields, which he has taken from the wicker basket at his mother's side. His sister, meanwhile, has made herself a garland of the same flowers and now looks up intently at the gentle stranger with an inquiring gaze, but as yet makes no motion to go toward him. Quite at the other side, a boy holding a palm-branch in his hand and sitting on the ground, turns and looks up at Jesus and by his action seems as if in a moment he too would be at his side. One more group calls for notice: the three disciples who stand behind the mother of the dark-haired little girl. Two of these seem to be intended for Peter and John, the third, half concealed by the others, has nothing distinctive about him. Peter's face has a frowning look, but John, who places a dissuading hand on the mother's shoulder, looks far more pleased and interested than the contrary. It would be interesting to set beside this modern representation of the Bible story, the picture by Rembrandt in the English National Gallery. Here no attempt whatever is made to enlist our æsthetic sympathies by the presentation of ideal types of childish innocence and beauty. For the somewhat effeminate Jesus of Ploekhorst we have a plain and rather rough man of the people, and for the pretty, laughing boy of our picture on whose head the hand of Jesus is tenderly laid, Rembrandt shows us a heavy timbered Dutch child with a cake in one hand, and his finger in his mouth, not overwilling, it would seem, to be blessed. The rest of the group is conceived in the same spirit; the objecting disciples are not present; their place is taken by a man who, half blotted out in the deep shadows of the background, looks at the scene with a suspicion of irony in his expression.

ERNST KARL GEORG ZIMMERMANN, the painter of the "Adoration of the Shepherds," was born in 1852, in Munich, and studied his art in the first instance with his father Reinhard Sebastian Zimmermann, the well-known *genre* painter. Later he became a pupil of Wilhelm Diez, the influence of whose style is plainly seen in the present picture. This was one of the chief attractions of the Munich Exhibition of 1883, partly owing to the lighting of the scene—an old device first made famous, as the reader will remember, by Correggio in his "Holy Night," now in the Dresden Gallery; partly, and perhaps chiefly, by the unconventionality of the treatment, since it must always be difficult for an artist to think out a new setting for an old story. It cannot be said that Zimmermann has made his scene much more probable than the older men, or than some of them, at least, but there are not a few attractive points in his



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS."  
FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNST ZIMMERMANN.





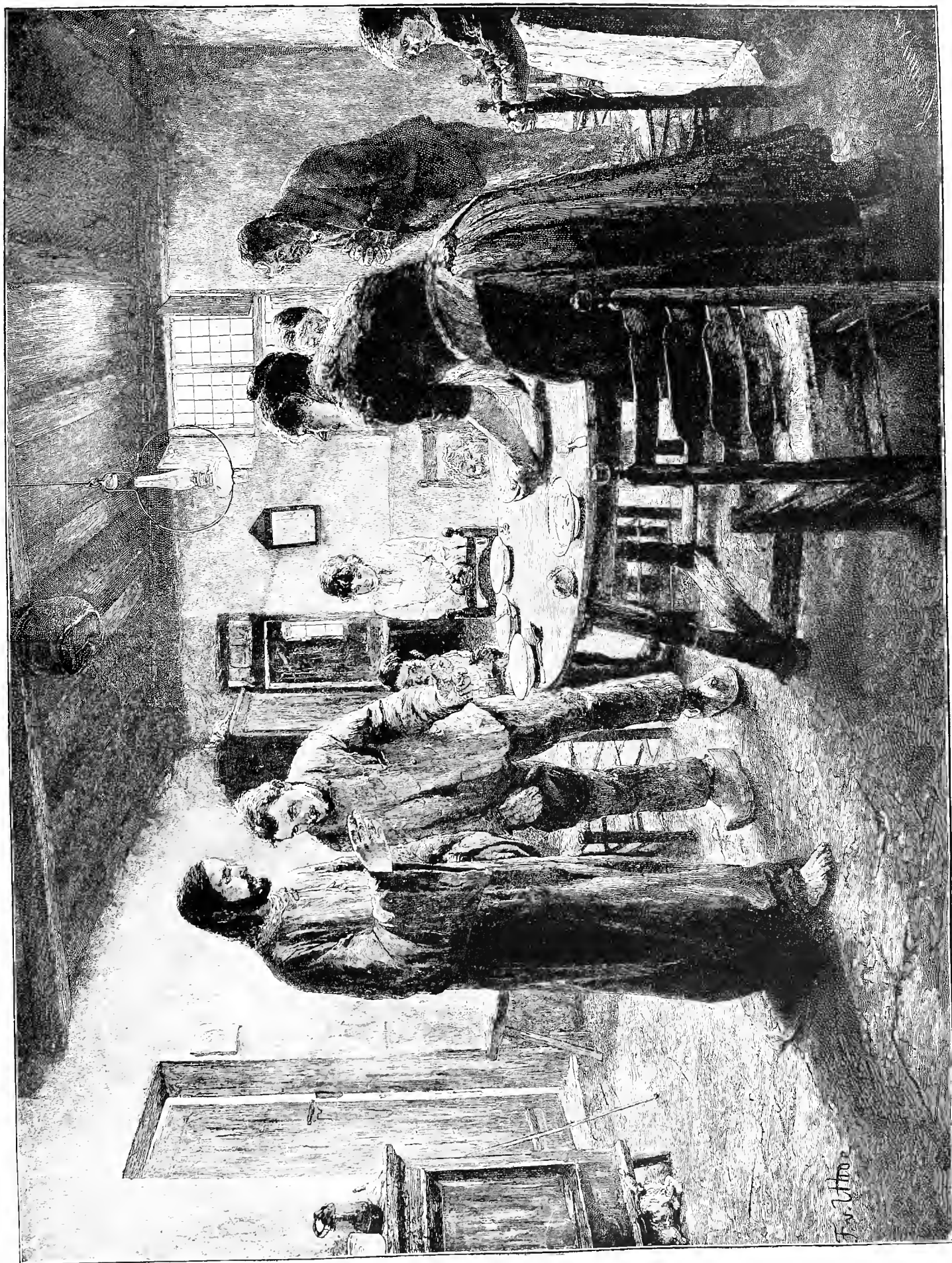
version. He supposes the Virgin to be sheltered rather than housed in a rude shed—a mere pent-house of posts and boards wattled with heath and scarcely shielded from the weather, although it is in fact under the lee of a big rock and the great branches of a friendly tree may serve to keep off some of the wind that is blowing through an angry-looking sky. Mary, well-wrapped up and hooded, “sits smiling, babe in arm,” holding the naked infants’ feet in one hand, while a warm light, stealing glow-worm-like from his divine little body, serves to diffuse a soft glow over the people who have come, at the beckoning of the star that struggles through the clouds overhead, to see what is this wonder it betokens. Behind Mary stands Joseph in an unconsciously humorous attitude as if deprecating any share in this event; he holds a shepherd’s crook in his hand, as he does, the reader may remember, in Ittenbach’s picture, already described here. His carpenter’s tools, his saw, and his old hat are in the foreground and a wash-tub turned upside down which perhaps he has got a job at mending. In front of us, prostrated before Mary and her child in an attitude of devotion, is a man whom we may take for a shepherd; he has a water-gourd slung over his shoulder: next him are two children who bring a present of a lamb; behind them is an old woman who supports her feeble steps with a sort of crutch; then comes an old shepherd, his half-naked body wrapped about with a sheepskin, and an old sheep-skin hat on his head, while the circle is completed by a young peasant-woman who clasps her hands in a homely, natural way, as she looks down with delight at the new arrival. A point of less importance than some others in this picture where Zimmermann has departed from tradition, is the omission of the customary ox: the ass is allowed to represent the stable, all by himself, and he pulls away at some loose straws in the manger without regard either to the strange occupants of his shed or to their visitors. But, according to the prescribed *recipe* for this composition handed down through the ages, the ox and the ass are always to be present, and it is so rare not to find them, that we may say they are never wanting. Of the many pictures of this subject which we have examined, we do not remember one in which this part of the formula has not been respected. “Behind the cradle,” says the official “Manual for the Painter of Sacred Pictures” now many centuries old—“Behind the cradle, an ox and an ass contemplate the Christ.” But the modern artist has treated the subject so freely in other particulars that he probably felt less compunction than another might have had in taking this additional liberty.

FRITZ VON UNDE is another artist of our time whose paintings of religious subjects have attracted much attention of late, owing to the seemingly bold way in which he attempts to

make the old mysteries harmonize with the details of every-day life in our own time. The picture which we copy will illustrate our meaning. He shows us the interior of a peasant's house anywhere in South Germany, with its bare rafters, its earthen floor and its rude homely furniture, the clumsy table spread for the spare meal, and the peasants—the old grandparents, the married son and daughter and the four children, about to seat themselves for dinner. Just as they are about to repeat the old mystic formula, “Come, Lord Jesus, and be our guest,” “Komm Herr Jesu, sei unser Gast,” Jesus himself appears in person, and is reverently welcomed by the father of the family, in blouse and sabots, and motioned to the chair where the wife would have seated herself as soon as she had placed on the table the bowl of soup she has in her hands. The family are so poor that they have only one small roll of bread, which has been placed by the mother's plate; perhaps the artist meant to suggest that Jesus will work a new miracle by making this one roll feed himself and the eight others. Whatever we may think of the reasonableness of the artist's conception, it will be admitted that the incident as he has depicted it, is treated with a naturalness and simplicity that do him great credit. To say that the figure of Christ is unsatisfactory is to say what would have been true, no matter who, in our time or in any former time, had attempted the task. But, to discuss this side of the subject would lead us far beyond our bounds; all we have to deal with is, the way in which the artist has told such story as he had to tell. The room is well painted without exaggeration of its bareness, rather with a sense conveyed of rude but sufficient comfort. The attitudes and expressions of the children are well given; that of the little boy, whose curiosity has got the better of his piety, although formality still keeps his little hands folded; that of the little girl, whose curiosity has not got the better of her devotion and whose still folded hands are the index of what is going on in her spirit. The baby, whose small head just shows above the table, has no curiosity for anything beyond her meek share of the soup, on which her eyes are fixed with becoming patience. The old mother, whose eyes, closed while the customary blessing was saying, are not yet unclosed to the answering vision; the old father with clasped hands and yearning eyes, the stolid child at the right—rather a servant than a child of the house—who looks with dull eyes at this unexpected guest breaking the monotonous routine of their daily life—lastly the practical mother of the family who, like Martha of old, has been busied about her household cares, and who



FRITZ VON UHDE.



"COME, LORD JESUS, AND BE OUR GUEST"

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. VON UHDE.



does not forget that she has the soup in charge while she looks with curiosity at the new comer. The most conspicuous figure in the whole group next to Jesus is the father of the family; in his face and action, however, there is rather more of servility than we find agreeable, but even this is no doubt true to life in a peasant brought up under a load of superstitious reverence for those in authority.

Von Uhde's studies of character are confined to the peasant-class and give him small opportunity to express ideas outside the narrow circle of mere material cares and enjoyments. Nor does he apparently attempt to move beyond the field where his first success was won, but

repeats the same ground-idea, with a persistency that must end in wearisomeness in spite of the variation in the frame-work.



KARL FRANZ EDOUARD VON GEBHARDT.

KARL FRANZ EDOUARD VON GEBHARDT, born in St. Johann, Esthland, in 1838, studied his art in St. Petersburg, and from thence went into Germany, where he has since continued to live and work, being to all intents and purposes a German artist. He studied for a year after leaving St. Petersburg, in Carlsruhe, then went to Dusseldorf and was a pupil of Carl Sohn, and in the intervals of his studio-work travelled

here and there, in Germany, in the Netherlands, in France, and in North Italy. When he began to paint, he followed a strong bent toward religious subjects, but he treated them not from the legendary and mystical side, but from the modern standpoint, as history, and with a desire to conceive the events as they might actually have happened. His first picture was the "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem;" this was followed by a "Raising of the Daughter of Jairus," but his first distinct mark was made by the picture that still remains his masterpiece—"The Last Supper." Of how many artists may it be said that they struck fire at the first blow, and that, ever after, they went on beating the anvil in the vain hope of striking-out another authentic spark! However, the world may be grateful if it get

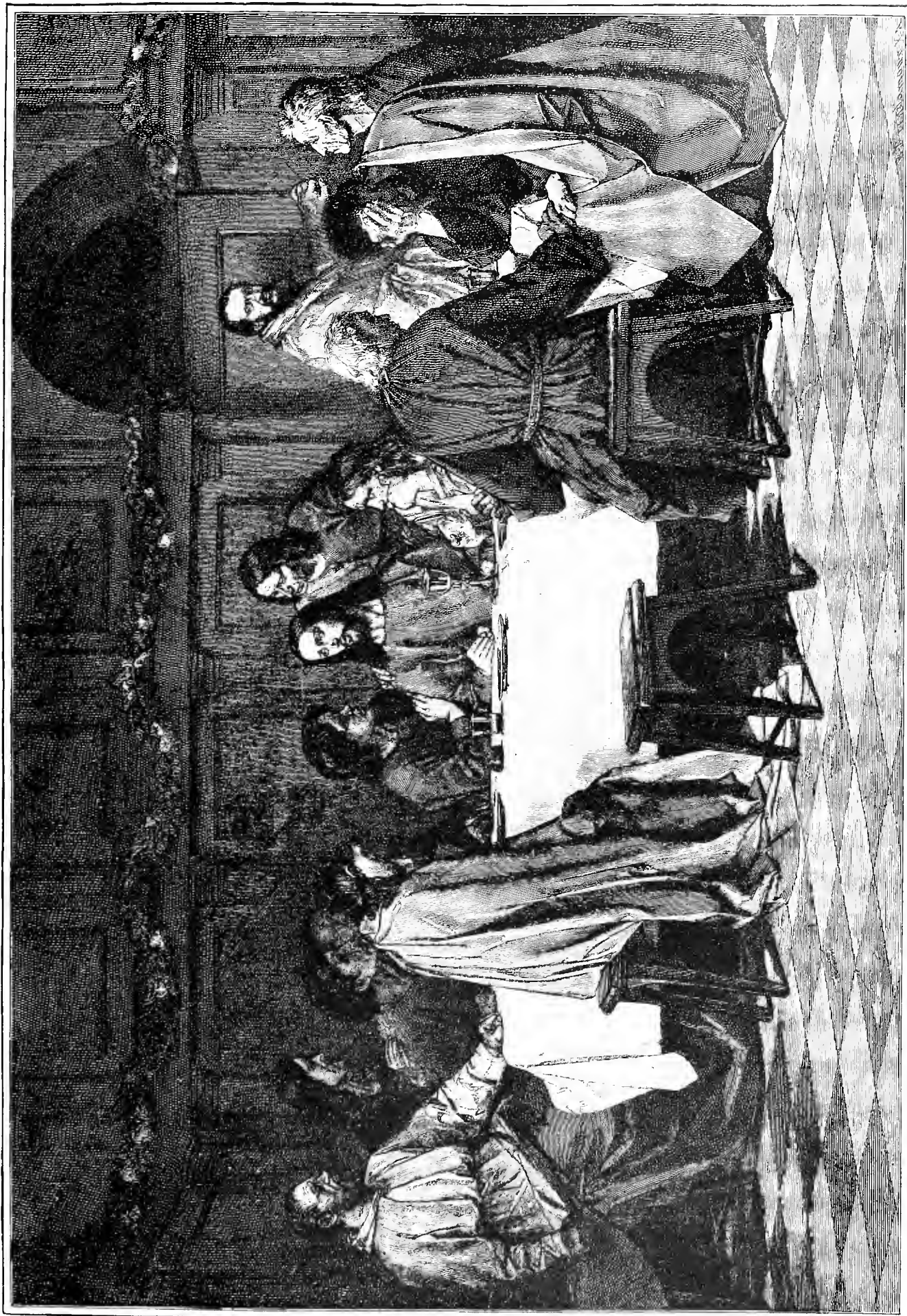
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one good thing from anybody, and in its way Gebhardt's "Last Supper" is a good picture; it is well composed, well painted, with uncommonly good tone for a modern picture. Our engraving gives a very good notion of the composition, and of the various expressions in the faces of the actors in this last scene of the tragedy of the Life of Jesus. Gebhardt had a theory of his own to disclose, and we know no reason to deprive him of the credit of originality, although a picture by Gaye, in the St. Petersburg Academy, is strikingly like that of Gebhardt in its general impression. But what Gebhardt had in his mind to convey was the idea that the motive of Judas in betraying his comrades and his Master is to be found in the essential difference between him and them so far as their aims and ideals were concerned. He was a man, Gebhardt would say, of materialistic views, a man of business, of practical ideas, and he found himself associated with a band of visionaries, of socialists, of theorists, led by one who was more visionary, more of a poet, theorist, socialist, than all of them put together. The process of alienation has long been going on, contempt has given place to disgust, and disgust has grown to hatred, and now the hour has come when this Son of man is to be left to his own devices. Judas rises from the table and goes out, but as he goes he turns to take one last pitying look at this deluded company. All this is so clearly expressed in the picture that it really needs no comment. In the face and figure of Jesus, Gebhardt, like all his predecessors, has adhered to the old tradition, but he has not followed them in making the gap between the outward personality of the Master and that of his disciples too broad for a reasonable view of their relation to one another as friends and fellow-workers—in the picture they sit together as in a certain equality, and Judas, by his build and physiognomy, is really the only irreconcilable member of the group. In Gaye's picture all that we see is the departure of Judas, his putting on his mantle preparatory to leaving his former friends and companions; but in Gebhardt's picture we are shown an interpretation of the action, that, whether we accept it or not, cannot be held unreasonable and is certainly highly dramatic.

#### IV.

ALFRED RETHEL, who at one time promised a career of great distinction, was born in 1816 at Aachen or in the suburbs of that town. His father was a native of Alsace, then in possession of the French, but he came to Aachen in the course of his duties as a French





"THE LAST SUPPER,"

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. VON GEBHARDT.



official and there fell in love with the daughter of a rich merchant, whom he married. At the request of his father-in-law he gave up his official employment and settled in Aachen as the superintendent of a factory. Here he brought up his family of children, and Alfred, on account of his health, which was never strong, was allowed to follow his bent toward art. In the beginning he came strongly under the influence of the early German artists, Dürer, Holbein, and others of the time, and finding that the ideas which he wished to express as a result of his thinking in this direction needed an outward form in keeping with their origin, he sought the aid of wood-engravers, who should restore the primitive methods—methods of great value and capacity for expression—in use by the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The first that was heard of Rethel in this country was on the appearance of two wood-cuts, “Death as Friend,” and “Death as Avenger.” They were engraved in a bold, simple style, recalling in some respects the wood-cuts designed, but no longer believed to have been cut, by Dürer, and the contrast between their method and that of the weak, niggling cuts in vogue at the time, was very striking, and their example was effective in helping to break up the system in fashion and to introduce a more manly style. We have selected the “Death as Friend” in preference to the other, which represented the breaking out of the cholera in Paris at a masked-ball; and as Rethel does not spare the ghastliest details—among other things, some even coarser in expression, crushing the mask of one of the victims into the semblance of the facial contortions peculiar to this plague—the cut seems to us one to be avoided rather than reproduced, since, for all that we can see, such representations serve no good purpose whatever. The “Death as Friend,” though by no means free from morbid sentiment, is not without a certain charm, recognizable through all the drawbacks of the mediævalism in which it is framed. The scene is the topmost room in the tower of a cathedral. Through a large window, opening upon a balcony, we see the top of one of the carved finials of the spire, and look far over a wide plain, through which a river, emblem of human life, flowing by cultivated fields and houses of men, makes its way to the sea. The sun is setting, and casts broad beams of light upward to the zenith, gladdening all nature with his smile, even to the little bird who rests upon the sill and sings his vesper hymn. In a high-backed arm-chair by the window sits an old man, whose shrunken frame, weak limbs, and hands feebly clasped in his lap as in prayer, show that his life is drawing to a close. He has been for many years the sexton of the church, and the warder of the tower, but now all his watchful cares are over, and his faithful trust is to pass into other hands. His keys hang at

his girdle, and as the beams of the dying sun strike upon his face, his eyes are fixed upon the stairs that lead upward to the platform whence he was wont to sound the horn that called the laborers from their toil in shop and field. Now, the great horn hangs useless on its nail,



"DEATH AS FRIEND."

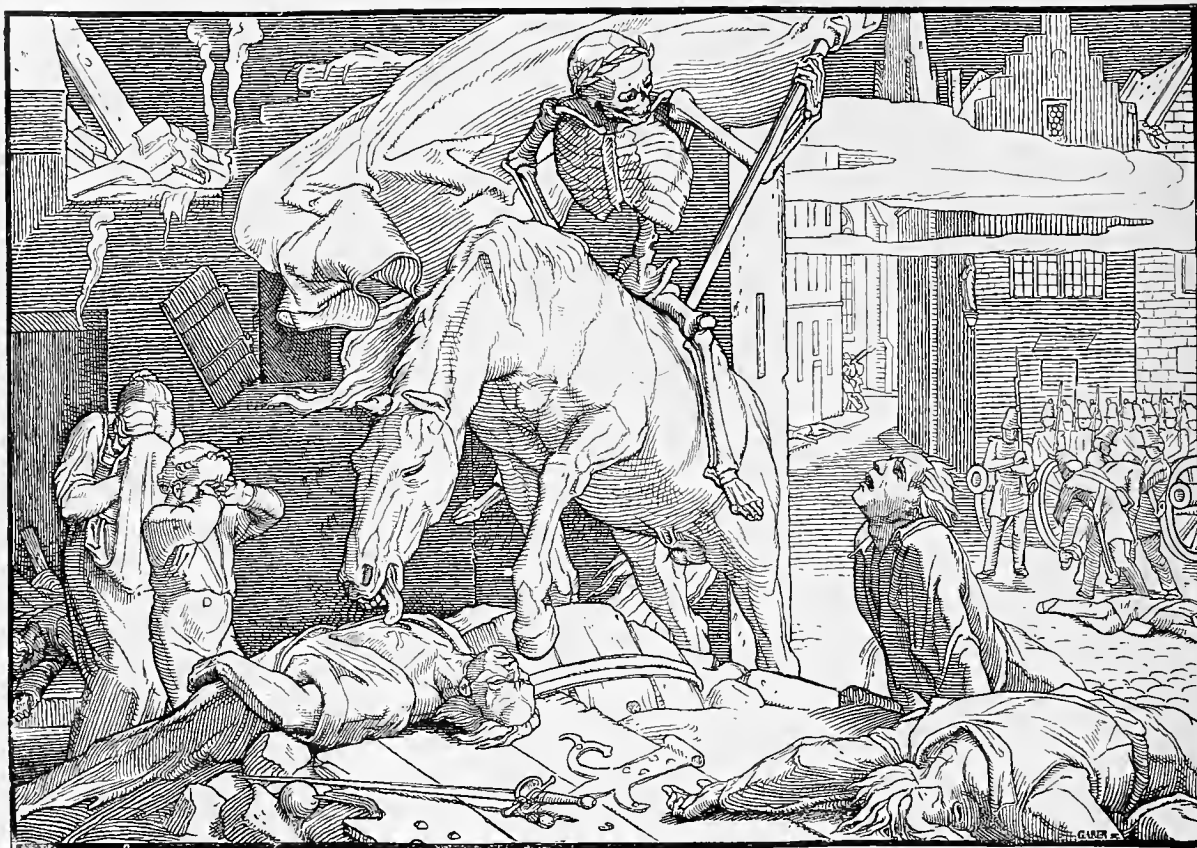
FROM THE DESIGN OF ALFRED RETHEL.

and though the turret-door stands wide, and the steps invite, his feet will never more mount the stairs, nor pass out again from the door to the cheerful platform. Beside him on the table his Bible lies open, and near it the wine-flagon, the drinking-cup, and the bread, while over them hangs the image of his Lord upon the cross, whose blessing he had daily sought, as he read in the Book of Life or as he ate his slender meal. In his youth, the old sexton had been a pilgrim, and had gone with others to the Holy Land. He has kept by him for memory of those happy days, his cockle-hat and staff, and the palm-branches gathered under those sunny skies, and they lie in sight upon the chair where he left them when he last took them from their chest. Lonely have been his solitary hours in the great tower, where seldom any visitor appeared to disturb the quiet of his watch. But, now, a visitor has come, the like of whom he has not seen since those pilgrim days; and in the gathering twilight, and in the dimness of his old eyes he thinks he sees again one of his youthful companions in the Holy Wars. But this is no living stranger; this is Death, who, clad as a pilgrim, with sandalled feet, and the cockle-shell on his breast, and the water-bottle at his side, has seized with his fleshless hands the rope that rings the vesper-bell, and sends out the summons to the world below to pray for the speeding soul of the brother whom he is gently leading to the Holy Land of Eternal Rest.

The other engravings which we publish from Rethel's work are from a series of designs issued by him in 1848, and called "A Dance of Death." Rethel's mind was naturally of a morbid cast, and this disposition was increased by the poor state of his health. His gloomy views of life in general colored his views of society, and his reactionary, pessimistic conclusions as to the political contests of his time are revealed with unmistakable clearness in this "Dance of Death." In the "Death the Friend" and "Death the Avenger" Rethel plainly appears as a follower in the footsteps of Holbein, although with no trace of direct imitation, but in the "Dance of Death" there is nothing of the older master except the name. His object here is simply to make Revolution a bugbear to the common people, to frighten them from attempting to assert their rights. Accordingly he draws up the Fates as Pride, Ignorance, and Superstition, and makes them give Death a sword, mount him on a Horse from Hell and send him out to teach the people the watchwords Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Whatever we may think of the spirit that animated the artist in these designs, we must admit the earnestness, the honesty, and the force with which he preaches his doctrine. And there can be as little dispute as to the virility and originality of his imagination. The Horse,



alone, is a creation that few moderns have approached. He appears in every scene, and without *diablerie* or exaggeration contrives to play his part as an avenging Fury, from the hour when with ghastly whining and eager foot he ill abides the delay of his harnessing by the Sisters of Death, to the last scene, when, bearing Death as a Conqueror, he climbs over the barricade made of the ruins of peaceful homes, and over the corpses of deluded citizens, and



"DEATH AS A CONQUEROR."

FROM "A DANCE OF DEATH," BY ALFRED RETHEL.

quenches his parched tongue in blood lapped from the wounds of the victims of Resistance to Law and Order. In this latter picture, Rethel's skill in introducing incidents that add to the completeness of his story and enforce its lesson without in the least confusing or overburdening the design, is shown as clearly as we have seen it in his "Death the Friend." The ruined and burning house, with its owner lying dead upon the threshold; at the right the street, where the soldiers are resting by their successful cannon, while a few of their number remove their dead, as the smoke of the conflict sails slowly away over their heads. Another

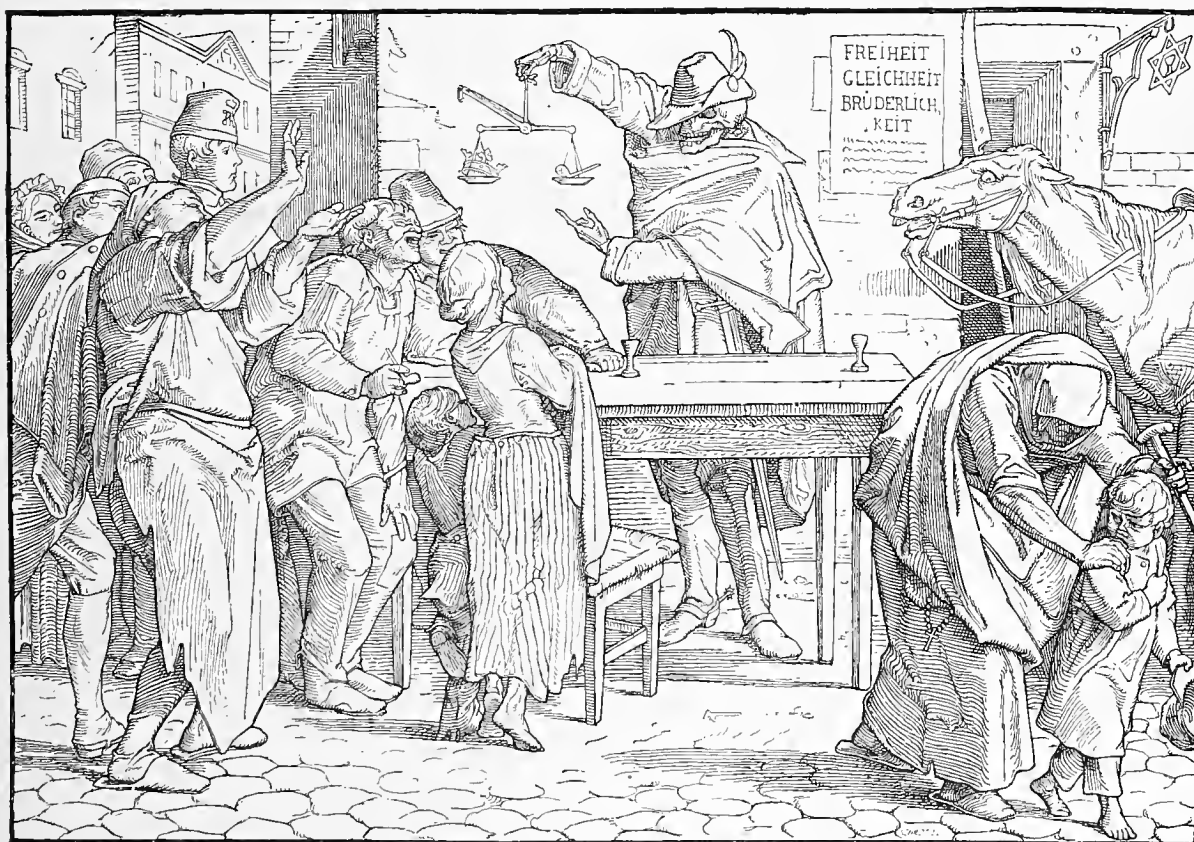




"THE VISITATION OF THE SICK."  
FROM THE PAINTING BY ADOLPH LÜBEN



detachment of troops is disappearing in order round a corner, leaving a dead rioter on the sidewalk, by way of pledge. In the distance, the church-spire rises peacefully, friend and ally of the victorious State, and at the angle of the burgher's solid dwelling the statue of the owner's patron-saint puts up a perpetual prayer that his client in health and wealth long may live. But in the foreground the moral of the story is driven in as it were with a sledge-



"KING'S CROWN OR WORKMAN'S PIPE."

FROM "A DANCE OF DEATH," BY ALFRED RETHEL.

hammer. Death, the garments laid aside in which he has hitherto appeared, shows as a naked skeleton crowned with a laurel-wreath and bearing in his hand the great banner of victory. As he rides on his way he salutes the victims of his good lessons, one of whom lies dead on his face while another drags along his wounded body and greets with his dying breath the friend of the people. The Horse meanwhile, as we have said, licks the blood from the wounds of the old grandfather over whom his daughter and her little son weep unavailing tears. In the other picture, Death disguised as a quack preaches to the people his doctrine

of Equality, and shows them by actual experiment how the laborer's pipe and the King's crown balance one another exactly. The Horse, tethered near, grins as he hears the apologue, an old woman, smelling mischief, and like a good churchwoman, as her cross and rosary show, unwilling to have her grandchild subjected to such an experiment in Primary Education, sends the boy home, surly and unwilling to lose the treat of the funny man's speech. On the other side a group of people listen eagerly to the new doctrine; a nurse-girl and her charge; the butcher from his stall, the student from the University, a good woman of the town, a *commissionaire*, a farmer on his way to market, and most amused of all a cobbler, who laughs and slaps his thigh and thinks the quack's demonstration perfect. All this passes at the tavern-door, where Death has posted up his programme, and where he will soon heat up his hearers' blood still higher with a treat all round.

These works are Rethel's chief legacy. In 1844 he went to Rome, and after his return he accepted a commission to paint a series of frescoes in the Council Chamber at Aachen, illustrative of the Life of Charlemagne. But his health failed him, his mind became clouded, and he died in 1859 without completing the work.

ADOLF LÜBEN, the painter of "The Visitation of the Sick," was born in St. Petersburg of German parents, in 1837. In 1853 he went to Berlin, where he began his studies in art, but in 1860 he removed to Antwerp and remained there for several years. After a brief interval, in which he gave himself up to land-surveying, he returned to Berlin and took up again the profession of painter. He remained in Berlin until 1876, when he went to Munich and established himself permanently in that city. His pictures are in general marked rather by humor than by pathos, whereas the one we have been drawn to select for reproduction proves that the artist has at least an equal talent for depicting the sorrows of the life about him. A poor boy has been sent to fetch the village-priest to come to his dying mother, and administer the last consolations of religion. The old priest has put on his surplice and stole, and with the sacrament in his hands comes from the church through the gateway, preceded by the sexton bearing the lantern with its candle lighted from the altar, and the bell whose tinkle calls on all who shall hear it to say a prayer for a parting soul. By the side of the sexton walks the lad, shoeless and poorly clad, holding his hat reverently in his hands as he looks up in a manly, plaintive way into the old man's face, and asks him questions which he half fears to have answered. The priest has a rather stolid, perfunctory expression, but the weather-beaten face of the old sexton shows some light of sympathy for the boy soon to be

left motherless in the world, and in his rough, kindly way, puts the best face he can on the matter. It seems to us that very few modern painters have shown greater skill than our artist has here proved, in telling a simple every-day story of human experience in such a way as to appeal to the heart and the consciousness of whoever, young or old, learned or unlearned, may chance to see his picture.

At the right of Lüben's composition we see two of the wrought-iron crosses common in



"BISHOP WILLIGIS AND THE CHILDREN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LINDENSCHMIT.

old grave-yards in Germany, with their projecting covers to keep the rain from the small pictures that are fastened to them, or the wreaths that are hung on them on ceremonial days. These particular crosses mark graves that have been placed along the road leading to the church-yard proper: we catch a glimpse of this inclosure with its tombstones through the gateway with its half-opened gate of wrought-iron.

WILHELM LINDENSCHMIT, the painter of the two very different pictures, "Willigis and the Children," and the "Death of William of Orange," is the son of a well-known historical



painter of the same name, who died in 1848. Our artist was born in Munich, in 1829, and went with his father when quite young to Mainz. From Mainz he went to Frankfort on the Main, and studied there at the Städelschen Institute; thence he went to Antwerp, but, dissatisfied, he soon left for Paris, where he found the atmosphere and the opportunity he needed. His principal field has been the painting of history, here he has shown himself a prolific worker, but as usual with artists of his class he is not limited in his choice of subjects by any personal predilection in favor of one particular period or one set of events, all is fish that comes to the historical-painter's net, and accordingly we find Lindenschmit painting "Alva Visiting the Countess von Rudolstadt," and "Francis I. taken Prisoner at the Battle of Pavia," and "Luther in the House of Frau Cotta," and the "Founding of the Jesuit Order in Rome," and more of the same sort, with perhaps a particular leaning toward Luther-subjects. We have selected two characteristic examples: "The Death of William of Orange" and "Bishop Willigis and the Children:" they prove the artist's versatility and his skill in telling a story. Willigis, or, as his name was Latinized, Quilisius, was bishop of Mainz in 975. He was distinguished as a builder and as a friend of education. He commenced the Dome of Mainz in 978, and built bridges over the Main, at Aschaffenburg, and over the Nahe, at Bingen. This latter structure, a bridge of nine arches, was constructed on the foundations of a Roman bridge, attributed to Drusus and called by his name. Willigis founded many schools in his diocese, and is reputed to have done more for education than any prelate of his time. An anonymous poet has told this anecdote of the good bishop, illustrating his meekness and simplicity:

"The Lords of Thule it did not please  
That Willigis their bishop was,  
For he was a wagoner's son.  
And they drew, to do him scorn,  
Wheels of chalk upon the wall;  
He found them in chamber, found them in hall.  
But the pious Willigis  
Could not be moved to bitterness;  
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,  
He bade his servants a painter call;  
And said,—' My friend, paint now for me  
On every wall, that I may see,  
A wheel of white in a field of red;  
Underneath, in letters plain to be read—





THE DEATH OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE."  
FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM LINDENSCHMIT.



‘Willigis, bishop now by name,  
Forget not whence you came!’”

---

“The Lords of Thule were full of shame—  
They wiped away their words of blame;  
For their saw that scorn and jeer  
Cannot wound the wise man’s ear.  
And all the bishops that after him came  
Quartered the wheels with their arms of fame;  
Thus came to pious Willigis  
Glory out of bitterness.”

It is said that the wheels in the arms of the city of Mainz were originally in the arms of Willigis, but this is denied by some antiquarians who, however, have not been able to provide us with a better explanation. We do not know whether the picture by Lindenschuit has for foundation any particular incident in the life of Willigis; but so much is plain, that his visit to the school is in the interest of a kind and sympathetic treatment of children, as opposed to harshness and severity. The bishop sits in the school-room of the monastery surrounded by the monks on one side and by the village children on the other. At his left is the monk whose business it is in general to take charge of the school-room, a sour-faced man who holds the rod in his hand with which he is used to enforce discipline, and which he grudges at being obliged to spare in consequence of the presence of his kind-hearted superior.

Another monk, more in sympathy, both with the bishop and with the children, stands behind the bishop’s chair and listens with a smile to the parable wherewith Willigis is enforcing his teaching. The children are well characterized, as they sit or stand about the bishop’s knee, but one of them, at the extreme left, seems to us more amused at the discomfiture of the surly brother of the rod, than attentive to the Bishop’s lesson.

“The Murder of William of Orange” is a picturesque composition; its hurry and bustle are in striking contrast to the quiet lines and compact grouping of the “Willigis and the Children.” It was a daring experiment to attempt to depict an action taking place upon a stair-case, there being nothing more difficult in draughtsmanship than to show people moving on a stairs, unless it be to place them in a boat. Some of our readers may recall a curious experiment made by no less a man than Tintoretto, who in his picture of “The Presentation of the Virgin,” in the church of S. Maria dell’ Orto in Venice, has placed the scene directly upon the grand circular marble stairs leading to the Temple, the little nine-year-old Virgin suc-

cessfully standing on the top-most step, and the spectators of the miracle sitting or standing in the intermediate space. The motive of Lindenschmit's picture would almost seem to have been suggested by Tintoretto's bold design, but it is far more successful in respect to naturalness and vigor of action than that of the older master.

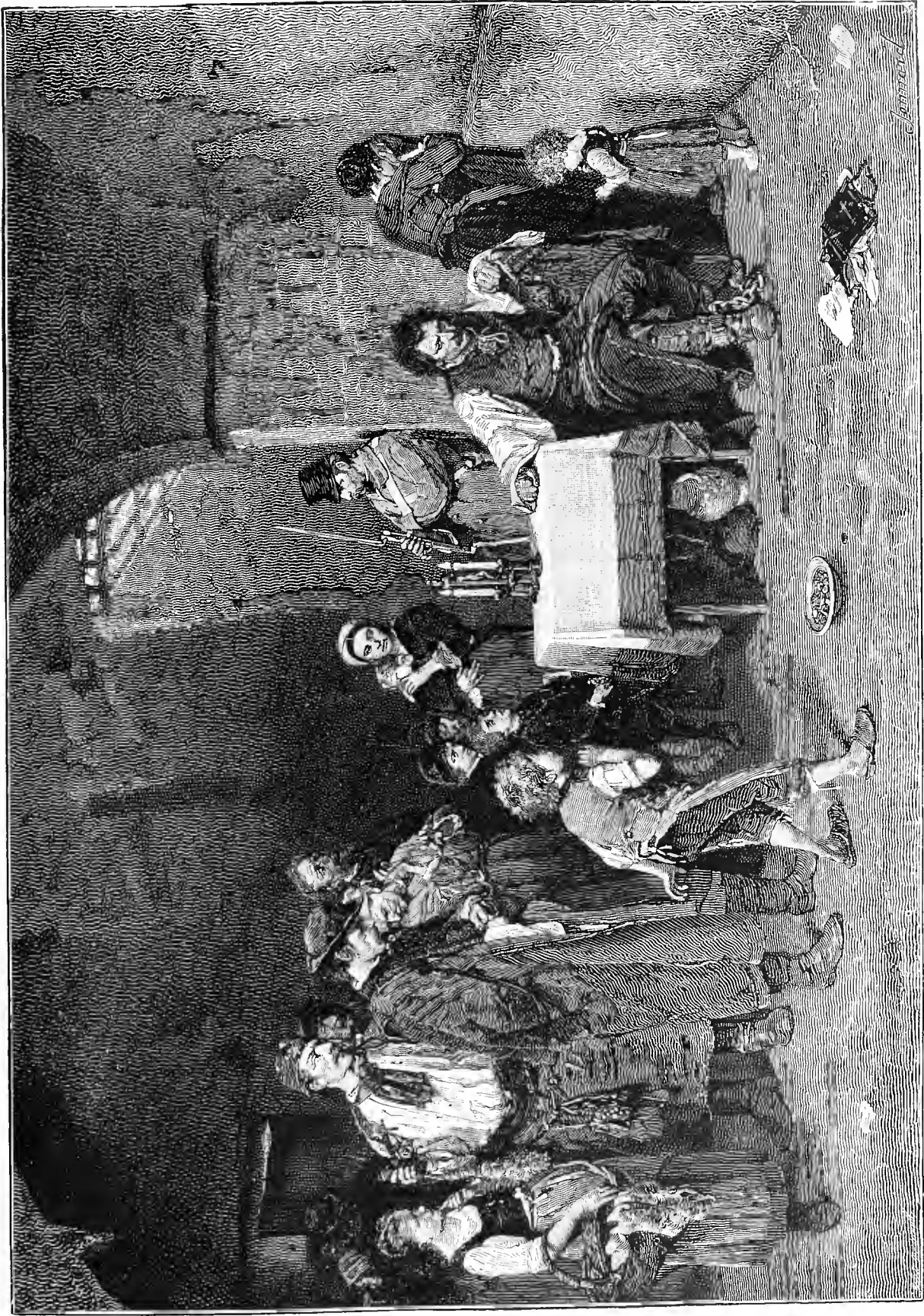
William of Orange, the founder of the Dutch Republic, called William the Silent, was assassinated at Delft in 1584. The deed was done for money, a price having been set on the Prince's head by the Spanish General Alexander Farnese. Visitors to Delft are still shown the place in the Prinsenhof where William fell and the marks which the bullets of the assassins made in the wall. An inscription marks the spot, but the building has been completely transformed in fitting it up for a barracks. The tomb erected by the States of Holland to William is the chief ornament of the New Church of Delft.

Our historian Motley, in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic" gives the following account of the death of William:

"On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve the Prince with his wife on his arm and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved loosely-shaped hat of dark felt with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto,

" 'Fidèles au roy jusqu' à la besace,'

While a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed under clothes completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that 'it was merely a person who came for a passport,' ordering at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The Princess still not relieved, observed in an undertone, that 'she had never seen so villainous a countenance.' Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the Burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments



THE LAST DAYS OF A CONDEMNED MAN,  
FROM THE PAINTING BY MICHAEL MUNKACSY.







above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the courtyard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which passing quite through him struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, 'O my God, have mercy on my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!'"

## V.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY was born at Munkacs, a village in Hungary, in 1846. The Hungarian form for Michael is Mihaly, and we believe that this is all the name to which the artist is strictly entitled, the name of Munkacsy being a mere patronymic derived from his native town and serving to distinguish this particular Michael from the thousand and one other Michaels on the planet. He was a poor boy, and with few to befriend him, since his parents died at the time of the Revolution, in which Hungary tried to escape from the grip of the Austrian octopus; but an uncle took him in charge and put him apprentice to a cabinet-maker of the place to earn his living. He stopped for six years with this employer, and then launched out for himself as an artist, painting portraits, and small *genre* pictures, which he disposed of in Pesth, until he had laid up enough money to take him to Vienna. In the larger city he continued to prosper, and was soon able to go to Munich. Here he entered the studio of Franz Adam, and having taken prizes for three *genre* pictures found himself in funds to change Munich for Düsseldorf, where he completed his studies under Knaus and Vautier. His first success with the world at large was obtained by his "Last Days of a Condemned Man," exhibited at the Salon of 1870, and honored by the gold medal. In his earlier pictures, Munkacsy's obligations to Knaus were evident, but in the painting just

mentioned he had the good fortune, for the first and only time in his life, to hit upon a subject drawn from real life and from his own experience. It was an old custom in Hungary to place a man condemned to death, just outside the prison-walls, and to put before his chair a table with a crucifix and a lighted candle, with a plate on which the charitably disposed might put an alms for the support of the family of the criminal. Such a scene had, no doubt, often met the eyes of the young artist, and the directness and simplicity with which he has painted it testify to the strong sympathy it excited in his mind. The artist has not wasted his time nor ours in the painting of *things*, in this picture; the excellent painting of the table



MICHAEL MUNKACSY.

and the things it supports is not allowed to distract our attention from the more important study of the human characters that make up the *dramatis personæ* of this village-tragedy. The criminal himself, the true centre of the story, is also skilfully made the centre of the composition—the strong light upon the cloth that covers the table draws the eye at once his way, and his natural isolation, by the drawing aloof of the crowd of villagers in a half-circle, moved alike by curiosity and fear, still further emphasizes the importance of this figure. The piteous action of the wife and child; the curiosity, not unmixed with admiration, of the

street-urchin who would fain draw near this chained wild-beast of a man, but that discretion gets the better of his valor, the various types of village-life that would naturally be drawn to such a scene—all these figures, painted with force in plenty, but without exaggeration and without posing, rightly earned for Munkacsy the public applause: applause that was genuine and not due to any interested dictation. Munkacsy's later works have not fulfilled these promises, although, if we were to judge by outward signs, the public delight in his pictures has not only not diminished, but has steadily increased. The truth is, that people in general are not deterred in looking at pictures by nice points of accuracy either in costume and surroundings or in the historical statement. If they were, there would be few pictures that would satisfy them, since artists in general care little for these things themselves. Thus

Munkacsy's picture, "Milton and his Daughters" has been a great favorite with the public, although it misrepresents the poet, puts the daughters in a light to which they have no claim, and makes Milton's surroundings those of a rich and luxurious man of the world, instead of the poor scholar living in a plainly furnished house as we know him by ample testimony. Doubtless, it would have been too much to ask that we should have been shown the grave,



"MILTON AND HIS DAUGHTERS."

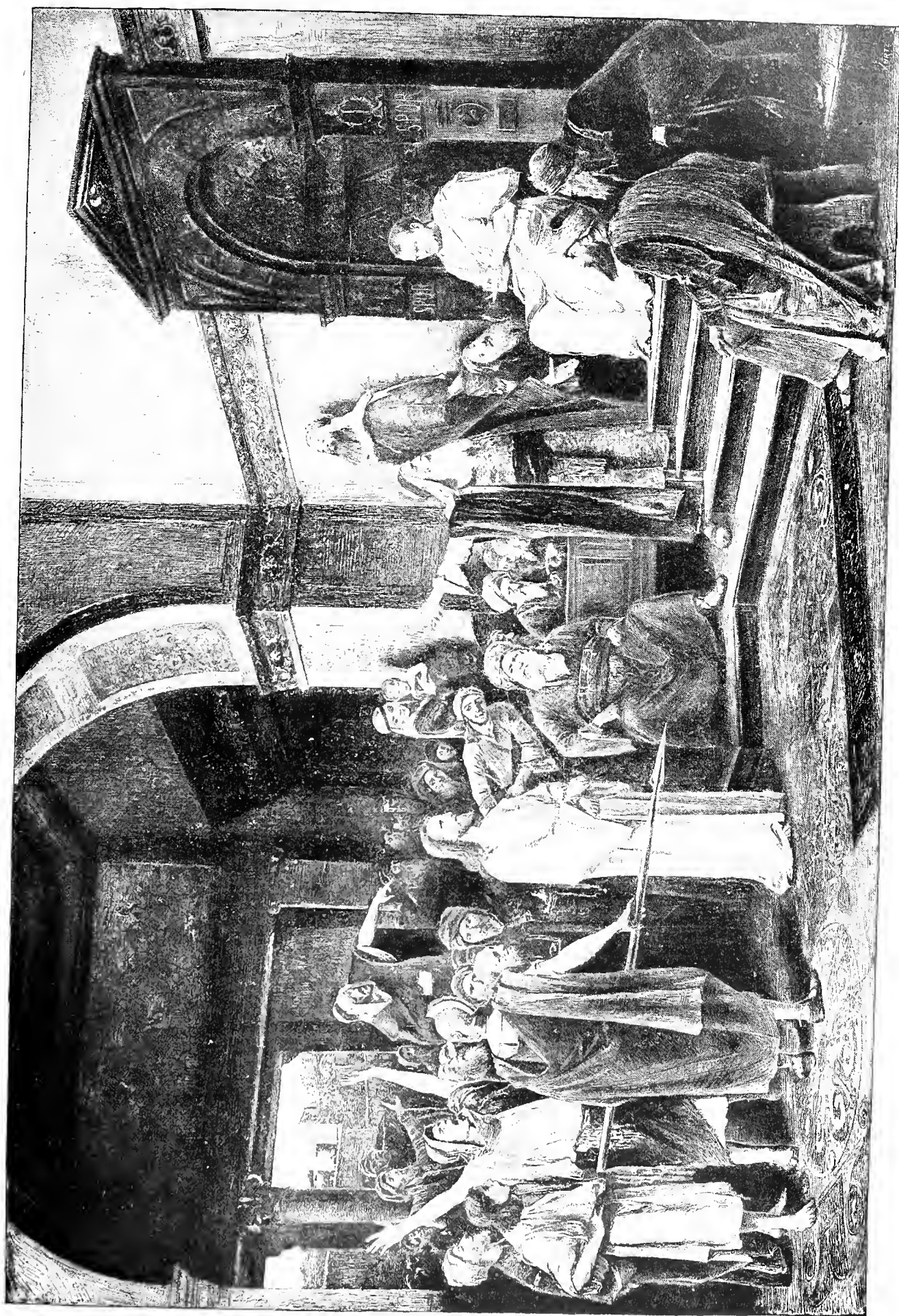
FROM THE PICTURE BY MUNKACSY IN THE LENOX LIBRARY.

but cheerful old poet sitting as he is described to us, in his favorite attitude when he was dictating poetry, "somewhat aslant in an elbow chair with his leg thrown over one of the arms"—but at any rate we might have been spared this grim visage and theatrical attitude in depicting so simple-mannered and so honest a man. The daughters were by no means the pleasing domestic beings they are here represented—they were cross, undutiful, and disobedient, who rendered very grudging service to their father, and made his home so unhappy by their

neglect, that he was obliged to marry in his old age that he might have some one to take care of him. He seldom called on them for assistance in writing from his dictation, generally employing a man for that purpose. This picture is in the Lenox Library in New York, and whoever sees the richly furnished room in which the artist has placed Milton and his daughters will be surprised to learn, if he did not know it before, that Milton died a poor man, leaving to his widow and children only about 900 pounds, in money, the income from his printed books amounting virtually to nothing. But it would be idle to push this sort of criticism too far in dealing with such a painter as Munkacsy. He cares nothing for such things, and had probably never heard the name of Milton before he was asked by the agent who exploits his talent to paint it for the market. All his pictures are open to the same criticism, and, not only so, but as the present writer has shown in another place (see *The Studio* for December, 1886), the artist's poverty of invention is so marked that nearly all his pictures will be found on examination to be built up on one of two schemes of arrangement. This was illustrated very amusingly in *The Studio*, by Mr. Joseph Keppler of *Puck*, who made an analysis in outline of eight of Munkacsy's principal pictures.

One of the most popular of the modern painters of Germany is KARL LUDWIG FRIEDRICH BECKER, the author of the "Petition to the Doge," which we have selected out of his numerous works, to copy. Becker was born in Berlin in 1820, but after brief study there he went to Munich and worked for a time under the fresco-painter, Heinrich Hess. Later he returned to Berlin and assisted Cornelius in his fresco-painting in the Old Museum. By the aid of the Berlin Academy, Becker was enabled to go to Italy, where he passed three years, dividing his time between Rome and Venice, with which latter city he was greatly taken, and with the art of the Venetian school, particularly with that of Paul Veronese, whose coloring and general style he has endeavored to emulate, with, it must be admitted, the least possible success. The judgment of his contemporaries on this manifestly clever painter is summed up in the nick-name "Costume-Becker" which has been given him, ostensibly to distinguish him from the other artists of the same name, of whom Meyer, in his Dictionary, enumerates no less than seven. Becker chooses his subjects always with a view to picturesqueness, and never from any private or personal interest, nor is his name associated, as in the case of even a meretricious painter like Munkacsy, with a single picture painted from the heart—all, with him, is mere show and stage-play, and the best praise that can be awarded his pictures is, that they fulfil the purpose for which they were designed, and give pleasure to a great many people





"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY MICHAEL MUNKACSY, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE HON. JOHN WANAMAKER.





who like bright colors and showy dresses with rich furniture setting off a striking dramatic incident without regard to possibility or even probability. The picture we copy will abun-



"A PETITION TO THE DOGE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL BECKER.

dantly illustrate this estimate of the general character of Becker's work. An old Doge of Venice is issuing from his palace, half supported by the arm of his wife, and half by a stout

cane. He is dressed in the regulation costume, fisherman's-cap (of stiff gold brocade instead of the rude cotton of its type!), heavy ermine cape and robe of damask silk—without which we should not know him for a Doge, though most likely the dress was only worn on state occasions. The lady he is with, young and handsome, and of a purely modern type—an anachronism into which plenty of artists beside Becker have fallen, in our age of dressed-up studio-models—is richly attired in a gown of damasked silk with a costly necklace of pearls' and directs the Doge's attention to a lady as young and beautiful and modern as herself who has thrown herself on her knees and holds out a petition to the old Doge, doubtless for the pardon of her husband condemned to death or banishment for some political offense. She holds at her side her richly-dressed little girl, who shrinks in terror from an inoffensive greyhound which turns to look at her as he comes down the steps. The back-ground of the picture is filled up with a showy scene-setting of marble columns with useless drapery of rich stuff impossibly fastened to them, a marble fire-place and mantel with a mirror, quite out of place—except for histrionic reasons—in so small a vestibule and in a Venetian palace to boot. We catch a glimpse, too, of a marble statue, and the otherwise vacant spaces are filled with officials of the Doge's household, pages and halberdiers. All these details, chosen with a keen eye to their decorative effect, are the marks by which we may always know a picture by Becker, as far as the eye can distinguish. Of inner meaning, of true human characterization, of real historical value, there will be found in them no trace.

The picture by Hugo Koenig, "Desdemona's Defence of her Marriage with Othello," belongs to the same family as that of Carl Becker, but shows much more dramatic power and an equal sense of decorative effect. If the artist have not succeeded in completely avoiding the appearance of a theatrical stage-setting, he has at least toned down this element, so hard to get completely rid of, and, as some might say, not desirable to get wholly rid of, in painting a scene from a stage-play. The main light of the picture falls upon the lovely delicate figure of Desdemona, as, supported and partly drawn to himself by Othello, she addresses her father Brabantio—who turns in indignation at his defeated purpose, to leave the hall. The artist has been particularly successful with Brabantio, a noble figure of an old man venerable with years and official dignity. Othello, too, is well conceived: his dark Moorish features brought into sharp contrast with Desdemona's virgin whiteness; and his bearing, at once proud and tender. In the background we see a youthful long-haired page presumably in attendance on the court, and one or two figures dimly descried are probably intended for friends of

Othello. At the right, beyond the Doge, Senators and nobles press forward to listen to this strange colloquy. Just behind Desdemona stands Emilia, who puts up her hand with a foreboding gesture as she hears Brabantio's word of warning:—

“Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see.  
She has deceived her father, and may, thee.”



“DESDEMONA'S DEFENCE OF HER MARRIAGE WITH OTHELLO.”

FROM THE PICTURE BY HUGO KOENIG

At the right are the Senators and the Doge, or, as Shakespeare calls him, both here and in “The Merchant of Venice,” the Duke. He has half risen from his chair of State, and looks at Brabantio eagerly, as if deprecating these harsh words.

IN turning over the portfolios of photographs and etchings of German artists of our own immediate time, we are struck with the great number of humorous subjects; these and the sentimental subjects take up by far the larger part of the field; history and *genre* occupying the rest. This liking for humorous subjects is comparatively of recent growth, or so it appears to us; among the older men, those who presided at the formation of the New School, there is but little to be found that is not of a distinctly serious turn; it is all either religious, or illustrative of history or legend, and the historical painting lends itself rather to epoch-making deeds than to anecdotes of mere manners. In the collection of modern German pictures that made up the well-known Dusseldorf Gallery, exhibited in this city some twenty years ago, there was only one artist whose work was distinctly humorous; all the others were devoted to themes that, in the vocabulary of the critics, are distinguished as the exclusive property of high art. The only pictures in this collection that had for sole aim the amusement of the spectator, were Hasenclever's (Pierre Paul: born at Remscheid, in Westphalia, in 1810 and died in 1853) illustrations to the "Jobsiade," with his "Wine-tasters"—all the rest were of a more serious turn. In spite of the no doubt respectable claims upon the higher consideration of the public made by these more serious compositions, it must be acknowledged that Hasenclever's "Jobsiade" was much enjoyed by the public, and even at this late day it may be confessed that had the pictures been better painted, the clearness with which the story was told and the cleverness of characterization would have gone far to give them a permanent place among the modern works of their kind—if there be any permanency for work whose sole aim is to make us laugh at the follies of our kind!

The illustrations to the "Jobsiade" were three; the "Leaving Home," "The University Examination," and "The Return of the Graduate." In the first picture we see the boy Hieronymus Jobs, setting out for the University, the object of the affectionate and highly demonstrative sympathy of the whole household; all of whom are broken-hearted at the prospect of losing, even for a brief period, the pride and pet of the family. The baby in the cradle, the little sisters and brothers, the old father and mother, all are weeping; but, with the elders, their pride in the prospective noble career of the son of the house, tempers somewhat the grief natural to the parting. The second picture is the one we reproduce from the engraving. It represents the appearance of Hieronymus before the learned pundits of the University, who are listening with mingled feelings of amusement, contempt, indignation, and complacency to the youngster's answers to their questions. Hasenclever has been compared to





"THE EXAMINATION DAY."

FROM THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE JOBSIADE BY F. P. HASFNCLEVER





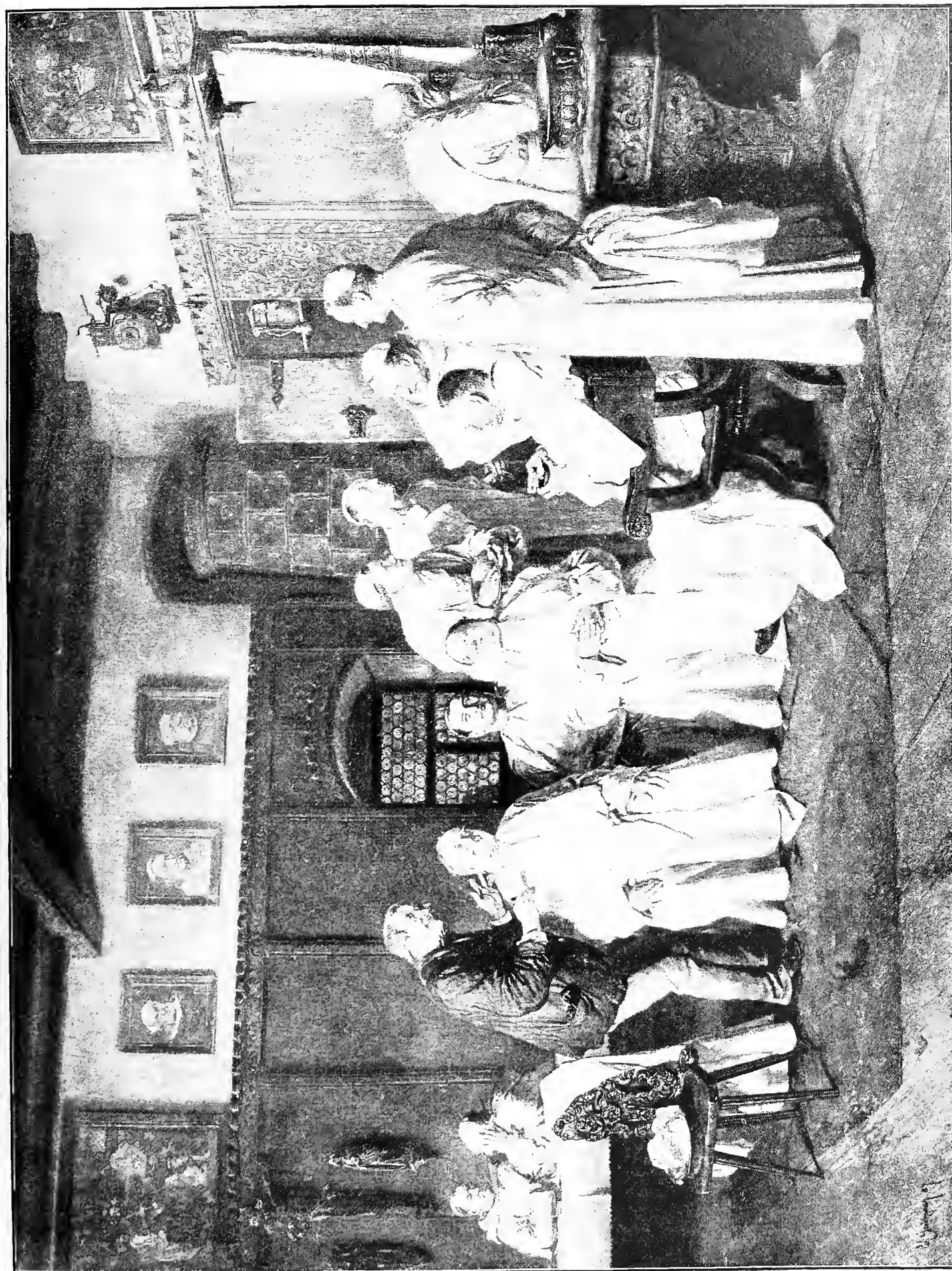
Hogarth, but without much reason. Such resemblance as may be allowed, is merely superficial. Leaving out of view Hogarth's abundance and variety, his superiority as a painter prevents comparison with an artist like Hasenclever, who was not entitled to be called a painter; his work is perfectly translatable into black and white; whereas while the world at large knows Hogarth chiefly by engravings from his pictures, artists and amateurs of painting derive their greatest pleasure from the sweetness and delicacy of his coloring, and the precision and brilliancy of his touch. A painter, as painters go, may care nothing whatever for what Hogarth has to say, but no painter worthy of the name could be insensible to Hogarth's mastery of his art. It is this union of qualities that gives him his permanent place in the world of art; the skill of a Hasenclever goes only so far as to tickle the fancy of his generation and to raise a smile now and then upon the lips of those who come after. In his "Jobsiad," however, there is something of that universality of appeal which is recognized as much at one time as at another, but while the experience of Hieronymus is one that is perennially repeated, it is, for all that, not an experience serious enough, or important enough, to affect us very deeply. The third picture in the series of the "Jobsiad" shows the return of the student after his five years' course at the University; he has passed from the chrysalis state to the full blown "graduate," who appears in all the glory of the fast young man of the period, booted and spurred, his empty head crowned with a cocked hat, cracking his whip, and astonishing his simple-hearted family with his boisterous ways.

Since Hasenclever's day, the class of subjects he cultivated has been taken up by others, and the men of our own day have rather overstocked the market with drinking-bouts, wine-tastings, and beer-contests on the one side, and bourgeoisie anecdotes on the other. A worthy successor to Hasenclever is EDUARD GRÜTZNER, born in 1846 at Grosskarlowitz—a town of Silesia belonging to the Circle of Oppeln. He made his first studies at the Gymnasium of Neisse. Here the architect Hirschberg recognized his talent and assisted him to make his way to Munich, where he became one of the favorite pupils of Piloty. His first work belonged rather to the conventional school; he painted for the house of his friend Hirschberg a series of panels in oil, representing the "Arts," but his tastes all led him in a different direction, and in 1869 he made a marked impression on the public by the first of his well-known illustrations to Shakespeare—the scene from Henry IV. with Falstaff and Mistress Quickly in the Tavern. This was generously applauded and followed by others equally successful; "Falstaff and his Recruits;" "Falstaff in the Buckbasket"—from the Merry Wives of Windsor, with scenes

from the "Taming of the Shrew" and the "Twelfth Night." From Shakespeare he turned to Goethe and painted one or two pictures from Faust.

The monks then attracted him, and he began that long series of good-natured satires upon the brotherhood, with whose foibles his name is now as closely associated as that of his French contemporary Vibert. As one of the paragraphists says of him: he seems to have been impressed with the perpetual "thirst" of the monks, and he shows them to us drinking, in all sorts of situations. We have them tasting wine in the cellar, surprised in their pious cups by the ringing of the vesper-bell, tasting the first vintage of the cloister-vineyard and so forth, and so on. But Grützner does not confine himself to the potations of the brothers; he takes the whole life of the monastery—the secular side to be sure, for while there is no malice in his pictures there is no trace of religious sentiment in them—and we are presented with a series of anecdotes, glimpses of the every-day doings of these *religious*. Here is the monastery-tailor placidly busy mending the garments of his brethren, and here are two brothers who have fished out of the library-bookshelves some volume, not as orthodox as might be, which, for all that, seems to have greatly tickled their carnal fancy. But as we have intimated, all this is done in a spirit very different from that of the French Vibert; one can fancy the German monks shaking their fat sides in honest enjoyment over their good-humored countryman's account of them. Grützner has no mind to be called a specialist, and having said his say about the monks, he has now turned his guns upon the hunters, and laughs at them in a way that recalls Defregger and Vautier, though without imitation. Still later he has tried his hand on a subject such as Meissonier might have chosen—"An Amateur of Art in his Cabinet." This picture has been much praised for its expression of character, and for the way in which the various details are painted. The picture we have chosen to give an idea of Grützner's talent is one of the series of anecdotes of monastic life. It is called "Shaving-day in the Monastery," and certainly needs no explanation; even the title is superfluous, and we amuse ourselves in studying the different characters of the monks, and the easy, natural way in which they are grouped.

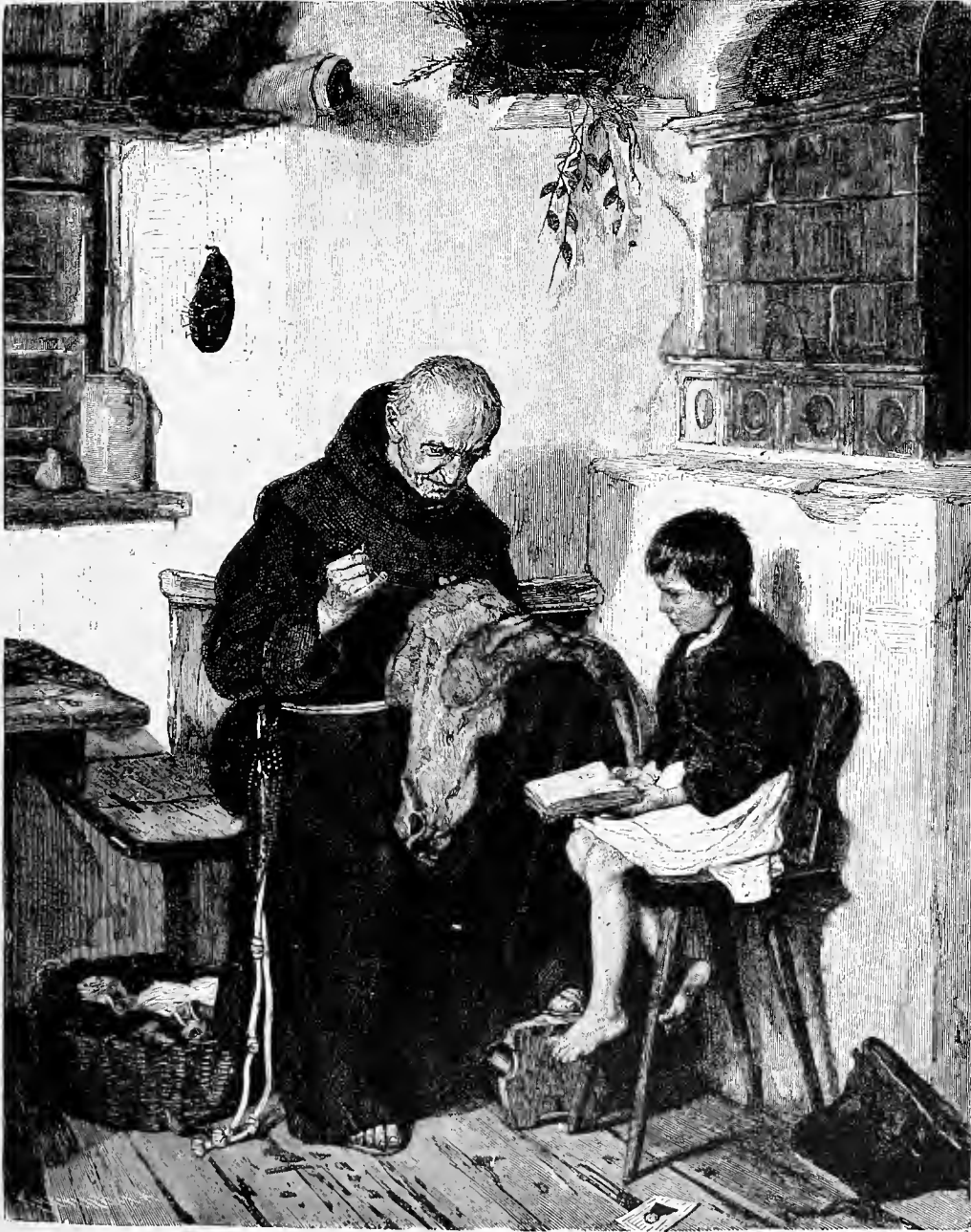
IGLER, an artist whose name has not as yet arrived at the dignity of the dictionaries, nevertheless shows himself a clever workman in the same field with Grützner. His "Kindhearted Friar" is a picture that would make a good pendant to Adolf Lüben's "Visit to the Sick," there is a difference, of course, in the way the kindness and pity are shown, but the kindness and pity are the same. Here is a poor boy from the village who has, it would appear, no one



"SHAVING DAY IN THE MONASTERY."  
FROM THE PAINTING BY EDUARD GRÜTZNER.



to look after his clothes; either his mother is dead, or she is one of those incapables—happily rare among women—who can neither make, mend, nor darn, and whose offspring are necessarily left to the tender mercies of others. Happy for such if some good old aunt or grandmother



"A KIND-HEARTED BROTHER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. IGLER.



come to the rescue, or if necessity teach the neglected ones to help themselves as we saw the "Poor Student" doing, in Steinheil's picture in an earlier number of our book. In the case of our boy a kind hearted friar, the convent-tailor, has taken pity on him and while he is mending the urchin's breeches he is at the same time helping him with his book and trying to put some good ideas into his head, but it looks very much as if the youngster's mind were on the game of ball that is to be played as soon as he can be made presentable to the world, rather than on the book he holds in his lap, or on the wise counsels of the friar. Yet it is not uncomfortable in the monk's cell. There is a good stove at the boy's back—one of those porcelain stoves that are still so common in Germany, and which are not only handsome to look at, with their rich green, or brown, or snow-white tiles, but are very comfortable things to have in the house. Generally the seat of the old mother or grandmother of the family is in the corner where the good brother is sitting, and where, to judge by his tailoring-apparatus displayed on the table at his side, and the basket on the floor with a supply of clothes to be mended, he may often be found at work. On the wall behind him hang his pincushion and thread-case, and a beer-mug and a piece of bread are standing ready on the sill. Less accessible are some books set up on a projecting ledge of the thick wall, and another ledge supports a religious picture, about whose frame the brother has stuck some green branches gathered in his walks. A quiet, peaceful little picture, ministering to love and good-will, and sure to give pleasure to children and innocent people. It is not what we call high art, but it is not to be despised, for the artist has shown no little skill in the technical part of his work; the picture is well composed, nothing is here that is not needed, and the effect of the whole is as pleasing to the eye as to the mind.

If we are to judge by their pictures, it would seem that the German artists are as much concerned with celebrating the thirst of their countrymen in general, as Grützner is said to be with celebrating the thirst of the monks. Here is ALBERT SCHROEDER, an artist who came to Dresden in 1876 and has since been diligently painting there, pictures that recall the work of Moreau and Leloir, though with something less of elegance. Our plate—"Your Health!" is, we imagine nothing more than an incident in the courtly life of the Renaissance time—a family-party celebrating the coming of age of the eldest son who responds in gallant fashion to the greetings of his parents and sisters. The rich furniture and decoration of the room, the refined sumptuosities of the table, the dresses of the personages—costly enough, for all their large simplicity—all this is painted for no other purpose than to please the eye with a picture



of by-gone luxury and to charm the fancy with the notion that somewhere, at some time, man and his surroundings were in a perfect harmony, exempt from all the accidents of wear and tear that vex the souls of housekeepers. There is, of course, no more truth in such representations than there is in what is known as the "historical novel"—Scott's "Kenilworth" for example, that takes no note of the discrepancies that existed in the material surroundings of



"YOUR HEALTH."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ALBERT SCHROEDER.

the richest people. They could command splendor and luxury, but not comfort, and in many cases the contrasts are amusing for us to reflect upon—Queen Elizabeth, for example, dressed on days of state with the barbaric sumptuousness of an Indian idol, but without stockings—and while in the best houses and at the table of the queen dishes and drinking-vessels of silver and even of gold were to be found, the needs of the mass had to be supplied with pewter, or the coarsest earthenware or even wood. But in pictures of the class to which this

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of Schroeder's belongs, we find the objects that in the time which produced them, were scattered through many houses, here collected into one, and a completeness and unity suggested that in reality could not have been possible. However, there is no need of considering this too seriously,—such idealizations have always found favor with the public; they are as old as the oldest poetry and fiction, and they will continue to be provided by writers and artists as long as the world shall last.

ERNST HILDEBRAND, another contributor to our gallery of "drinking-pieces" was born in Falkenburg in 1833, and studied his art under Steffeck, the animal painter, in Berlin. He remained in Berlin, with the exception of a year's stay in Paris, until 1875, when he accepted a professorship in the art-school at Carlsruhe. He began as a decorative painter, then took up portraiture, and finally settled down into genre-painting. In this field he has painted a great many works attractive to the general public; "Margaret in Prison," "Suffer little Children to come unto Me," and specially "The Sick Child"—a father and mother watching with anxiety the outcome of the crisis in their little one's illness; this scene is depicted with a deep but quiet feeling which would be more remarkable if other German artists had not shown an equally sympathetic skill in dealing with subjects of a like nature. The example we have selected from Hildebrand's work is of a less serious character. It is the picture of a stoutly built younker of the fifteenth century in all his bravery of parti-colored hose, slashed shoes, and slashed leathern doublet, with his sword at his belt and a broad hat and feather slung at his waist (since for his more ease he wears a loose hood on his head) and holding up a huge pewter tankard which, with God's blessing on good liquor, he is about to toss off to our better health!

WILHELM STRYOWSKI, the painter of the "Chance Meeting," was born at Danzig in 1834, and studied, with so many others of his time, under Von Schadow at Düsseldorf. His apprenticeship completed, he made a student-journey to Galicia, led in that direction, perhaps, by race-affinities, then to Holland and Paris, returning and settling down in his native place. His special talent lies in pictures of peasant life, or popular life generally; he excels particularly in depicting the life of the Fleissen, Slaves and Jews. He knows these people thoroughly, and his pictures are full of characteristic and individual points. Some of the subjects he has painted in the last twenty years are "Fleissen by their Evening-fire on the river Weichsel," "Fleissen resting after Work," "Polish Jews in their Synagogue," "Scene during the Polish Insurrection," "Israelites in Prayer at the time of the New Moon," etc., etc. As we may see



E. HILDEBRAND, PINX.

E. BUECHEL, SCULP.

*"Your Health!"*

SELMA HESS, NEW YORK



by their titles his pictures are generally of a serious character, but the one we have chosen is of a decidedly humorous cast. The scene is in Danzig, high up on the roof of a house where



"A CHANCE-MEETING."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILHELM STRYOWSKI.

a tiler, busy at his work setting the ridge-tiles afresh, sees a chimney-sweep emerging from a neighboring chimney, and politely offers his grimy brother a pinch of snuff from his generously

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opened box. Both the men perceive the humor of the situation, and sympathetic grins illuminate their respective faces. Under the influence of the odd situation and by the intervention of tobacco, the universal solvent—caste is for the moment forgotten, and the man of soot and the man of plaster are at one. There is a pleasant sense of open air in this picture. Fortunately we are not made too uncomfortable by the smoke from the nearest chimney, since the wind beats it down and about the lower tiles; for the moment its thin veil is withdrawn, and we can enjoy the amusing rencounter in company with the other observer who looks at it from the window of the opposite tower. The glimpse of the roof-architecture of Danzig is pleasant, too; the characteristic tower-forms and the gables rivalling the Jacobean architectures of England, and the winged dragon on the summit of the gable of the house on which these men are working, with the lightning-rod ingeniously carried up the monster's back, and ending in the sword he waves so menacingly. Yet how few Americans who look at this picture will understand by their own recollections what it means—this man sitting on the chimney-top, so long is it since a veritable chimney-sweep has been seen in these parts. Charles Lamb's Essay, "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers," reads to this generation, and especially to Americans, like a tale of mediæval manners; in his days the law had not yet stepped in to prevent the employment of children in sweeping chimneys. "I like," he says, "to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep, peep*, of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?"

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"When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades—to shudder with the idea that 'now, surely he must be lost forever!'—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel!"

In short, the chimney-sweeper, young or old, is generally a thing of the past, even in



countries where the use of bituminous coal or other soot-producing fuel makes frequent cleaning of the flues necessary; machinery, coming to the aid of the law, has made it unnecessary for human beings to go up the chimneys broom in hand, and we suspect that, even in Danzig, Mr. Stryowski's picture would be considered an amusing picture of a "survival" rather than a record of a general contemporary custom.

In TREUENFELS' "*En Passant*," we have an encounter of a different kind from the one depicted by Stryowski, but the two would make amusing pendants. A Spanish market-man on his morning road to market, his donkey laden with the produce of his garden, stops his beast under the wall of a house where lives a girl of his acquaintance, who, just in the nick of time—knowing nothing, of course, of his hour for passing—pops her head over the terrace-parapet, and invites him to a flirtation. He, nothing loth, springs to his donkey's back, and from this point of vantage carries on the merry war of words; the objective point being the bunch of garden-flowers he holds behind his back. He has not hid them quick enough, however, to escape her discovery, as her pointed finger shows, and she laughingly reproaches him for having destined it for another girl, to which he swears by all the saints in the Spanish calendar, etc., etc.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot on sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never."

Nor is the case altered when both feet are on a donkey's back; deceiving comes no less easy. Constancy is the word, however, with the donkey—comfortable, patient little creature, covered over with his absurdly disproportioned load already, but never so much as winking, when the solid *avoirdufois* of his master is added to the burden. The donkey and his load are prettily painted—the so-called animal rather better painted, one may think, than the human beings!

A more important artistic personality than all who have come before us in this part of our work is:

LUDWIG KNAUS. This most famous of the German genre-painters and the head of the younger Düsseldorf school, was born in 1829 in Wiesbaden. He made his studies at the Academy in Düsseldorf in 1846 and remained there, under Sohn and Schadow, until 1852. He then betook himself to Paris and studied there continuously, with the exception of one year

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—1857-58—passed in Italy, for eight years, during which time he sought to make himself familiar with the whole method of modern French painting, and as a result of his industry,



"JUST IN PASSING."

FROM THE PICTURE BY N. TREUENFELS.

which would have availed but little had he not possessed a remarkable natural talent, he reached a point where his skill was acknowledged by the French themselves. He achieved



THE BAPTISM,  
FROM THE PAINTING BY LUDWIG KNAUS.



distinction at once on his first appeal to the public; exhibiting in 1858 "The Golden Wedding," and in 1859, "The Baptism." It was by this latter picture, better known here as "The Christening," that he was first introduced to America, and we must think that in spite of all we have seen and learned since that time, this picture, so warmly, enthusiastically greeted, would still be found to possess sterling qualities such as will preserve it, for a long time at least, from the fate that so often overtakes popular favorites. Before we come to consider it more at length, we will continue our story of Knaus's movements up to the present time, although his life, like that of most artists, has been so uneventful that a few words will suffice for the outline. In 1860 he left Paris and passed a year in his native Wiesbaden; lived from 1861 to '66 in Berlin, then made a brief stay of eight years in Düsseldorf, and in 1874 took up his residence in Berlin, accepting the position of Professor in the Academy of that city, where he still remains actively engaged in teaching and in painting. Some fears were entertained lest the duties of his professorship should engross too much time better given to his art, and also lest the narrow, provincial spirit of the capital where, under the shadow of swords, neither art nor letters have ever flourished, should quench the light of his talent. But no such baneful effect has resulted: Knaus's talent is too well grounded to be thrown off its balance so easily, his technical skill is the result of long years of steady practice and of conviction, and it was not to be supposed that at the age when he went to Berlin to live he would change his methods of work or his artistic aims. For the rest, Knaus's aims in art have never been in advance of his public; there is nothing mystic, searching, or aspiring in it, and the only time when he attempted to rise above the level of his humorous or pathetic domesticities and anecdotes—in the "Holy Family" painted for the Empress of Russia—he signally failed to satisfy, not merely the person for whom it was made, but the public at large. "The Baptism," of which our copy gives a reasonably good idea, is perhaps the highest of all Knaus's achievements, and certainly shows him in a very favorable light, whether we look at the technical excellence of the work or the spirit of the composition. We are shown the living-room of the family in a peasant household of the better class; the furniture and fittings are of the simplest character, but all is comfortable if homely. There is the usual porcelain stove with the hanging shelf above it; the rude cupboard; on the shelf the prayer-book, and the almanac on its nail at the side; the solid table, set with the festival-breakfast, and the plain bench alongside it that serves the youngsters of the family for a seat—the few chairs being reserved for the elders and for guests. The chief figure in this picture is, no doubt, that of the young

mother, who for the first time since her confinement, sits up and takes her part in the introduction of her youngest born to this pleasant world and the pleasant people in it, now to be given a name of his own; no longer an indistinguishable human particle but a concrete John or Paul. She has dressed herself for the happy occasion in simple fresh holiday attire; an embroidered stomacher encircled with a cheerful ribbon sash, a ruffled muslin fichu that allows a necklace of gold beads to peep out, and a modestly embroidered skirt of muslin over her figured gown. She is not very strong as yet; her hands lie softly in her lap and her head rests on the back of the chair—this chair the best the house affords, relic of some richer family in older days—and her face turns with a faint smile toward the queer little chap bundled up in old-world fashion—who blindly conceives that something is to be done to him; he knows not what, but doesn't like it, and by no means content with the good old Lutheran parson's way of holding him. Near the wife sits the husband, holding one of the younger children on his lap while he dips his coffee-cake into his cup, but doesn't eat it as yet, for the pride he has in looking over at the baby. The little girl is not altogether content; she feels that something has happened to dethrone her from the place she held but a few days since; her eyes are on her mother's face—who is looking somewhere else; so she cuddles up more closely to her father's bosom—her father, too, with only half a thought for her. Meanwhile the young gentleman, the heir of the family, who, till the appearance of this stranger was certainly not second in the family, stands by his father's chair, rosy-cheeked, hair curling lightly round his pretty head, slowly making away with a slice of christening-cake, and with an armful of apples, but even more intent on the new arrival than on the discussion of these unwonted dainties—his toy-horse and ball, too, neglected on the floor. The central group of the composition is made up of the venerable pastor holding the much-swaddled infant in his arms, the old grandparents on either side—the grandmother a little anxious at the creature's cries, the grandfather, on the contrary, much pleased thereat and asking the parson whether he doesn't consider that cry proof of a lusty pair of lungs. The family poodle, pushing up from under the table-cloth, must needs add his voice to the baby's, but his is another nose-out-of-joint, for nobody marks him. The slatternly housemaid; the two little girls, the younger and older sisters of the baby's mother, equally proud of their new nephew; their big brother, who blows his coffee to cool it, with the usual indifference of big-brothers to family incidents of this nature; the neighbor's little daughter, who comes timidly in for her share of the festivity and for a sight of the baby, ushered in by one of her village admirers, who looks at her





"BEHIND THE SCENES."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG KNAUS.



askance from behind the friendly shelter of the door, and greeted with a friendly word by the old schoolmaster, who takes his pipe from his lips to say good-morning—such is the *dramatis personæ* of this once favorite picture, which is now owned in this country.

The "Glance Behind the Scenes" is one of Knaus's latest pictures; painted in 1880, it is now in the Dresden Museum. Here, surrounded by all the frippery and utilities of their art we see the poor family of wandering acrobats resting a bit before they are called on to renew their gambols for the village public. The factotum pulls aside the rude curtain to give the summons and we catch a glimpse of the slender audience, while, high in the air an unskilful apprentice at rope-dancing, essays some anxious steps. Inside the tent, the father in his pitiful clown's dress feeds the baby from a nursing-bottle. The wife, resting with outstretched legs from her arduous performance of Queen of the Air, and with a big shawl wrapped about her shoulders, listens to the delicate compliments of the village lawyer, who puffs his cigar between his sallies of bovine wit. This gentleman is well protected from the weather by his thick coat and warm gloves, but the father draws close to the stove, where the soup is cooking and the potatoes, roasting, and the two pretty children whose part in life it is to be tossed about in the air like balls, are trying to get a little warmth from the same source. The performing-dogs, too, seek the comfortable neighborhood of the stove, and the children, in spite of their familiarity with the animals, must chat a little with them as they stretch out their hands to the fire. Scattered all about the tent-floor are the properties of the troupe; the mantle of the Queen of the Air inscribed with mystic characters, is drying on the line after the recent shower—here are the weights, and the tambourine, and the cannon-balls, and at one side, the bedding and the camp-chest of these poor children of fortune—all this scattered detail painted with the utmost skill and delicacy, and yet with a freedom that makes the mere painting of Knaus a pleasure apart from his subject.

The other pictures of Knaus need no particular description; he who runs may read. "The Cock of the Walk" is not a character peculiar to Germany, nor, were he always so attractive in his personality as this manly little chap, would the breed be so out of favor. But, it is one of Knaus's characteristics that, without being in the least sentimental, he always contrives to present everything on its good side or, let us say, its agreeable side—and there are few things that have not a side on which they can be enjoyed. A Cock of the Walk might be a bullying, blustering, or sulky chap; such an one Knaus would never be drawn to paint. The one he has painted has no doubt a good notion of his own importance and enjoys a pleasing

confidence in his power to have his own way. But he has two virtues to one fault. He stands his ground, but keeps his hands in his pockets till he needs to use them; the carnation-pink he chews on, both shows he has some native refinement—else he might have chosen a straw—and serves as an excuse for keeping his mouth shut till the time comes for speaking.



"THE COCK OF THE WALK."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG KNAUS.

Though poor, he is a tidy little man, and maintains his dignity by keeping his clothes in good order!

And so with the "Wisdom of Solomon!" Who but Knaus could make an old clothes dealer, and a Jew at that (Tell it not in Gath!) instructing his shop-boy in the elusive arts of



his trade—so essentially human and respectable that, far from being repelled by him we are strongly attracted to him and listen to his instructions—or wish we could—with avidity. How he delights in the aptitude of his pupil; how conscious he is to himself of the humcrous



‘THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.’

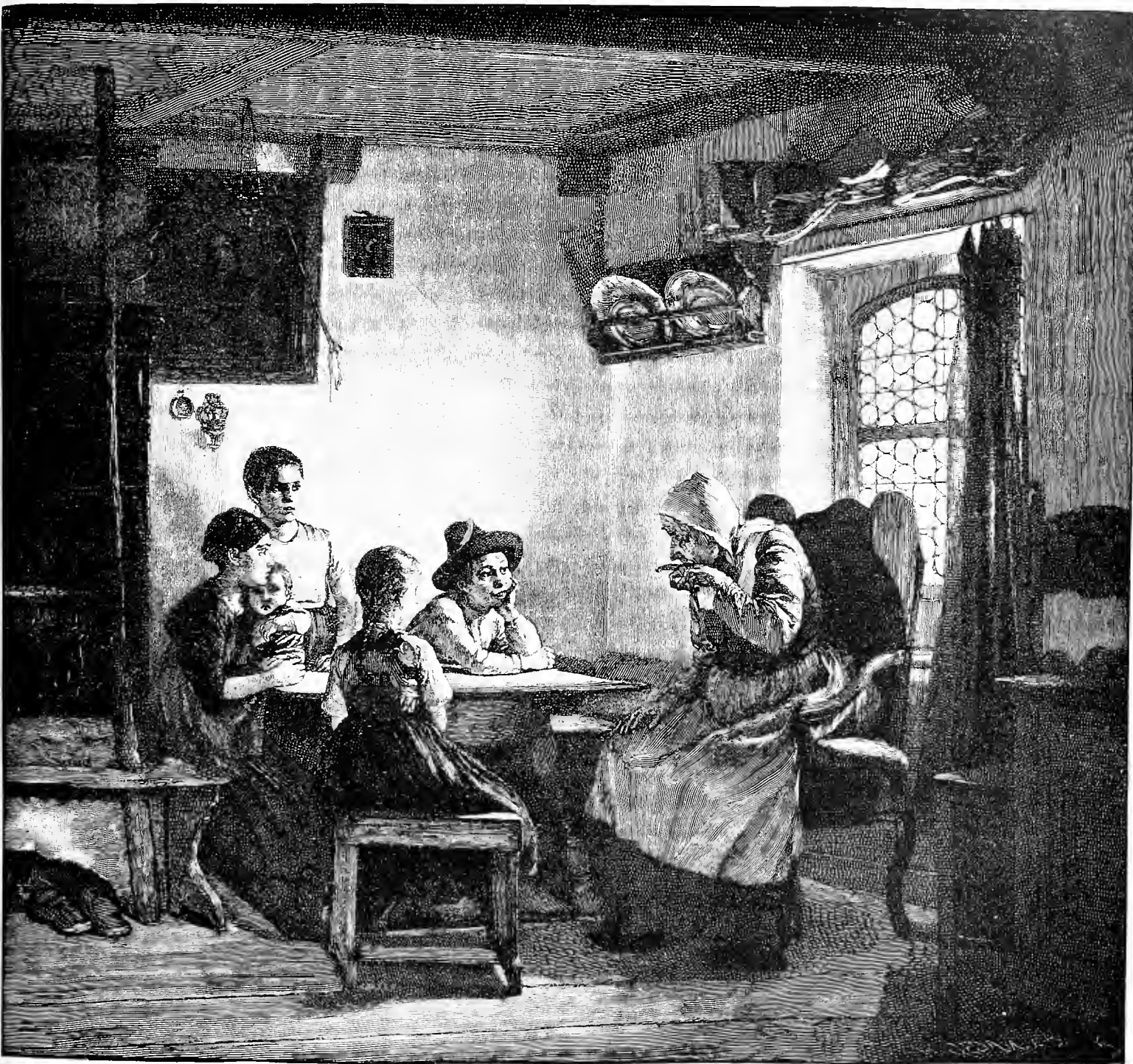
FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG KNAUS.

side of his code of morals; the action of his right hand compared with that of the boy's shows that he has been forestalled in his application of the Wisdom of Solomon to the old-clothes trade by the quicker wit of his disciple, and a sympathetic chord is struck between the two. There has been a war or a revolution, and the old man sits in a *fauteuil* wrested from some palace or *château*; behind him a pile of rich coats and waistcoats, breeches and top-boots; even the trumpet of the regiment's band has made its way to this den with the rest, and the sword of some fallen officer. But the elder takes it all philosophically, and teaches the younger one the art to transform all this disorder indicative of "second-hand" into the tempting regularity and neatness of the "new stock" that shows folded and orderly on the shelves at the left.

## VI.

ALOIS GABL, a *genre* painter of talent, the painter of the truthful and amusing "Grand-mother's Fairy-tale," was born in Wies, in Pitzthal, in Tyrol, in 1845, and made his way through many and serious difficulties to the study of art. In 1862 he went to Munich, where he studied at first under Schraudolph and Ramberg, and later under Piloty. In the beginning, he seemed bent on following the footsteps of Defregger, which would have been a pity, since, even if we admit that we cannot have too much of so clever a man as Defregger, we certainly can have too much of his imitators—and of imitators, good, bad, and indifferent, Defregger has enough and to spare. Gabl's first success with the public was gained by his lively and dramatic representation of "Haspinger Preaching Revolt," but his next picture, "Recruiting in Tyrol," was even better received, owing no doubt to the subject. Some of his pictures painted after these first successes were not so fortunate with the public, but in 1877, at the Berlin Exhibition, he again came to the front with his very clever "His Excellence as Referee," in which he took off in the most amusing manner the love of quarrelling attributed—by their neighbors, of course—to the people of Upper Bavaria. Whether any painter of Upper Bavaria has tried to express in a picture the special failing, whatever it may happen to be, of the people of Lower Bavaria, we are not informed. Gabl followed this success with others of a similar humorous character, among them the picture we here present to our readers. There is an Italian character about this picture, reminding us of the work of Chierici, whose clever "Fun and Fright" is one of the public's favorites in the Corcoran Gallery. This expression





"THE STORY-TELLER."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY ALOIS GABL



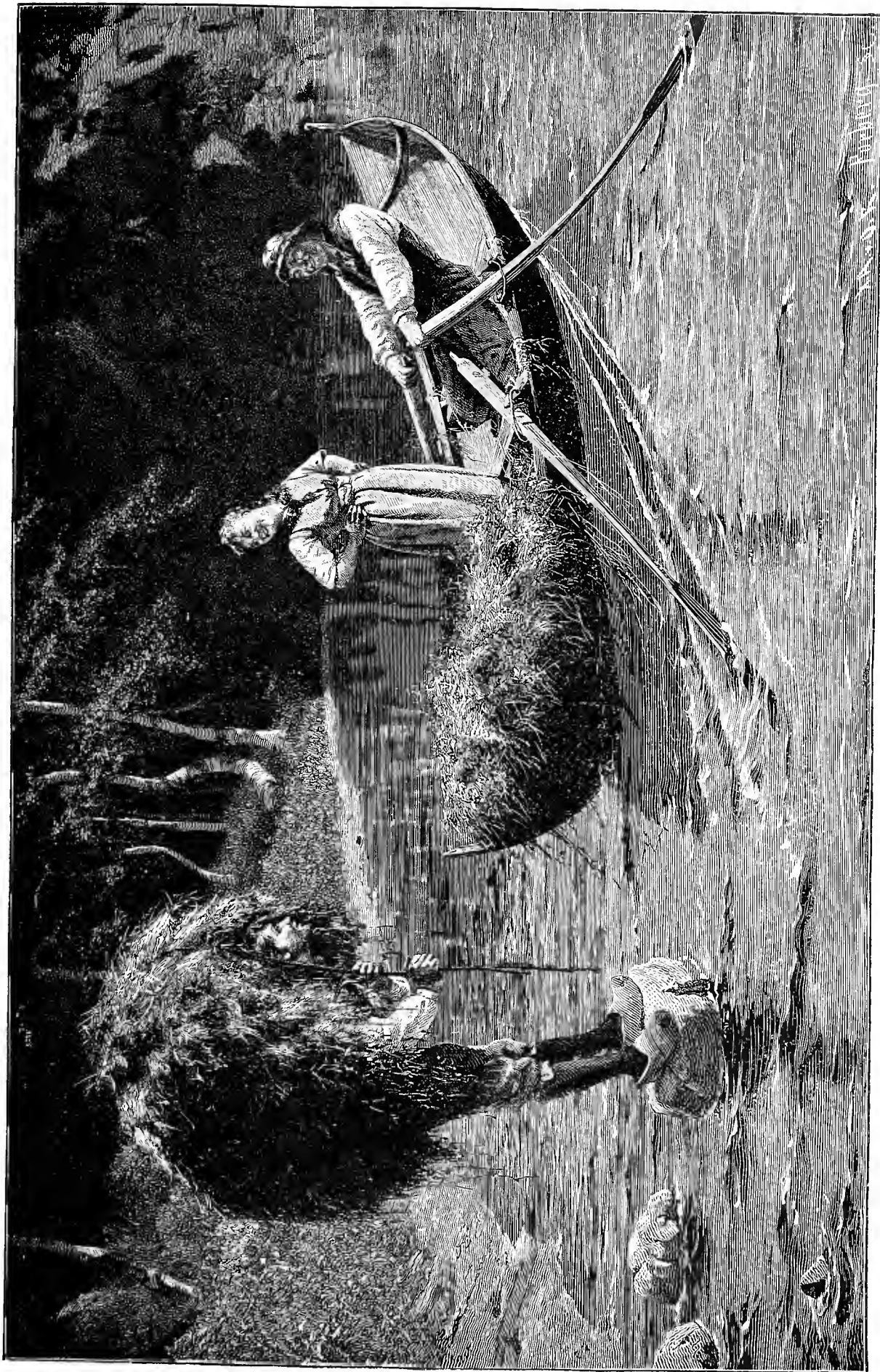
may be derived from Gabl's Tyrolean extraction. At any rate, there is a vein of humor in his picture, of a sort not common in German subjects; something appealing more to the fancy and less to the animal spirits than we generally find in Teutonic essays in this direction. In this plain Tyrolese kitchen the children of the family are gathered together of a cold afternoon when the corner by the big porcelain stove is comfortable and cozy, to beg a ghost-story, a real creepy-crawly ghost-story, of grandmother. There are five of them, counting the baby, and they are seated about the sturdy table with the slanting legs peculiar to the Tyrol, listening with their bodies as well as with their ears to the delightfully horrible narrative as it spins itself slowly out with blood-curdling details to a ghastly close. Slowly, slowly, old Granny's finger is raised, and although the children have heard the story before, and know what is coming, the fascination is still potent, and they await the climax with the same intensity of dread that held them in its grip when the experiment upon their credulity was first tried. The only one who is proof against the coming blow is the boy who is chuckling with inward delight in the anticipation of Granny's final dart at the pale-faced crowd with her pointed skinny finger; and is fully determined to show her that boys are not as silly as girls! His elder sister has a look of mingled disgust and fear as, conscious of her own weakness to resist, she yet dreads the coming climax. The girl next her, holding the baby, is less moved than the rest; the baby itself seems more disturbed at the low whispered crooning of the old dame than her nurse. The child in front, sidling away on her big stool, is somewhat in sympathy with her brother, whose courage she admires, though she can hardly emulate it. The old grandmother is a capital figure, and her attitude is well conceived. She is not too old to enjoy the situation; she enters fully into the humor of it, and will laugh as heartily when the final scare comes, as the merry-faced boy himself. There is great skill required in telling a story like this with the brush. It is difficult to keep within the line that separates truth from exaggeration. A word for the technical skill that has placed this group of people so deftly in light and air! "We can see all around them," as the phrase is. And in spite of its homeliness, there is something pleasant about the room. If it be homely and plain, it is a comfortable place, and the solid furniture and belongings speak of well-to-do people. There are some plates of painted faience on a rack, for holiday-use, and grandmother has a chair to herself well stuffed and made to shield her from the draughts. High up on the wall by the stove is a picture of the Virgin with a lamp suspended before it and a holy-water cup below it, with a medal of the Pope, and alongside the Virgin a smaller picture of some other saint. The

father is out hunting; a pair of shoes is under the bench that goes round the stove, warming for him against his return. His young son, as his hat and feather show, shares his sport sometimes, or, rather, for hunting is not all sport with these mountaineers, sometimes helps him at his trade.

HANS DAHL, though not a German by birth, has so identified himself with the country where he was educated, and where he lives and works, that we are justified in considering him here. He was born at Hardanger, in Norway, in 1849, as his Scandinavian name would lead us to suspect. The first years of his youth were passed in the military school, and he had at one time the desire to be an officer in the army, but after two years, in 1871, he abandoned this design and gave himself up to the study of painting. He made his first studies at Carlsruhe, where he had for professors, Riefstahl—of whom we have already spoken—and Hans Gude, a countryman of his own born at Christiana, in Norway, but now settled at Carlsbad as professor in the place of Schirmer, lately deceased. Gude, as we shall see, had found small encouragement for his art in Norway, and the same lot befell Dahl, but in spite of this failure on the part of their countrymen—a failure due to no want of appreciation, but rather to want of means and opportunity, since the Norwegians are not a rich people—both Gude and Dahl keep their country constantly in mind in their pictures; Gude's landscapes have carried the beauty and grandeur of Norway scenery over all the world. and in a less imposing, less important way, Dahl's pictures convey the same national flavor. The first introduction of this pleasant humorist to our country was through a photograph from one of his pictures representing some country-girls sliding on the ice. They were coming swiftly toward the spectator, in a line, one immediately following the other, their eyes sparkling, their faces aglow with excitement, their bodies erect, intent, and with such a sense of life, that for weeks, so long as the picture remained in the window of the shop where it was shown, it was always surrounded by a group of smiling faces. Of course, it was a trifle, but in a world where trifles play so large a part, and where it is to be hoped they may long be allowed to play it, the solemn duty of the trifler is to do his work well; to go at it with zest, to keep it up with spirit, and never, on any account, to apologize for his or its existence.

The picture by Dahl here presented to the reader: "Too Late" is not so full of animal spirits as the "Snow Slide," but it is an amusing anecdote of country-side life, and tells its story as cleverly. The aftermath is gathering, and the edges of the meadows left untouched by the scythe of the reaper are cut by the gleaner, and carried off to the farm-yard as bedding for





"TOO LATE."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY HANS DAHL.





the cattle. On the farm the women take their turn at field-work with the men, and this afternoon, Olga has gone with Bruno and Olaf to the field that lies along the *fjord* near its mouth, separated from the water by a shelving lip of sand, and a narrow belt of thin grass and lady-birches. The afternoon has worn away, and Bruno and Olga have scraped together a few armfuls of hay, but, with so much laughing and chatting, they have accomplished less than might have been hoped for. And now comes Olaf, with a bundle of hay on his head as big, to say the least, as Bruno's and Olga's put together. He has come down the bank in answer to their call, and balancing his load by the rope that holds it together, has stepped out upon the stones, expecting to find the boat in waiting, and after adding his hay to the load, to row home to supper with his companions. We can see the situation at a glance. No sooner have Olaf's sabots landed with a clump on the last stone, than Bruno with a malicious grin and a strong sweep of the oar has pulled off the boat, and Olga dropping her oar and committing it to the care of its improvised rowlock, starts up laughing at the plight of her good-natured companion, and at his puzzled face looking out of his bundle of hay like a bird out of its nest. However, with three such friends, we need not trouble ourselves over the outcome of this piece of sport. After the due amount of chaffing has been gone through with, Bruno will reverse his sweeps, Olaf will step aboard, add his burden of hay to the rest, and taking up Olga's oar, while she seats herself upon the soft pile, they will row home along the *fjord* to tell the story of Olaf's discomfiture to their mates about the supper-table. The landscape in this picture is an example of Dahl's skill in harmonizing his figures with their surroundings. These hardy, cheerful people mixing up mirth and mischief with the hours of the laboring day, have a look very different from that of the French peasant, as we see him, at least, in pictures; either the real peasant of Millet or the make-believe ones of Breton. And Dahl, who knows his native landscape as well as he knows his own people, has placed them in a corner of the land just suited to them. They belong to this grassy shore—one of many breaks in the gray mountain-wall—with its light fringe of birches, and its strip of silver sand; the clear water spreading out with rippling haste into the sunshine from under the dark cliff—a scene of mingled brightness and strength.

There is a group of artists in Germany who are devoted to the cult of little children and of youth. They seem to have a peculiar insight into the nature of young people; an innate sympathy with them; and certainly they have a skill altogether their own in reporting their actions and attitudes. The French had a master in this field—Edouard Frère—but his is

almost the only name of note in his country to be seriously considered. Boutet de Monvel has an undeniable cleverness, and is always amusing, but he verges too closely upon caricature; even his style of drawing suggests that he is not in earnest, and does not mean to be taken seriously. And, then, the world of children he introduces us to is not the world we all know; it is a world peculiar, not to France, even, but to Paris; nowhere outside of Paris could children such as this artist has created be found, or, let us say, imagined. The English, too, curiously enough, considering how fond they are of children, and what success they have had in creating a type of childhood and youth such as has not been approached by any other people, have had hardly any success at all in depicting their masterpiece, after they have made it. The children of Reynolds are not real children; those of Gainsborough are more like flesh and blood, but they rather resemble undergrown men and women than children; an objection with which the costume of the time may have something to do.

In our own day, in England, we have Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway, both of whom have made a wide reputation among English-speaking people by their illustrated picture-books for children, and they have both done pleasant work, especially Walter Crane, but neither seems capable of completely sympathizing with childish nature; neither is as unconscious as childhood. Especially is this the case with Miss Greenaway, whose children are not only always posing, but pouting as well; it is noticeable that among all the children she has drawn, scarcely one will be found who does not look either cross or unhappy.

In Germany, however, there are artists not a few, who have taken the field of childhood—strewn with daisies and buttercups,—for their field, and charming are the things they have done in it. This love for children, and sympathy with their lives, is an old inheritance with the Germans; some of old Lucas Cranach's pictures—one subject in particular that he was very fond of, "The Repose in Egypt"—are as lively in their presentation of the charm of infancy as the bas reliefs of Luca della Robbia; and Dürer himself, in his treatment of the same subject, has shown a surprising sense of participation in the frolicsome mirth of children. So that our modern Germans come rightly by their prosperity in the same vein. The best of them, indeed, Ludwig Richter, would seem to have been inspired by the study of these older German masters.

ADRIAN LUDWIG RICHTER was born in 1803 at Dresden. He died in 1884, at the advanced age of eighty-one. He learned his art from his father, who was a copper-plate engraver of some repute, but he preferred to be a painter, and it would seem that his tastes led him to

landscape-painting rather than to the figure. In pursuit of subjects, he travelled with Count Narischkin through France, and south as far as Nice; later he made a tour in the German Alps, and by the sale of the sketches made in these journeys he was enabled in 1826 to go on an extended visit to Italy. In 1828 he was made Professor of Drawing at the Meissen Porcelain-factory, and in 1836 he went to Dresden, where he both practised his art as landscape-painter and filled the chair of Professor in the Academy. He had already gained some reputation for his skill in introducing figures into his landscapes, but his biographers tell us that it was the sight of certain illustrations by Count von Pocci that first led him to the field he came to occupy with so much distinction. In the beginning, he confined himself to illustrations of books and poems; folk-songs, student-songs, the popular tales of Musæus, Schiller's "Song of the Bell," etc., etc.; these were so warmly welcomed by the public that he was led on to making designs of his own, and from time to time produced his illustrations for the "Lord's Prayer," together with "Out of Doors," "Old and New," and others, from which latter series we have selected two or three designs for our readers' pleasure. In these designs, Richter introduces us into a world of his own discovery; a very pretty place indeed, but little less than a children's "Land of Cockayne." It is a world of solid German comfort, chiefly inhabited it would seem by children, beings of perfect innocence, as of human doves or lambs, and of perfect health of body, who live in the prettiest toy-houses imaginable, with the neatest and most picturesque surroundings—but all sensible and practical; with comfortable clothes and plenty of meat and drink, and nothing to think about, except to think—softly to themselves all the day long—that everything is for the best, in the best of all possible worlds!



ADRIAN LUDWIG RICHTER.

It would be easy to criticise Richter for the sameness of his faces and figures; for his narrow range of incident and character; but as he is without pretension to any name higher than that of illustrator, and as his designs are in perfect harmony with the subject-matter, the objection has but little weight. Beside, the sameness of the faces is more in seeming than in reality. It strikes us at a first glance, but it disappears on a closer examination. Take, for example, the children in our engraving, "The Greeting," so immaculate in their get-up, so

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evidently "of the Kingdom of Heaven!" They are by no means all brothers and sisters; on the contrary, one of the charms of the picture lies in the variety of faces and characters dis-



"THE GARLAND-WEAVER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG RICHTER.

cernible under this soft illusive veil of sameness of line and texture. Here is the stolid nurse-girl with the baby on her arm holding his own special bouquet, and dancing his feet to the



# A SONG OF WELCOME.

BEIJAR HESS, NEW YORK.





music. In front is a chubby child with a wreath of roses and two big bouquets; her little hands so taken up with her burden that she has only one finger to spare for holding the address of welcome. She is spokesman for the company, and evidently the pride of the Deputation, if we may judge by the admiring looks that are divided between her and the Guest of the Day! And how cleverly Richter makes us feel that there is a Guest of the Day, and that he stands in front of the group of innocents, listening to their song of welcome, and responding with gracious smiles to their sweet looks and voices. The reader may amuse himself with studying out the other personages in this rustic drama; better still, let him submit the picture to the judgment of a circle of intelligent children, as the writer has done. It will be an easy proof of the expressive power of Richter; the living children will read the characters of the painted ones, and call them by their names; one little finger points out the child in the background who is singing his part in the song in sweet unconsciousness of everything about him. Another pair of bright eyes spies out the youngster who peeps from behind his big wreath at the small spokesman in front. One wee piece of humanity is taken with the sedate child in the middle of the group, and so, one after another, the favorites are chosen and remarked upon. Nor do the other pictures by Richter fail of



approval from this unprejudiced audience. Perhaps the young girl twining her rose-wreath



"PFINGSTEN MORNING."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG RICHTER.

under the trellis; or the young lover singing his serenade beneath the window of the room where the maiden lies asleep, guarded by the lily-bearing angel, will interest them less than the "Pfingsten Morning," though even in these pictures there are many pretty details, that childish eyes will be quick to discover. In the "Rose-wreath," the sense of tranquillity is ingeniously heightened by the quiet smoker at the casement window looking down from his height upon the peaceful terrace with its dozing cat and cooing doves, while he knows that under the rose-trellis his pretty daughter is sitting and making herself a garland against the coming of her lover. But the "Pfingsten Morning" is the best of all. The young mother is coming out of the cottage with her baby on her arm, and followed by her husband, both on their way to the christening in the church at the top of the hill. In honor of the day the front of the house has been hung with garlands, and flowers in pots set on the window-sill, and all the neighbors' children have come to welcome the baby and its mother with songs and bunches of flow-

ers, gathered in the field. By the mother's side is her little Hans in his quizzical jacket and bits of trousers, who has had a rag-baby dressed up for him to hold, and who stands at his

post like a little man, resisting the allurements of his (and our) favorite poodle! On the other side sits the cat, who, in spite of experience, cannot wholly accept assurance that the poodle's barking means nothing, and that she is not to be immediately devoured! And the tulips lift up their cups to drink the baby's health, and the doves pledge the new-comer in water from the crystal spring, while children's voices send down the song of greeting to the Spring:

O thou joyful,  
O thou blessed  
Bringer of good-will,  
Pfingsten Morn!

OSCAR PLETSCH, whom it would be unfair to call a rival to Richter, though he is a worker in the same field, was born in Berlin in 1830. He took early to design, and went to Dresden, where he studied with Bendemann, and began under his influences to make Bible-pictures, from which he was happily called away to do military duty. Later he returned to Berlin, and there earned his bread by making book-illustrations and designs of one kind and another. In 1857 he drew attention to himself in high quarters by presenting to the Crown Prince and Princess a collection of designs with subjects drawn from the life of children, and these were so warmly received that our artist found his vocation fixed, and henceforth devoted himself to these themes. Like Richter, with whose name his own is so intimately associated, Pletsch has gone outside the beaten track of illustrating the works of others, and has made books of his own where the designs are held together by some slight thread of sympathetic text sufficient to give them a reason for being. "The Children's Room," "Little People," "Schnick-Schnak," etc., are some of the titles of these collections, and we have selected two of the designs that may give a hint as to their general character. The designs of Pletsch are wanting in the ideal character that is so marked in Richter's art. They are almost without exception faithful transcripts of real life with just that touch of refinement, the elimination of the ugly—or, rather, the dwelling on what is graceful and pleasing, that is the artist's privi-



OSCAR PLETSCH.

lege to bestow. He is far behind Richter in his power of suggesting character, and distinctly inferior to him in invention and in a sense of humor. The little chap in his Sunday rig and with the rag-baby in his arms in the "Pfingsten Morning," would be impossible to Pletsch, and Richter abounds in such strokes. Pletsch, however, has his own distinct merit, and his matter-of-fact notes from every-day life please many who are insensible to the charm of Richter's more playful fancy. In the "Young Botanist," a little boy, the child of well-to-



"THE YOUNG BOTANIST."

FROM THE PICTURE BY OSCAR PLETSCH.

do parents, has been roaming the fields with his tin plant-case, and leans on the fence to talk with a cottage-girl who is carrying her baby-sister pick-a-back. In the other sketch, "Left in Charge," the elder sister left in charge of the house while her father and mother are working in the field, leans against the door-post knitting, while the baby plays with the newly hatched chicks on the doorstep. These are mere incidents, set down, in passing, in the artist's note-book and put into more or less conventional lines, but with scarcely anything added from the artist's own invention.

The list of Pletsch's books for children is not a long one, but as in the case of Richter and Hendschel, the mere titles are far from representing the amount of work they cover. "In the Open Air," "The Alphabet," "What will you be?" "Good friends," "In the Country"—these are a few of the titles of these albums, each containing a goodly number of sketches: so true to the life of children, so sympathetic with their joys and sorrows, their employments and their amusements, that not only children themselves, but all who love children, must find pleasure in looking at them. And as children are in general very matter-of-fact little people, preferring to see things as they are, Pletsch has had the good fortune to please the young people more than Richter, who finds his best audience among people in whom the fancy and the poetic sentiment have been somewhat developed. Pletsch's picture-books are an encyclopædia—if the word be not too grand for the thing—of the nursery and the home in his part of Germany, and the children of his country can survey their small lives in his pages as in so many mirrors. He is not playful, though he is never very serious, and as we have said, he is not inventive, unless it may be called invention to have created a race of children, all of whom are pretty to look at, well behaved, neat and orderly, dutiful and obedient—at least, such is the rule: the exceptions are just enough to add a little needed salt to season such perfection. But it cannot be denied that the panorama of child-life that Pletsch unrolls is a very attractive one; and however it may be in Germany, where perhaps the example is not so much needed, since children are subjected there to a stricter discipline and a more constant surveillance, yet it may be that, here, where children are sweetly encouraged to lawlessness, by parents and friends, the con-

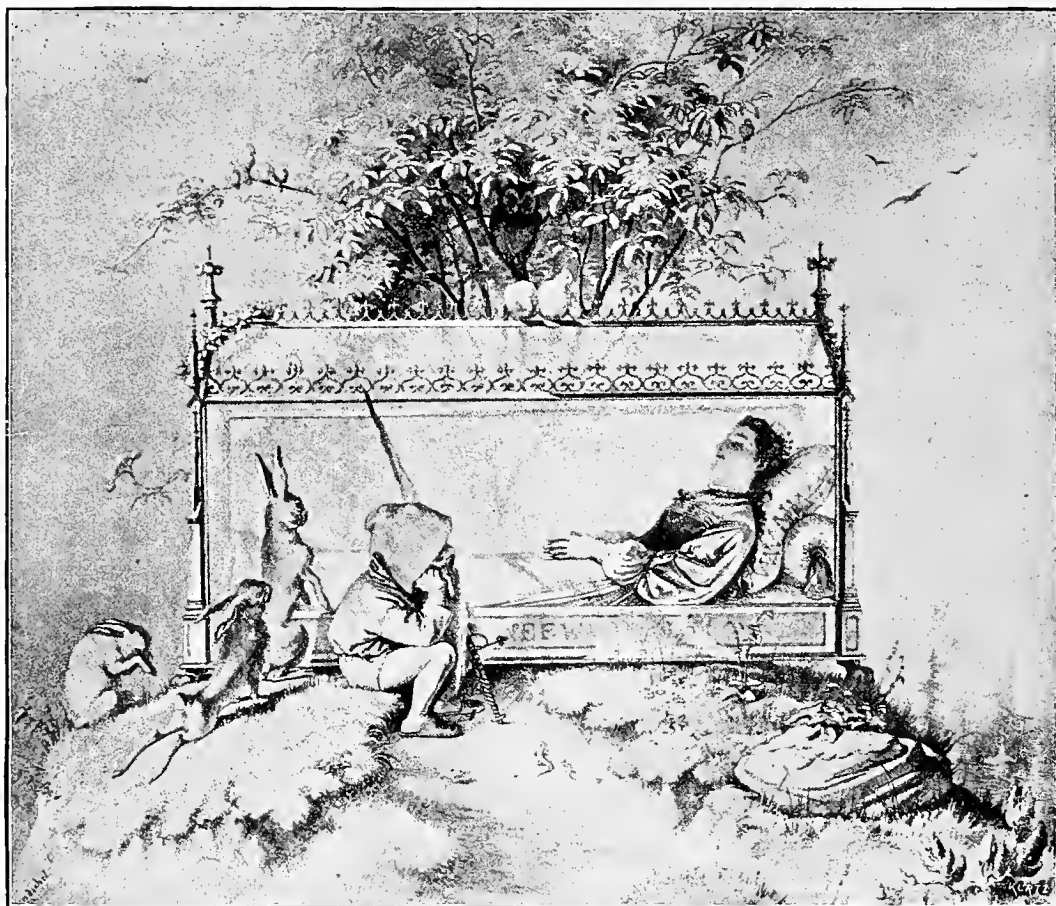


'LEFT IN CHARGE.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY OSCAR PLETSCH.

temptation of Pletsch's specimens of infantile perfection may now and then awaken a desire for a different state of things.

ALBERT HENDSCHEL, another artist who has contributed much to the amusement of his generation, and whose vein seems by no means exhausted as yet, was born at Frankfort-on-



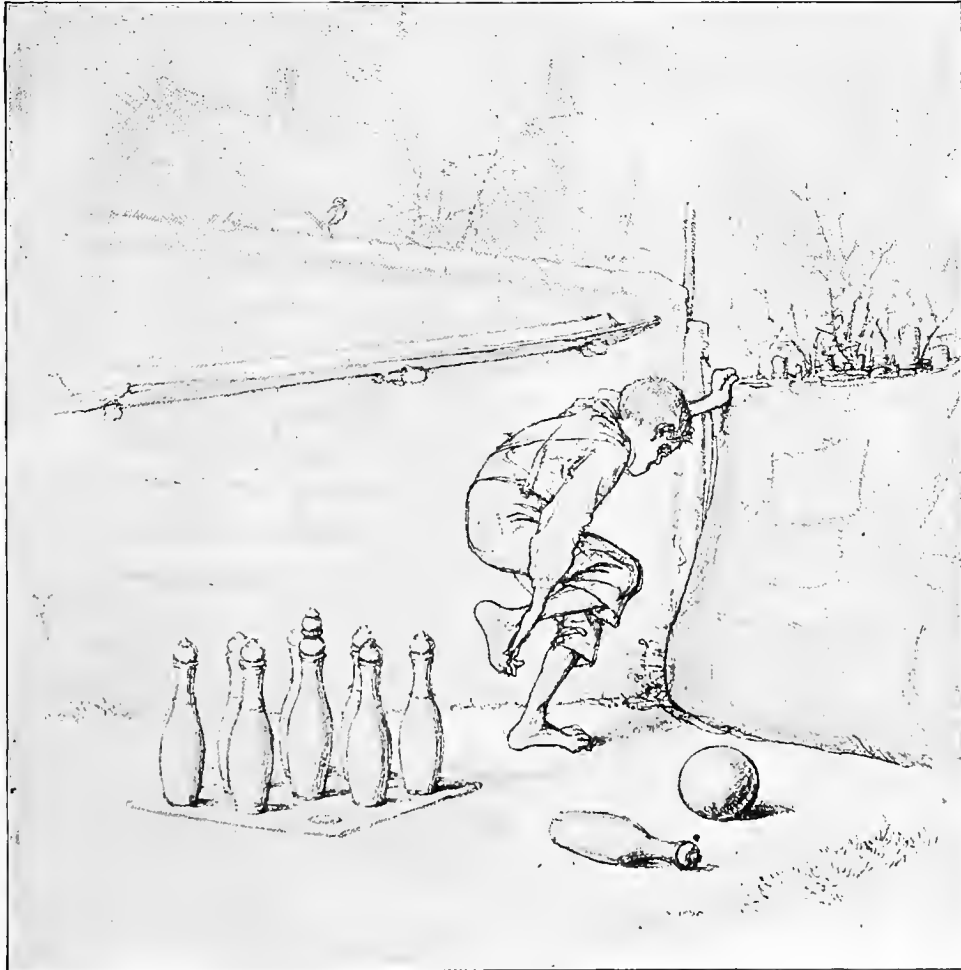
"THE DWARF AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

FROM THE DRAWING BY ALBERT HENDSCHEL.

the-Main in 1834. He was the son of a journalist who was also a dabbler in art, and amused himself with portrait-painting. He perceived signs of talent in his son and gave him opportunities for study; sent him to the Städelsches Institut, and when he had finished his course there, put him in the studio of Jacob Becker, and later furnished him with the means of visiting the principal picture-galleries in Germany and Italy. In the beginning, Henschel painted pictures of a half romantic cast; illustrations of favorite poems and popular tales, but his



popular reputation is founded on the numerous sketches, hints, and anecdotes suggested by his daily observation of the life about him. Of his illustrative work the "Dwarf and the Sleeping Beauty," from one of Grimm's Fairy Tales, is a pleasing example, the girl is a trifle older than the story warrants, and is perhaps too modern, but no fault can be found with the



"THE BOWLING-ALLEY BOY."

FROM THE DRAWING BY HENDSCHEL.

dwarf as he sits, sword in hand, watching the enchanted sleeper—he so still, and she so still, that the rabbit and the doves are not afraid to come and wonder at the novel sight. The greater part of Hendschel's independent sketches are reproduced by photography, and published from time to time in portfolios. They appeal to the public as a rule rather by their satiric humor, as seen in the "The Bowling-alley Boy," than by their sentiment, although

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his "Card-House"—a portrait, we are told, of his own boy—shows that he is by no means wanting in the finer quality. Beside this pleasure we have in the suggestion of a boyish day-dream in the subject itself, there is the charm of the artist's touch in the lightness with which the cards are piled up; the last one so airily poised that we share the child's breathless pleasure



"THE CARD-HOUSE."

FROM THE DRAWING BY HENDSCHEL.

in the issue. Comic subjects are, however, far more numerous in Hendschel's albums than serious or even than sentimental ones. He has a boy's love of fun, and of practical jokes, and a boy's indifference to the consequences of his mischief-making. Thus, when we see the shoe-maker's apprentice about to shy a snow-ball at the pastry-cook's boy who is proudly carrying an elaborate sugar-candy trophy on his head to a wedding-breakfast—

"We know it is a sin  
For us to sit and grin  
At him here—"

but 'tis impossible to resist the impulse, altogether. A certain resemblance between the stage and the art of painting is suggested by the fact, that we smile at this "painted sorrow," as we should if we saw it in an acted farce or pantomime; but we certainly should not smile at it, if we saw it acted in real life. In another of Hendschel's sketches, he echoes Daudet's satire upon the Swiss. A burly native with an eye to the pennies of tourists in search of the romantic, is *jodelling* upon an enormous horn, forewarned by his small ragamuffin of a son of the approach of one of his victims. This turns out to be the stock Englishman of the German and French caricaturists, with the well-known hat and veil and alpenstock, leisurely climbing the mountain on a donkey several sizes too small for him. He hears the astonishing sounds, though, as yet, he does not see the author of them, but his whole being is stirred, and he feels that he is repaid by this touch of romance, for all the fatigues of his journey. Many of Hendschel's sketches are nothing but notes in passing, of incidents that seem too trifling for the pains taken with them, but, to the artist, nothing is trifling in which he can exercise his powers of observation and his skill of hand.



"TAIL-PIECE."

FROM THE DRAWING BY HENDSCHEL

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## VII.

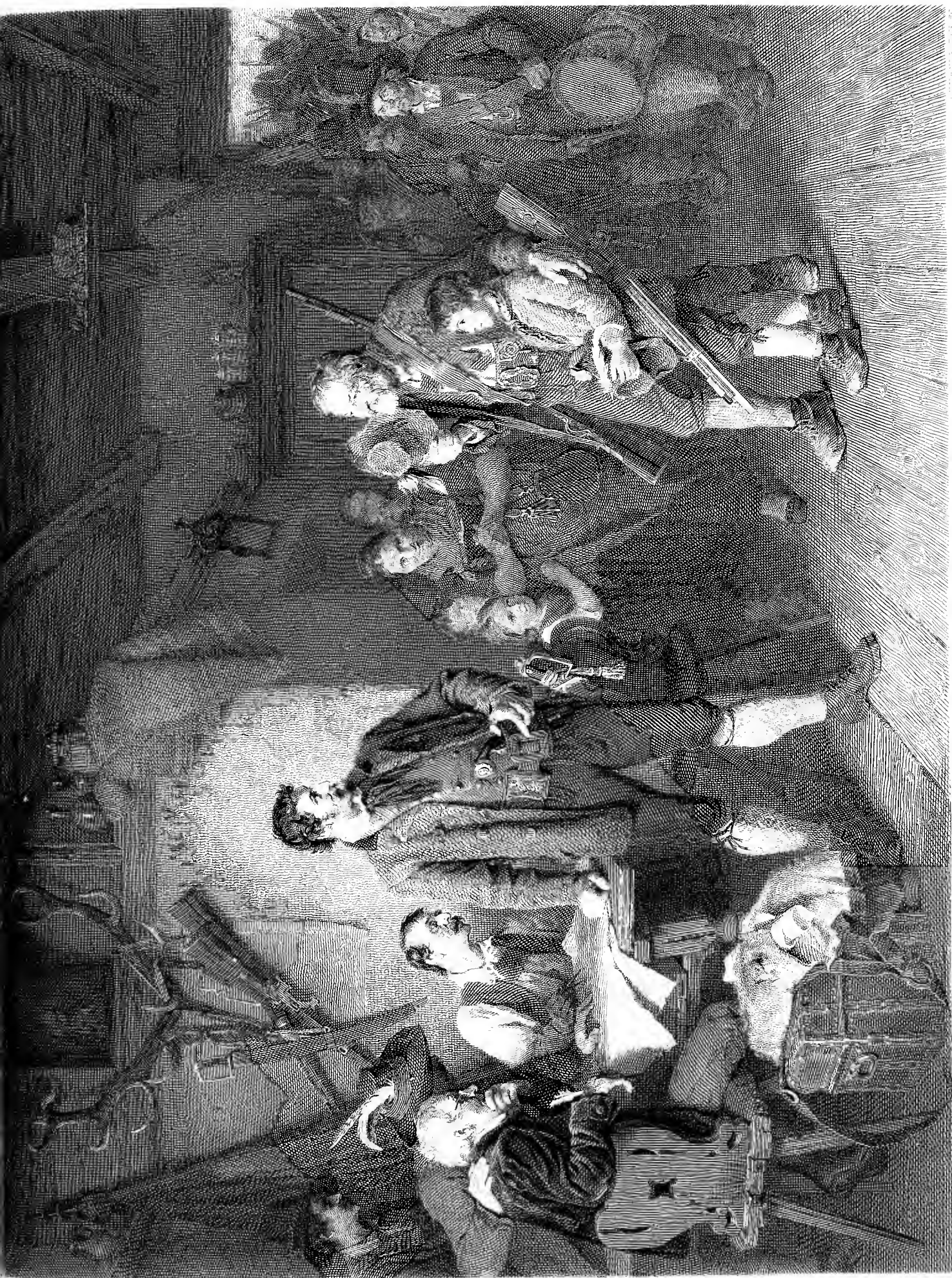
NEXT to Knäus in popular estimation, not only at home, in Germany, but abroad, as well, comes Franz Defregger, the painter by common consent of peasants—of peasants in a world he has made his own, as truly as Millet has made a world for the peasants of his creating. Not that either world, that of the Frenchman or that of the German, is wholly unreal; it is based on truth and built up by observation, but the observation is confined within narrow bounds and includes only a few types. In either case, the portrait reflects in large measure the artist's own nature: that nature colors the facts, exaggerates certain traits, and reduces others to insignificance, and thus the charm of individuality remains to give a zest to subjects that in themselves are nothing.



FRANZ DEFREGGER was born in 1835 at Stronach, a farm belonging to the parish of Dölsach in the Pusterthal, and passed his boyhood in the midst of the noblest mountain-scenery: in the summer watching the herds, in the winter going to school. The story of his school-days is the old one that we have so often met with in our reviews of these artists' lives; the minds of these children of fancy are seldom on their books, and like the rest of his intellectual kin, Defregger made figures out of his luncheon-bread, and scribbled his sketches over every blank surface of wall or paper that he came upon. He

worked upon the home-farm, however, until 1857, when his father died, and it became necessary for him to take the management of the property upon his own shoulders. But he had so little capacity for this enterprise, and found so much that was disagreeable in it, that he finally sold the farm and went to Innsbruck with the determination to follow his bent and become a sculptor. His teacher, however, found in him a talent so much more decided for painting, that he persuaded him to go to Munich, and secured a place for him in the studio of Piloty. Piloty was at this time just beginning his "Nero," and the sight of this picture made a deep impression on the new comer and confirmed his desire to become a painter. After the first preparatory-classes had been gone through, he was placed in





THE MEN OF THE ARMY AND THE MEN OF THE NAVY.

Engraved by J. H. P. in the 'Punch' office, 40, Abchurch Lane.





the painting-class under Anschütz, but neither the academic discipline nor the climate of Munich agreed with him, and he went to Paris, where, although in his stay of a year and a quarter he learned but a little, technically, yet the time he spent there did much for his taste. A stranger to the language, and unused to the ways of a great city, his health, beside, none of the best, he went back to Munich, thinking to resume his studies with Piloty. But Piloty was away, and would not return for a month or two, and Defregger, to use the time, made a visit to his native place, where he busied himself with sketching and painting. Among other things he painted a picture of a wounded poacher who is brought home to die, and is led into the house just as his wife is washing the baby. Armed with this picture and with his pile of sketches, he went to Munich, and found Piloty in his studio, who welcomed him warmly and encouraged him with praises for his work. Gabriel Max and Hans Makart were among Defregger's fellow-pupils, but Piloty seems to have had a special liking for Defregger, as was perhaps natural, seeing that at the foundation of their art there was a sympathy in ideas and aims, although in their actual work they were far enough asunder. The first work of importance that Defregger produced after entering Piloty's studio was the "Speckbacher and his son Andreas," of which we are able to give an excellent engraving by Sonnenleiter from the original, now in the Ferdinandeum in Innsbruck. It is a scene from the rise of the Tyroleans against Austria, and the story is so clearly and vigorously told, that it hardly needs to be amplified by description. The scene is in a farm-house in the Tyrol, where Speckbacher, the leader of the insurgents, has taken up his head-quarters. He has been sitting at a table covered with maps and plans where he has been conferring with his officers, and has started up astonished at the entrance of a troop of his followers headed by an old huntsman, who with a grin of delight presents the leader's son to his father, as the latest and most precious recruit. The father, a giant in stature, looks down at his son with a face where displeasure plays a losing game with paternal pride; while the boy, looking up at his father with an expression subtly compounded of affection, awe, and boldness, awaits his decision, with a confidence unconsciously supported, no doubt, by the sympathy and admiration that runs through the crowd of spectators to this singular scene. Speckbacher's companions at the table have turned from their employ to look at the daring lad; the mistress of the house, surrounded by her children, regards him admiringly, clasping her hands in delight; but the feeling of the whole assembly is concentrated, as it were, and typified in the face and action of the old hunter, who acts as spokesman for the boy. He has taken off his hat and holds it

in one hand near his head, as ready to resume it again, while with the other arm he seems at once to protect and urge forward his young charge, as he smilingly pleads for him with his father. The power of facial expression, undoubtedly Defregger's strong point, has seldom been more remarkably displayed than in this picture, but in this respect the work is but the forerunner of many similar triumphs; and yet with all its excellence, we venture to question whether the picture tells the story so clearly as to make it impossible to mistake its meaning. In our own experience we may record, for the sake of illustration, that in our ignorance of the title, and knowing nothing of the incident but what we could make out from the picture itself, we saw in it an old huntsman bringing his son as an offering to the cause of freedom, in which he himself is now too old to do active service. There are several such anecdotes in history, sufficient to make this interpretation probable, and it is an interpretation, beside, that has a more universal, a less personal and anecdotic application than that which, as it happens, is the true one.

In simple incidents of daily life such as Defregger has portrayed in the "First-born," other artists have shown as much skill as he. Every character is true to the life, and studied, so to speak, *in situ*, not in any way from the professional model. Nor, it may be said in passing, does the professional model seem to play any part in Defregger's pictures, although we come again and again upon the same people. His pictures make us believe that we are really making the acquaintance of the Tyrolese of the artist's district, although it may well be that if we went there we should find the originals of his familiar faces hard to discover. But these are real people nevertheless, wherever he found them; from the jolly old grandmother in her tall hat to whom the laughing baby is more than a nugget of pure gold, down to the baby itself, content in its smiling mother's arms and yet willing to go with its grandfather, who sits sideways on the chair before him, and cannot admire him enough. The baby's young uncle and aunt, too, are favorite types of Defregger's; the girl would be known as his, among a thousand; perhaps they are his own children, for he has had a handsome boy like this one.

The room in which these people are sitting, although not much is shown of it, is the type of a score of rooms in the Tyrol, made familiar to us by Defregger and his school—for a school it may almost be called. These are poor people, and their stove is not one of the even moderately handsome sort, so picturesque in themselves, and of which the artists make such good use in their pictures. The settle runs round it, and about it is the frame on which clothes

are hung to warm or dry. In the simple ornamentation of this frame, the rude cutting and carving of the chairs, the moulding over the door—we see the rudiments of a certain taste and refinement which are met with everywhere in these cantons, and in the better class of peasant-houses produce highly pleasing results. There are professional carvers and cabinet-makers, of course, who supply the needs of the villagers and townspeople with their wares, but skill in handling the carver's tools is widely dispersed, and many a house owes to the industry of the men of the family the carved beams and chimney-pieces and chair-backs that add so much to its picturesqueness.

If we were asked to name the picture that best represents the talent of Defregger, the talent for story-telling and facial expression in which he excels all others who work in the same field of homely anecdote, we could not hesitate: we should name the Salontyroler—"The Drawing-room Chamois-hunter." This picture, painted so late as 1882, has had an immense vogue, and has made Defregger more than famous. There is a subtlety in the humor of it, that gives it a permanent charm; we doubt if there was ever a picture painted of this sort where the satire was at once so searching and so good-natured, and where the effects of it were seen reflected in the faces and actions of so many different characters. The title, even, is almost unnecessary for the enjoyment of the picture, where there is certainly no room for so much doubt about the story as we have suggested in the "Speckbacher."

In the "Drawing-room Chamois-hunter" we are in the big living room of a mountain tavern in the Tyrol. The room is scantily furnished, the bare rafters are supported on stout posts, and the low oven is roofed with a projecting cover to carry off the smoke; at the side of the oven is another variation of the hanging-rack for clothes and utensils of one sort and another generally seen in these houses—here suspended from the rafters, but more commonly built up about the stove, as we have just seen it in Defregger's "The First-born." At one end of the room, near the only window that appears, a table is set, covered with a cloth; and about it a group of men, some sitting, others standing—huntsmen all, from the young fellow of twenty to the grizzled old man of seventy. They are listening with ill-concealed delight to a city-bred youth who thinks to astonish the natives by his soberly told tales of hair-breadth escapes in his pursuit of the chamois. He is now resting from his labors, and with the exception of the embroidered leggings and hobnailed shoes—his credentials as a hunter—he has resumed his city costume; his cut-away coat, his cravat with its pin, his vest, gold chain and locket, while on the bench before him are his paletot, his opera-glass and his Bae-

deker. He is off to day for town, and before starting, is taking a light snack, a simple breakfast such as befits the hardy hunter; a bit of meat, the loaf, and a bottle of country wine; and while the rest smoke their native pipes he contents himself with a cigarette. The story of his break-neck adventures has been told chiefly to the men, as most likely to be appreciated by those who know something about the risks; but as he reaches the climax, a curious sound, a



"THE DRAWING-ROOM CHAMOIS HUNTER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANZ DEFREGGER.

sort of gurgling snicker, strikes his ear, and he turns with a serious and dignified air to meet the bold gaze of the sturdy maid-servant who with folded arms and one leg flung over the other has been listening with ever-growing amusement to his bonnce. Beside her sits another damsel leaning her face on her hand and half hid in the shadow of her companion's head as she gives way to her uncontrollable mirth; her knitting dropped, and her risibles still further excited by her companion's fingers accenting the good points of the audacious story by frequent prodding of her elbow. No living painter, nor any dead one that we remember, has





"THE FIRST-BORN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANZ DEFREGGER.





ever given proof of the skill Defregger has shown in suggesting what is passing in the mind of the hero of this scene as he turns to look at these young women. He is too simple-hearted and too good-natured to be vexed, but he is grieved and surprised at being so misunderstood, and by two such nice girls besides, for he had an eye to their approval while he was talking to the men. In a moment, however, he will turn his head, and if he has any wit left, he will read in that row of faces such a comment on his folly, such thorough enjoyment of the situation as will leave him no alternative but to own up like a man, treat all hands round, buy each of the girls a gay handkerchief and a knot of ribbon, and be off as fast as dignity will permit.

If few of Defregger's pictures have reached, or deserved, the popularity of the "*Salontyroler*," many of them have become favorites with the public, and the liking for his works has by no means been confined to the natives of his own Tyrol. True as he is to the character, manners, and customs of his countrymen, he is true to human nature everywhere, and each spectator finds in his pictures something that answers to his own experience. The whole life of the Tyrol seems mirrored in his abundant life-work, but his preference is to show the sunny side of the existence of these hardy, brave, and frugal mountain-folk. He has illustrated their national history as well as their private life, and once or twice he has tried his hand at religious painting, but in this field he has had no success.

MATHIAS SCHMID, born in 1835 at See, in the Paznaunenthal, in Tyrol, looks at life in a much more serious and earnest vein than his countryman Defregger, and though he has not succeeded in winning so large a place in the popular heart, is yet highly esteemed as an interpreter of ideas and feelings that have no place in the gay succession of Defregger's bovine idyls.

Schmid was apprenticed at fifteen to a picture-restorer to whom he had bound himself in the hope of becoming a painter, and his first achievement was the fitting out an Eve on a damaged vaulting in the village-church with a brand-new girdle of fig-leaves. In 1853 he went to Munich, and after two years spent in a gilder's shop, he entered the Academy and studied under the direction of Schrandolph. Schrandolph turned his attention to religious painting, and Schmid's first work was a "*Ruth returning to Bethlehem*," which he had the good fortune to sell to the Archduke Karl Ludwig. A year later he painted another religious subject for a Church in Innsbruck, "*The Three Maries at the Sepulchre*," and this brought him two other commissions, so that he saw the way opening before him, when his hopes were suddenly

dashed by the unexpected withdrawing of the new orders. Embittered by this disappointment, he would seem to have made some sharp comments on the clergy of the city, for which he was made to suffer by a sort of social nagging, and smarting under the treatment he received, he betook himself to Munnich, where he worked for some time as an illustrator for various journals, and at last entered Piloty's studio as a scholar. Up to this time he had never had any regular training, but he now began to study in earnest, and to paint such subjects as he was moved to by his own experience and convictions. He chose, or rather, painted without choosing, the seamy side of Tyrolean peasant-life, as Defregger had chosen the bright, attractive side, and like another Vibert, only moved by righteous feeling and not by cynicism, he satirized the inconsistencies of the clergy, the professional guardians of religion. His first important picture was the "Herrgottshändler," or the Seller of Crucifixes, a picture which had in Schmid's own country a popularity almost equal to that enjoyed by Vibert's "The Missionary's Tale." The scene depicted is probably one that had come under the artist's eye, this or something like it, but we cannot help thinking that he has exaggerated the details, and that the moral he would seem to draw, is one that the facts will not bear. A peddler of church-images, crucifixes, figures of saints and the like, has been wandering over the country, dragging and pushing his covered cart with his wife and baby, and has come upon a party of priests and peasants in some village, who are playing a game of cards of an afternoon, in the open air. His wife, hungry and tired, sits on the ground in front of the cart while the husband with an appealing gesture toward his family, begs the priests for sweet charity's sake to buy one of his crucifixes; a group of little children have left their play and draw near, looking with innocent pity on the poor mother and child, and even the peasants who are taking a hand in the game forget their cards for a moment to look with curiosity, if nothing more, upon the group. The priest immediately addressed, however, meets the appeal very ungraciously, and plainly refuses to buy, and is, beside, disposed to be cross on account of his interrupted game. Schmid has added a sly touch of humor to a scene of pure pathos in making the other priest take advantage of his companion's diverted attention, to look over his cards, and make himself acquainted with their contents.

Schmid meant this picture as a satire upon the clergy; but where is the point? Does he mean that priests should not play cards, or that they should buy all the crucifixes and images of saints that are offered them? Either of these objections would seem to be unreasonable, and we are sure that he would find few people not determined to think ill of priests in general,

to go along with him. In countries like Spain and Italy, or the Catholic cantons of Switzerland and the Tyrol, where religion is as easy as an old shoe, and where there is no hard-headed, sour Protestantism to give things a color that doesn't rightly belong to them, no one would quarrel with a priest for taking a little innocent recreation; it would seem the most natural thing in the world, and Schmid himself has made it appear such, by showing us his priests playing their game of cards in the friendliest manner with some peasants of their parish. As for the crucifix-seller, he would not in real life be so unreasonable as to bring his coals to Newcastle by offering crucifixes to priests, since they are supposed to be supplied with all they need. In short, as it appears to us, Schmid has missed his point, by overdoing the matter. Protestants may see harm in a priest taking a hand at cards, but Catholics would see none. Nor is it likely that even Protestants would think a priest could be guilty of treating the crucifix with indignity. The only charge that might hold would be want of pity, and on that, if he were bent on satire, Schmid should have found a way to concentrate his bitterness.

But in truth, there is no bitterness in this artist's nature, and if he looks askance at the religion opposed to his, it is only a transient feeling, born of his own uncomfortable experience. And he was soured too, by brooding over the sectional strifes that in his own Tyrol had been accompanied by cruel persecutions for opinion's sake. And as he felt, he painted, and whether he were right or wrong, the fact that he was in earnest undoubtedly gave value to his work, even when the subject was slight, for a man who is in earnest in one thing is apt to be earnest in all. His picture "Driving out the Protestants from the Zillerthal," is a protest against intolerance, but there is more of sorrow than of anger in it. And in his pictures which deal with Tyrolean life, although there are notes wholly cheerful, as in the "Game of Bowls," yet as a rule, the sentiment inclines to pensiveness, if not to melancholy, as in "The Bethrothal," "The Smugglers," and the picture we copy, "The Vow."

At a first glance, we see in Schmid's pictures, a likeness to Defregger's, but it is merely a surface-resemblance; both are dealing with the peasants of Tyrol, but they are drawn to different types and to different subjects. The peasant-girls Defregger paints, rarely have a trace of sentiment: they are hearty, healthy, honest specimens of womankind, with bright eyes, strong limbs, open, cheerful faces, and would appear to be, one and all, blessed with good appetites and good digestions. The men are made to match, except that there is no beauty to boast of, and hard work has developed their muscles at the expense of their grace. But they look as happy as the sweethearts they laugh and joke and dance with; if we were to

trust Defregger's report—a few pictures, and those not among his best, excepted—we should believe life on the Alm and in the Pusterthal, made up of nothing but fun and frolic. If we find ourselves getting a little tired of this, and inclined at times to resent such a superabun-



"THE VOW."

FROM THE PICTURE BY MATTHIAS SCHMID.

dance of animal spirits and buxomness, there is Schmid to turn to, who by no means sees life all in rose-color.

Here in his "Vow" are two young peasants who, in pursuance of a promise made to the Virgin for the recovery of their little girl when she was sick and given over, have brought her, now that she is well again, to kiss the Virgin's picture and lay an offering upon her shrine. We are in a small side-chapel of the village-church; on a pier, with no altar before it, that it may be more easily reached, hangs the picture of the Virgin, freshly wreathed with a garland of leaves and wild flowers, and with a lamp hanging before it, and two candles just lighted by the young father and mother. On the walls of the chapel are hung various pictures; one, a large one, represents Christ standing by the bed of a sick woman, who turns her head languidly to look at her baby in its crib, as if commending it to the care of her Lord. And on the wall beneath the picture of the Virgin there hang suspended a number of votive offerings, rude earthenware figures and pictures; an interesting trait of manners which, like enough, gave Schmid the first hint of his work. It is plain that the aid of the Virgin has not been invoked alone for human troubles, since among these votive offerings is the image of a cow, and no doubt, we should find other domestic animals in the heap if we could examine it more closely. Beside animals, and doll-like figures of men and women, we see at least one member of the human body, an arm, and we may be reasonably sure that feet and hands, eyes, ears, and noses are not absent from such a collection. This is a custom as old as the world, and like nearly the whole ritual, costume, and paraphernalia of the Church, is directly derived from a pagan original. Such votive images as Schmid has here depicted have been found in large numbers in excavations in Italy and elsewhere, in the neighborhood of temple ruins and shrines where they had been buried, probably to dispose of them in a suitable manner as they accumulated in the course of the year. Though removed from the shrine itself, they were still, when buried in the sacred inclosure, in the keeping of the divinity whose power had been invoked for their benefit. Wherever the Romans went, carrying their religion with them along with their laws and their art, these votive offerings are found, and in the wilder, less civilized portions of Europe, as here in the Tyrol, the custom may still be found surviving.

These peasants have come from some little distance—as would appear from the baby-wagon, with the wife's travelling-bag, and the keys at her waist—seeking some shrine more famous, perhaps, than the one in their own village. The father, with his hat on his arm and

his beads in his hand, looks on with rather an anxious face as his wife holds the little one up in her arms to kiss the Virgin's picture. On the steps of the shrine are placed the votive-picture the couple have brought with them, and a bunch of flowers to add to the garland that already decorates the Virgin's picture. It may be noted that the recurrence of the same



"THE DRILL."

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL WAGNER.

model that makes looking over any considerable number of Defregger's pictures rather tiresome, does not so much trouble us in the case of Schmid. But the rather sad-faced husband of this picture appears again in the same attitude, with a bunch of flowers in place of the rosary, standing by the side of his young wife that is to be, as she sits listening to the Protestant pastor who in "The Betrothal," instructs the pair in the duties of matrimony.





"SPRING-TIME."

FROM THE PICTURE BY RUDOLPH EPP



A group of painters of children may be noticed here—among them, Paul Wagner, Rudolf Epp, F. Dvorak, and Anton Dieffenbach, may be briefly noticed. Their pictures of children attempt nothing ideal, as in the case of Richter and Pletsch, but are happy transcripts of the life of the little ones in their every-day sports and pastimes. In Wagner's "The Drill," the characters of the boys are nicely discriminated, and in so slight a subject the artist has had the skill to introduce a dramatic touch in the giggling comment of the two little girls upon the bare legs and feet of the eldest boy. He overhears the offenders, and forgetting discipline, turns his head to call them to order.



RUDDOLPH EPP.

Anton Heinrich Dieffenbach, born in Wiesbaden in 1831, has devoted his talent almost exclusively to the painting of children, and his "Day before the Wedding," is almost as well known as Knaus's "Golden Wedding," with which it is often hung as a pendant. He began life as a sculptor, studying with his father at first, and later with Pradier, in Paris. He practised his art for some time in Wiesbaden, but feeling more drawn to painting, went to Düsseldorf and studied there under Jordan. Later he found himself again in Paris, but in the siege of 1870 he was glad to get away from the city and take refuge in Switzerland. When the war was over he went to Berlin to live, and has since remained there. Our picture "Learning to Shoot," is a good example of the artist's cleverness, not merely in the delineation of character, but in making everything tend to the clear telling of his anecdote. The father has just come home from hunting, and in rather unsportsmanlike fashion has thrown his brace of pheasants on the ground while he gives his little boy a lesson in handling his gun. Behind him, the dog waits for the well-known "crack!" the pretty mother with her becoming "Black Forest" headdress, and holding her baby-girl on one arm, betrays by the action of her other hand that she is as nervously expectant as can be permitted to a huntsman's wife. But her pride in her manly little curly-pated son is master of her fear; she watches his earnest actions with a delighted face. His arms on the window-sill, the grandfather smokes his pipe and scrutinizes the youngster with an old huntsman's critical eye. The two figures, the father and the son, as they are the centre and gist of the picture, will bear the closest study; every point in the action is rendered with a truthfulness that shows an observant eye. Note the father's firm right hand with its delicately adjusting movement, the looser left hand holding the pipe; the weaker hands of the child, closely following his in-

structions, however; then the amusingly earnest face of the youngster, and his small body strained to the crisis.

Dvorak's children, in his "Ring-a-Ring-a-Rosy," are children of another class than those we have seen in the pictures of Richter, Pflecht, Wagner, and even Knaus; there is the same



"LEARNING TO SHOOT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ANTON HEINRICH DIEFFENBACH.

naturalness in the action and expression, but it is the naturalness of beings, more formally, artificially brought up. Dvorak is not specially given to painting children, but several of his subjects in this kind have been seen in our shop-windows, where, by a certain quaintness and oddity, they have attracted a good deal of attention. The picture by Rudolf Epp,

"Spring," belongs more to the region of sentiment than the pictures we have been considering, those of Schmid excepted, and with Schmid the sentiment or feeling is less abstract than it is here, it is more closely connected with some anecdote or incident. All that Epp shows us is the delight of this mother and her child in the spring season; both breathing the atmos-



"RING-A-RING-A-ROSY"

FROM THE PICTURE BY DVORAK.

phere of love; the child's radiant face turned upward to the play of the butterflies, but his arms unconsciously clinging to his mother's breast, while the mother, not insensible to the charm of nature, yet finds her heaven complete in her baby's eyes.



## VIII.

JOHANN GEORG MEYER, called, from his birth-place, "Meyer von Bremen," to distinguish him from the swarm of Meyers—a name as common in Germany as that of Smith in America or England, was born in 1813, and died in 1889. This was a long life of prosperity, and of what may pass for fame, since, for many years, no name among the minor names of his native Germany was more widely known abroad, especially in America, and no talent in the same field was more steadily and richly rewarded than that of Meyer von Bremen. The explanation lies alike in the character of his subjects and in the character of his work. Each was of a kind to please the general public; his pictures appealed to the common sentiments of every-day people; the love of home, the simple piety, the domestic affections, the pleasures of childhood—to the ideal characteristics, in short, of the German people, and he found that this was a clientage he could safely rely on. The people who year after year bought his pictures were content with what he gave them, and on his part the supply never failed, nor ever showed signs of diminution. At the same time, it must be said that he was never careless, never slighted his work, and never repeated himself, although his subjects were always taken from the same field. What that field was, is well enough indicated in the picture we have selected for reproduction—"Expectation." A young girl sits by the window of her father's house, engaged in sewing. All her surroundings show the comfortable living of a well-to-do family, between the actual peasant-class and the bourgeois; the house is well built, the furniture solid, and suited to its uses, and while there is no luxury, there are evidences everywhere of that natural taste which often accomplishes what money cannot compass. The walls of the cottage are of stone, covered with cement and whitewashed, the ceiling is unplastered, the planks of the floor are uncarpeted, the table is uncovered, and there are no draperies at the window for ornament, only the muslin curtains that are necessary to temper the light or to secure privacy. But everything shows a scrupulous neatness, and while there is little in the room that cannot give the excuse of utility for its presence, all that we see derives a certain elegance, from its good proportions, and its fitness for its purpose. Everything here, unpretending as it is, pleases the eye and contents it; the embrasured window, its sashes filled with leaded glass, the bird in its wicker-cage, and the rose-bush in bloom; the painted shelf where the well-polished coffee-urn and flowered milk-pitcher stand in comfortable sight; the colored print of the Virgin, the lamp that hangs below its black frame not so well seen in our plate





"EXPECTATION."

FROM THE PICTURE BY MEYER v. BREMEN.



as it is in the original picture; the pot of garden-flowers on the table by the side of Gretchen's work-basket; and Gretchen herself—she, too, is a pretty, eye-pleasing object in her coquettish cap over her soft hair, her trim bodice, and her well-molded arm showing below the snowy linen sleeve. She has this morning received a letter from her sweetheart; it lies open upon the table by her scissors and thread, the envelope dropped in her impatience upon the floor, and she stops every now and then in her work, to lift the muslin shade and look out at the window, that she may catch the first glimpse of his coming as he clicks the latch of the garden-gate. Without loading his pictures with detail, Meyer von Bremen sometimes adds a suggestive touch, as here, where the grandmother's spectacles are hung on a convenient nail in the window-jamb, as if to assure us that Gretchen has some one to watch over her youth and innocence. This artist has by no means confined his industry to pictures of the class to which the one we engrave belongs; "The Praying Child," "The Knitter," "The Little House-keeper," "First, a Kiss!" and others; he has painted several more ambitious works; "The Penitent Daughter," "The Soldier's Return," "The Inundation"—these pictures are by no means without merit and of a marked kind, but, as we said in the beginning, neither what Meyer von Bremen has to say, nor the way in which he says it, has any interest for amateurs of painting, who care for something beyond a high degree of mechanical finish, and elaboration of detail; nor for those who look for elevation of thought and feeling. Even in Germany, the popularity of Meyer von Bremen has suffered a serious diminution in these later years, while in our own country the commercial value of his paintings has almost reached low-water mark.

A few years ago there were shown at one of the exhibitions of the Art-Students' League of New York, two large studies from the life, signed "G. Jacobides." These had so much force of intention and largeness in the execution that they made a lasting impression on some of those who heard the artist's name for the first time, and kept us on the look-out for whatever he might produce. The next time we heard of him was, however, in his own country; at the Kunstaussstellung in Munich in 1883, his picture of "The New Earrings," was one of the most remarked of the contributions, and was at once taken to the popular heart and reproduced by photography, and in wood-cuts in the illustrated journals. The picture itself was purchased by an American, and brought over to this country; after remaining for a while in New York it was added to the collection



G. JACOBIDES

of a San Francisco millionaire. The subject was an every-day one, such as would have pleased Meyer von Bremen; it represented nothing of more importance than an old woman who is piercing a little girl's ear for her first pair of ear-rings. But in such matters, the charm is in the telling, and Jacobides showed a dramatic power in his picture far beyond the reach of Meyer von Bremen, in the skill with which he represented the struggle in the child's mind between her desire to have the ear-rings, and her unwillingness to bear the pain. In this respect the picture was a remarkable one, and the effect was heightened by the successful depicting of the old woman's face, absorbed in her professional duty and benevolently indifferent to the suffering of her patient. Jacobides it would appear, is not a prolific artist, and there was for a time some reason to fear that he might fall into the snare of repeating his model. The picture that followed the one we have described was not so agreeable in its subject, but it showed the same dramatic power over expression; it was an old peasant-grandfather who is subduing his rebellious grandchild, and the face of the old man showed a most amusing mixture of exasperation and doting affection—an expression seized in a masterly way without a touch of caricature. The same subtilty is shown in our engraving, "The Knitting Lesson," from the picture painted by Jacobides in 1886. Here, the absorption of the child in her task is shown not alone in her face, but in the action of her hands, and even in the way in which she holds the ball of yarn between her knees, and it is this sympathy, recalling the poet's line:

"That one might almost say, her body thought,"

which gives to the picture a dignity that does not naturally belong to the subject. As a painter, Jacobides is far in advance of Meyer von Bremen; he belongs, indeed, to the school of younger men, with whom style in painting is the main thing, and subject altogether secondary, only considered, in fact, as it lends itself to a display of the artist's technical ability. Jacobides has no claim to the title of colorist; he often spoils what would otherwise prove a harmonious whole, by a single false note. Thus "The First Earring," was sorely injured by the color of the earring, a long old-fashioned "drop" of crude turquoise-blue. We wished it could have been painted out; but nothing would have been gained by that. Inherent faults are as essential to the understanding of character as the inherent virtues to which they serve as foils. Jacobides would not be Jacobides without the blue earring.

HUBERT SALENTIN, the painter of the "Woodland Prayer," was born at Zulpich, anciently known as Tolbiach, and famous as the place where Clovis defeated the Alemanni.

It lies between Cologne and Aachen, in a region so rich in legends and art-traditions that it is no wonder a boy of Salentin's temperament was eager to exchange the blacksmith's forge



"THE KNITTING-LESSON."

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. JACOBIDES



for the easel. It was not, however, until he was twenty-eight years old that he was able to accomplish his desire. But as soon as he could free himself, he made his way to Düsseldorf and entered the Academy there. His teachers were W. von Schadow, and Karl Sohn, but Tidemand was more especially his instructor. The subjects chosen by Salentin were drawn from the humble life of the people among whom his early youth had been spent, but he preferred such scenes as permitted a landscape-setting, in harmony with the action of his personages. The picture which we have chosen for copying, and which is reckoned among his best works, is a good example of his manner. A young girl on her way to market sets down her, as yet, empty basket by her side and kneels for a moment before one of those pretty woodland shrines that meet the pedestrian's eye all over Europe, only oftener, perhaps, in Catholic countries than in those where something like Protestantism is the rule. Our pretty maiden, still at the age when the hair is permitted to hang in a silken braid, has removed her straw hat, and with lightly folded hands says the prescribed prayer before the image of the Holy Mother tabernacled in this leafy wood; but the smile upon her face seems to show that her young thoughts are not as serious as her attitude of devotion would imply; she is happy with the thoughts of childhood, with the birds, and the flowers, and the bright sunshine of the summer-morning, and in a few minutes she will be up and away, leaving the wood somewhat less sunshiny for her absence. It is a remarkable fact that Salentin's best work has been done since he was fifty: "The Foundling," "The Blacksmith's Apprentice," "Interior of a Village Church," and many others. One of Salentin's pictures; "A Pilgrim at a Holy Spring," is in the Museum at Cologne. Another, "A Pilgrim at a Shrine," is in the National Gallery at Berlin.

The picture by Theodore Kleehaas, "Right or Left" or, as our children sometimes call the game, "Which Hand will you have?" is one that could hardly have been painted out of Germany. Seven children playing in a garret, a homely old-world game; "only this, and nothing more," yet how few are the artists of our time outside of Germany who could paint a scene like this with such perfect naturalness and unconsciousness as we find in Kleehaas' picture? The effect is curiously real, as if we were looking in upon the chamber, and we seem to share the children's absorption in their play, to the exclusion of all outside matters. The different individualities of the children give opportunity for much pretty by-play. The hero of the moment is the child with bare legs and arms, who, all aglow with excitement, is making up his small mind which hand to choose, and the rest of the circle are intent on the





"RIGHT OR LEFT?"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY THEODOR KLEEHAAS.



outcome, watching him with mingled love and pride, for 'tis plain that he is the pet of the society, as the youngest child is apt to be. At the right, two older children, a nice-looking boy and a rather grandmotherly girl, are waiting their turn; the boy with his hand on her shoulder, points to the hand of the leader in the game, which he is sure is the one to choose. The action of the girl who is leader for the time being, is given with much expression and shows nice observation. As the question, "Right or Left?" is uttered, the clenched hands of the asker are to be thrown strongly down and out, and this requires a rigid bending of the body quite at war with grace. This may seem a small matter, but in reality it is of great importance; the presence of this truthfulness pervading the picture, gives dignity and permanence to what, in less careful hands, would be merely trivial. Instances will occur to every one who is in the habit of looking at pictures, of subjects where children are the actors—street-arabs, shoe-blacks, match-boys, etc., in which there is no trace of nature; nothing but grimace and affectation, and these begin by being wearisome, and end by losing all hold upon the public. The German artists in their pictures of child-life go on a principle exactly the opposite of the one they follow in their so-called "historical" painting. In the former, they either try to get inside their subject, as it were, or else a natural sympathy with childhood carries them there without effort on their part. Of how many German artists we must believe, when we see their pictures, that they love children, and paint them because they love them! Whether it be true or not that children in Germany are exceptionally happy, German artists have almost persuaded us that such is the fact. Sometimes, as in Richter's case, they show as a transfigured world with all its smirch and grossness washed clean away, but the elements of truth, sincerity, and naturalness are there in force and give an enduring charm. And then, again, we have pictures in plenty of every-day life, in which, as here in that of Kleehaas, there is no attempt made at idealizing, but things are shown as the artist sees them; though it must be admitted that artists, the true artists at any rate, see things not exactly as the world in general sees them. But, when the German artist comes to paint "history" or attempts to recall the manners of a past time, he seems, as a rule, incapable of seeing things as they must have been. A true action, a natural, unaffected gesture; these are the exception, not the rule. Yet the French, and even the Spanish in their great monumental canvases, are almost free from these vices—while the Germans are still in slavery to the traditions of the late Italian Renaissance, the French have thrown them off completely, and almost as little remains of their own pseudo-classic legends.

KARL RAUPP is another pupil of Piloty who bears witness to the liberality of the master's teaching. He was born in 1837 at Darmstadt, and from 1856 to 1858, studied under Jacob Becker at the Städelschen Institute in Frankfort. He then went to Munich and became a pupil of Piloty, remaining in his studio for eight years, until 1866. In 1868 he was made Professor in the School of Industrial Design at Nuremberg, but he returned later to Munich, where he has since continued to reside. Like Salentin, and like others of the



"MERRY VOYAGE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY KARL RAUPP.

younger men, Raupp is almost equally interested in the landscape in which his figures are placed, as in the people themselves. He does not treat this landscape conventionally, as many of the old Dutchmen did; he gives to each group a frame of its own, suited to the action, and reports the aspects of nature with poetic faithfulness. Here in the "Merry Voyage," it is a day in early spring; the sky is clear of all but a few light cirrus clouds; the willows are just in leaf, and the rushes on the bank and in the water, have not as yet mustered their full forces. A merry party of children have come down to the bank of the canal and are starting off with plenty of enthusiasm on a voyage round the world—if once they can get





"THE WOODLAND PRAYER."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY HUBERT SALENTIN.





their good ship off the mud! The sail is hoisted and a light breeze is doing its best to puff it out, aided by the boy at the tiller, while another boy at the bow does what a boy of his size can to persuade the heavy scow to move along. Standing by the mast the captain gives the orders to the crew in a voice of such proportions, as nearly deafens the first mate, who shuts his ears lest he should hear what is said to him! The passengers meantime are happy in anticipation of the sights they are to see, once they get afloat; the chief lady-passenger mildly hoping that her doll's head will not be sawed off by the sail-rope, the youngest passenger leaning over the boat-side watching the water, and one boy, luxuriously inclined, stretched his length in the shadow of the sail and lazily looking up into the sky. On the shore sits the old grandfather smoking his pipe, and occasionally throwing in a word of advice, while the mother has brought down the baby to see the party off. "Storm-brewing," is another of Raupp's pictures; one that has obtained the popularity of the shop-windows and of repeated reproductions, so that it appears to have earned the right to represent him here. The young woman who handles the oar in this heavy boat is not new to her business; she does not see a storm brewing for the first time, and her confidence communicates itself to her companions, so that we can enjoy the display of so much health and vigor as this young woman is possessed of, without any fear for her safety.

EMILE KEYSER's picture under the title "Schaukelnde Kinder,"—"Children playing at See-saw"—was exhibited at the Munich Kunstaussstellung in 1883. Its painting was its chief charm, the incident being slight and slightly handled, no particular study of childish character attempted, but a general breezy, out-of-door effect, and much freedom in the action of the girl on the see-saw, her pretty head, with its hair streaming in the wind, relieved against the sky. If the landscape seem more important than the figures, this is only in seeming, for if the composition be looked at with care it will be found that the figures and their action are necessary to give the landscape its full effect, and that the animation of the landscape is, on the other hand, reflected in the animation of the figures. In other words, the whole picture is in harmony, the artist, it is plain, thought it all out at once, and it is this that gives it life and character. A bright afternoon-breeze lightly bends the trees before it, and clears the west of clouds, and sets the grass and weeds astir, and the blood astir in the bodies of these merry, out-of-door children, making them ready for any sport that has excitement in it. Two of the youngest have been sent for water to the spring that we see in the lower right-hand corner of the picture, but the temptation of the plank lying beside the big log has been too

much for them; they have dropped their pitcher, set the plank astride the log and persuaded their sister to join them in their game. The willing child mounts her improvised steed, and is tossed higher and higher; and her hair flies out behind, and the fun waxes fast and furious, so that one of their playmates between delight and fear makes such an outcry that his big sister must needs try to stop him! A little child in the foreground who has been pulling flowers for her doll in its cart, twists her whole small body about to see what is the matter,



"CHILDREN PLAYING AT SEE-SAW."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EMIL KEYSER.

thus accenting the hurly-burly. Yet the artist knew better than to leave the hurly-burly in complete possession of his picture; he has therefore withdrawn from the noisy youngsters a group upon the hill-side where one of the smaller children, tired of the boisterous game, leans both elbows on her sister's knee, and listens to her soothing chat, while her brother, bound for home and supper, after a day's hard work, just turns to give a glance at the others.

E. KURTZBAUER is another of the younger race of Munich artists, too young, as yet, like Keyser, to have found his way to the dictionaries, but, like him, sure to win his way there



"THE COMING STORM."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY KARL RAUPP.



before long. His picture, "The New Picture-book," is a fresh illustration of the German skill in making much of little; three children about a table looking over a picture-book with



"THE NEW PICTURE-BOOK."

FROM THE PAINTING BY KURTZBAUE.

their grandfather; what could be more elementary? And yet with such simple materials he has made a picture that, whatever way we look at it, whether as a study of life or as a pic-

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ture merely, deserves high praise. In the corner by the stove with its settle, the table (a manifest Tyrolean, by its slanting legs!) has been drawn up close to the seat, that grandfather's little girl may look comfortably at the picture-book he has bought for her of the peddler. Her two younger brothers, nice, comfortable little chaps, one with light hair and the other with dark, have left their play and come to take a look at the treasure. The brown boy, true to his colors, has mounted the table, shoes and all, in his eagerness; the fair-haired, more gentle and graceful, is content with the chair: kneeling on it and leaning an elbow on the table as he looks at the pictures. The very way in which the two boys look at their sister's book reveals something of their characters. The blonde looks quietly, earnestly, and with an expression in his attitude as if he would like to look at the picture as long as his sister will be pleased to let him. The other boy who has jumped on the table in his eagerness, will jump down again in a minute, and even as it is, cannot restrain his impatience—though he is too good-natured to be cross about it—at his sister's slow way of turning over the leaves. There is a funny expression on the little girl's face, as if part of her pleasure in looking at the book were in knowing that it is hers, and that no one else can look at it without her permission or make her turn over the leaves a bit faster than she is inclined to. Not that she is a naughty child! Far be it from us to wrong such a tidy, trim little piece, by so unkind a suspicion! She is no worse than the rest of us, or than property-owners in general! And her brothers evidently think it all right. Her hands are folded on the table in front of the book; it is plainly too beautiful to be touched. But, then, she is not in the least afraid that her brothers will touch it either! The old grandfather is a good study, too; tranquil, sedate, he smokes his pipe in silence, and looks at the pictures with the rest, but leaves their appreciation to the children. He loves to hear their prattle, and marks how in their comments, and in their preferences, they betray their individual characters.

Certainly this is a pleasant glimpse of family-life in a far-away corner of the world. But, 'tis only one of many, shown us by these German painters. The impression these pictures make when seen, in mass, as it were, in turning over portfolio after portfolio, is very different from that we get from French pictures of child-life; there is far less sentiment, as a rule, in German pictures than is to be found in the French, and in French studies of peasant-life there is always an undertone of sadness; even in their games the children seem as if they bore a yoke, whereas we do not remember a German picture, dealing specially with children, that is not cheerful, and generally they are of a decidedly merry cast. The German children,



as shown by their artists, are usually, too, more robust and solid than the French children, and I suppose this may represent the truth, though generalizing on such data is not very profitable. Still, one can but be struck with the difference between the sort of child depicted by Edouard Frère for example—to take the best French painter of children for comparison, and the children whom Richter shows us, and we mention Richter because he is the German who more than any other idealizes his subjects and puts into them a good dose of sentiment. If we were to compare Edouard Frère with any of the artists spoken of in these pages: with Raupp or Kurtzbauer or Kleehaas, the difference would be felt to be much more striking. Frère's children are, in by far the greater number of instances, frail, delicate beings, who seem too often over-weighted with responsibilities; they are seldom playing; are almost always engaged upon some light task; they are not unhappy, but they are not gay, they are too *sage* to be gay; and whether he be true to nature or not, the impression left upon us by Frère's pictures, is certainly a pathetic impression. We must always find ourselves feeling a little sad in looking at them. Richter's children, on the contrary, if they are not as gay as those of the later men, are always healthy, active little mortals, in the best of spirits, and enjoying the simple pleasures of their lives in a hearty, wholesome way. And this is even truer of the child-pictures painted by the Germans of our more immediate time. In these, all is frolic, the free play of animal spirits in tight little bodies with never a trace of sorrow or sentiment, and if set to tasks, turning these, too, to play and getting all the amusement out of them that is possible. Thus, on the principle of the stingy old farmer who called to his men after supper at the end of a day's hard work, "Come, boys, let's go out and play 'dig cellar' by moonlight!" we have seen small German children carrying strapped to their backs, baskets, miniature copies of those worn by rag-pickers and others, and taught to play at picking up things and putting them into their receptacles. And, no doubt, they thought it quite a good game in its way!

A scene like this of Wilhelm Schütze's "Mousie's Caught!" is, of course, fun to children everywhere, since children are, as a rule, a cruel race and have to be taught sympathy and compassion by a good deal of personal experience. Every time a child knocks its shins, or stubs its toe, or has a toothache, it comes a step nearer to feeling a bit sorry for other people's shins, toes, and teeth. A mouse in a trap, however, is a pleasure which cannot be dampened to them by any personal suffering of a similar sort, nor are we at all sure that it would be any comfort to the ordinary child to be assured that it does not hurt a mouse to be played with

by a cat. The children in this picture are looking forward to a glorious time as soon as Gretchen shall permit the house-cat, which she has lugged for this purpose from his warm



"MOUSIE'S CAUGHT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. SCHÜTZE.

bed on the hearth, to jump down and go for the mouse in the trap. Gretchen is a neat matronly little maiden, and she holds the cat with great care, and counts the steps as she de-

scends; but this decorum cannot last long: the cat's eyes have caught sight of her destined prey, and in a minute there will be fine times in the old shed. The boy just home from school,



"GIRL AND CAT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL HOECKER.

or called in by his friends as a compliment, to share the treat, will probably do his full part in making things lively. The children in the picture are well characterized, but the cat is

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better conceived than any of them. Yet, as a cat, she looks a poor creature by the side of the one in Paul Hoecker's picture; a royal beast indeed, but less like a tiger than most of her kind. The youthful Dutch maiden who holds her has her arms fully occupied, but should Puss once make a spring for liberty, her keeper would have small chance in the race to recapture her unless she could slip her ark-like clogs! Paul Hoecker is a name just emerging, but from this picture and one recently engraved from the Munich Kunstaussstellung of the present year, it is certain we are to hear more of him. He has a style, more than commonly large and simple, and his decorative-sense is sure; his pictures, or the engravings from them, make agreeable spots on the wall; a sort of recommendation that the reader may think not very high, but it is one that we can give to many of the older masters and to some of the new who would not be ashamed of it, as one recommendation among others. It is only when an artist is satisfied if his picture be called decorative, and nothing more asked of it, that we are disappointed in his aim. Paul Hoecker's girl in our picture is good to look at for herself; she has a frank, honest face with a dash of humor in it; we like her neat Dutch dress and her cap with its outlandish ornaments. These Dutch maidens have been much painted of late by the Munich artists and even by our own men who have studied there, and of late the French artists have found them out; but the French are somewhat less fond of subjects not indigenous to their own soil, than we are, or perhaps than the Germans themselves. Besides, they are supplied with artistic peasants and work-people enough to satisfy their own needs. It is one mark of the difference between the older times and ours that, in the sixteenth century let us say—before that, certainly, and even for some time after—one could judge by the material contents of an artist's pictures, the costumes of his people, the architecture, the landscape even, from what part of the world he came, or where he lived; whereas, nowadays, we can have no such certainty. To judge by his subjects, Paul Hoecker should be a Hollander, but it is by no means necessary to believe it. He lives and paints in Munich, and merely works the Dutch mine in company with a good many others of the younger race, who supply us with Dutch fisher-folk, milk-girls, flower-sellers, and orphans, *ad libitum*, good, bad, and indifferent.

The picture by Karl Begas, "Washing Blacky," has an old-time look among these newer pictures, and many an elderly reader of these pages will recognize it as an old favorite. Karl Begas, one of four artists of this name—Reinhold Begas, the sculptor, who made the bust of Menzel, shown on a previous page, among them—was born near Aix-la-Chapelle in 1794 and died in 1854. He became a Professor in the Berlin Academy and Court Painter. His educa-

tion, however, was French; he studied under Baron Gros, and travelled in Italy. The picture we engrave is his best known work, although his aims were in the direction of what his countrymen call High Art; historical subjects, altar-pieces for the churches, and the like. Our



"WASHING BLACKIE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY KARL BEGAS.

picture is a playful commentary on Jeremiah's query, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" this Raphaelesque child is trying what soap and water may do to make her good-natured nurse as white as herself!

## IX.

IN no art of modern times is the peaceful, ruminating side of life so sympathetically mirrored as it is in that of Germany. In the regions of fancy and imagination the art of the German people is no more at home than is their literature. A few great names exhaust their capabilities in these directions. As a rule, for fancy, whether in books or on canvas, they give us the grotesque merely; for history, melodrama and bombast; and their humor, if it be

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allowed hearty and sincere, is, nevertheless, of a very earthly sort, showing a plentiful supply of animal spirits and strongly suggestive of abundant beer and good dinners. This is not to say that their *grotesquerie*, their melodrama, and their humor are not good of their kind. All is, that they take the place of other things which the world, long ago, made up its mind were better worth having. But, as we began by saying, there is one side of life which the German knows better how to deal with than any other people, the peaceful, ruminating side—the life of childhood and the domestic life. The treatment of subjects drawn from the former of these topics has already been discussed here; something, too, has been said about German painting of domestic scenes—of this, we have a few fresh illustrations to consider.

OTTO PILTZ, the painter of "The Sewing-class," is a native of Weimar, where we believe he resides for the most of the year, although he holds a professorship at Berlin. As a painter he is distinguished for the naturalness of his treatment: his subjects too are nearly all drawn from the daily life of his own time, and he excels in the painting of children and young people. Our picture is as good an example as could be found of his skill in interesting the spectator by the facial expression alone of his personages, without incident of any but the most trivial kind, or action, except the quietest. It is the hour for hand-sewing in a girls' school. Nine young women are assembled in a cozy *mansarde* engaged in needlework of one kind or another under the charge of a matron. As they work, they listen to a book read by one of their number; from the expression of the reader's face we should guess that the book is a novel, but that we suppose a novel would hardly be permitted in such a place. And it is true that only one of the circle shows any lively interest in the reading; the girl at the extreme right stops in her work, with suspended needle, and turns to look at the reader as if struck by something in the narrative. But with the others, the listening is rather perfunctory, although no two are listening alike, and so sharply defined are the characters, that a keen analyst could almost read the thoughts that are passing through these comely heads. The girl who has been appointed reader has the most intellectual head in the company; she thoroughly enjoys what she is reading and understands it, but with the one exception we have noted, her appreciation of the author is hardly shared by her audience. They listen, but their thoughts are elsewhere; and the cunning of the artist is most enjoyably shown in the way in which, in every one of the four girls seated in front of the reader, and immediately about the table, a threefold action of the mind is shown—they are all thinking of their work; the one who crochets, the one who sews, she who embroiders and she who threads her needle;



they are all listening to the reading; and they are all thinking of something equally removed from the reading and from their work, and disconnected with either. In the corner, two girls are seated; one of them with an embroidery-frame, the other marking a handkerchief—both intent on a bit of gossip that may possibly be inspired by the mischievous Cupid on the



"THE SEWING-CLASS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY OTTO PILTZ.

bracket over their heads. The expression in the face of the listening girl is most cleverly caught; her hand arrested in the act of taking the next stitch, the smile just breaking on her face, her eyes watching the words as they come from her companion's lips, her whole action showing the progress of the story to which she is listening. The details of this quiet little picture are well invented; the litter on the table; the formally disposed pictures on the wall; the small engraved portrait of Goethe—at home here in Weimar; the mirror fixed

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upon the slanting wall, the lower edge of the frame of the larger engraving reflected in it and helping with all the perpendicular and horizontal lines on the wall, of picture-frames and cornice-ornament, to counteract the strong sloping lines of the two dormers. And the room itself; how cozy and comfortable it is; how well suited to the company and their occupation!

The picture by CLAUS MEYER, a Munich painter, "A Nunnery in Bruges," shows us a very different "Sewing-class" from the one we have just been studying. We are in one of the rooms of the Béguinage of Bruges, an institution which is similar in kind though inferior in size and importance to the more celebrated Béguinage of Ghent with its seven-hundred inhabitants and over, a smaller city within the greater one, surrounded by a moat and a wall, with its gates, its squares, and streets, its eighteen convents and its church. The Béguinage of Bruges, though inferior in extent to that of Ghent, is for that reason more likely to please the searcher after the picturesque. Bruges is a quiet, deserted place, where the symbol of its departed commercial prosperity is not, as in other cities, the grass growing in the streets, but the water-lilies that brighten up the dark canals that once were all astir with boats and shipping. A curious fact is reported of Bruges; that out of the forty-five thousand inhabitants of the city, nearly one-third are in poverty. When we consider the ancient splendor and prosperity of this once famous city, teeming with wealth that flowered in sumptuosities of architecture, civil and religious; where all the arts brought to a noble perfection combined to make the homes of her burghers, and the aisles and altars of her sanctuaries, the wonder of her own day and the rich legend of after ages—when we read of this prosperity, the present condition of Bruges seems mournful indeed. Yet, considering the large proportion of the poor in Bruges to the whole population, the visitor is agreeably surprised to find that the city, instead of swarming with beggars, is singularly free from this nuisance that infests so many cities of the continent. And not only are beggars absent; one misses also, at least, we missed on the occasion of our visit, the usual and not always inconvenient proffers of assistance in one way or another, that commonly greet the traveller in these parts as he leaves the railway-station and passes out into the square. Hacks are scarce, and their drivers far from demonstrative, no one offers to carry your bag, no touters insist on your seeking the hospitality of their favorite hotel; you are left delightfully to yourself, and happy in unaccustomed freedom, were it not for the haunting feeling, born of so many disagreeable experiences, that such immunity from the pest of guides and beggars, touters and the ostentatious owners of blind eyes, rheumatisms, and lame legs, cannot last long. But it does, and the too brief day



"A NUNNERY."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY CLAUD MEYER.



comes to a close without a single call made upon what is euphemistically called our charity. Dining at the homely *estaminet* of the Golden Eagle—at a table by the window, where, as we discussed our frugal meal, we looked out upon the great square crowned by the Tour des Halles, and listened to its chimes, marking with April showers of melody all the divisions of the hour—we fell into chat with a young clerk, our chance companion, about Bruges and its condition. From him we learned the curious secret of the beggary of Bruges, and if it be the true explanation, we commend it to the consideration of our socialists, and to the members of the anti-poverty society. According to our informant, the reason why we met no beggars on the streets was, that the multitude of charitable Foundations established by the merchants and grandees of the middle-ages, and in the years that immediately succeeded the blooming-time of the city, have so accustomed the people to depend upon the help afforded by these Foundations that all stimulus to industry and self-help is wanting. No one will work, because the actual necessities of life can be had without working. Does a man feel hungry? He goes to one of the convents and gets sufficient food to stave off the present discomfort. Does he need shoes, a coat, shelter from the cold?—the same wide charity covers him with its demoralizing mantle. The great square on which we looked out was surrounded by huge deserted warehouses; and similar buildings, once swarming with the life of trade and industry, stood loafing and sullen along all the side-streets. “Why are they empty?” we asked; “why don’t the English or the Americans come and set up factories in them: put them to some use? Here is all the enginery of commerce; why is it not set in motion?” “Because,” said my young fellow, “workmen couldn’t be hired to run the factories if they were set going! No one in Bruges will do more work than is necessary to keep body and soul together—and why should he, when he has but to ring a convent door-bell, and have his more pressing wants supplied?” “And these people of whom I read here in my Baedeker: he has been speaking of the fifteen thousand people or so who are in poverty—‘On the other side, there are in the city plenty of rich Flemish burghers who have retired from business and live here in Bruges, preferring it to other cities of Flanders?’” “Oh, these burghers!” he laughed, “what could be duller, more starving than the life they lead in those empty houses? They have pinched and saved, all their days, to get together enough to enable them, by the closest economy, to live like the beggars, without work, and here they are, shut up in their houses, visiting nobody, receiving no visitors, their only occupation to nurse their pennies and their pride.” We leave this solution of the beggary-question in Bruges to the economists; satisfactory as it seemed for



the moment, yet even to a layman the query would present itself: how and where has the money originally devoted to the support of these various Foundations, the Béguinages, the convents and hospitals, been invested, that it still supplies the income necessary to carry out—even in part—the purposes for which it was bequeathed? Doubtless there is an answer, even though that of my young acquaintance—himself a native of Bruges, yet weary and disgusted with the inanity of the society he lived in, and so doubtless seeing things somewhat awry—be not the whole truth. But, whatever may be the explanation, this is plain, that something has killed Bruges, and something keeps her dead.

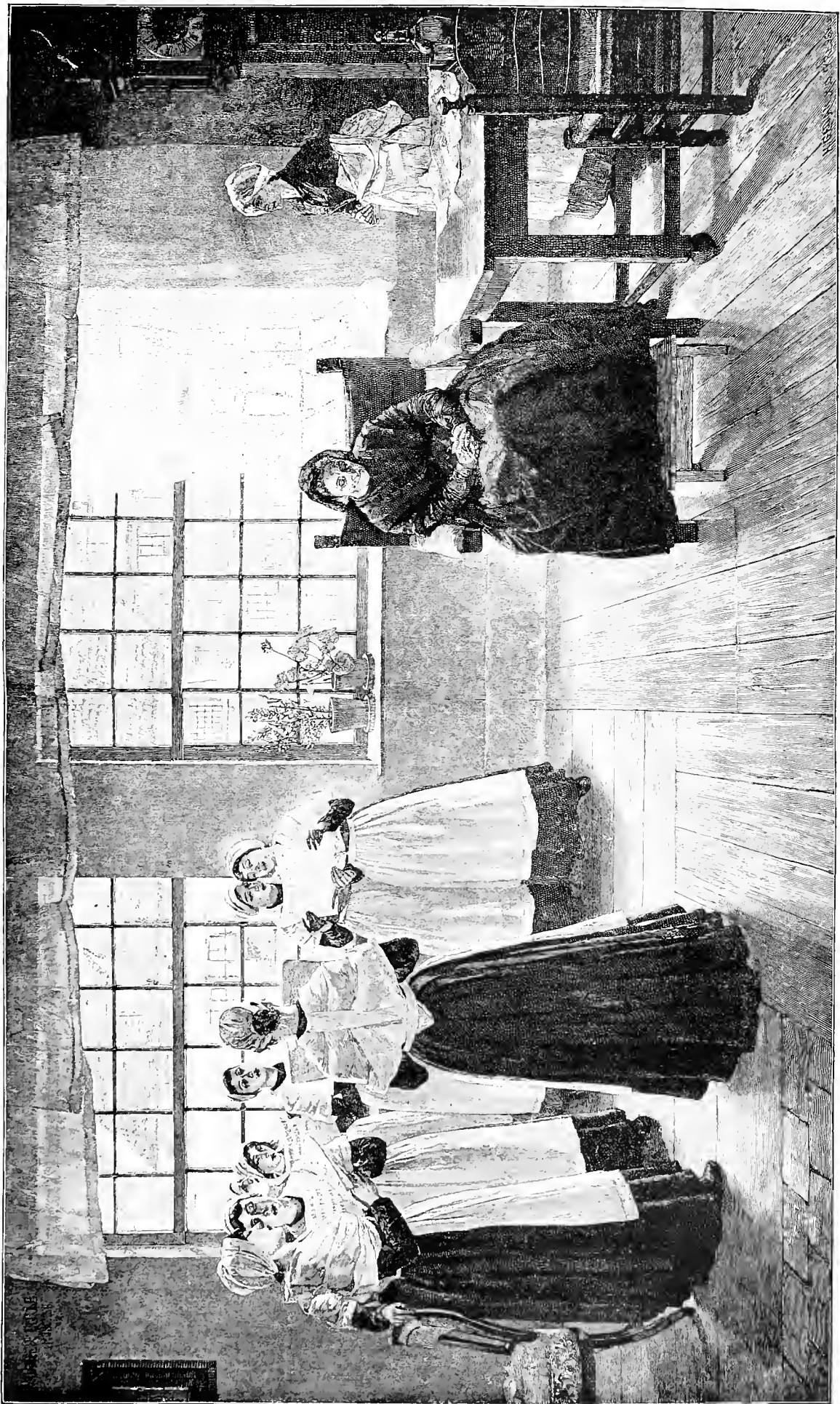
Here, in Clans Meyer's picture, we get a glimpse of a room in one of the houses of the Béguinage, and see the occupants at their work. The place is bright and sunny, scrupulously clean, and absolutely devoid of everything that is not necessary for the life that is led in it. The large, clear windows look out upon a sunny court, and through an open door we see another room, a sort of vestibule, where one of the nuns is returning from some household errand in the town. She wears the street dress of her order, the ample *faïlle* or cloak and the white head-dress, which, as we see, is also worn in-doors. The effect is very striking, when, as in church for instance, the whole body of nuns are assembled; the mass of white in the head-gear seems to hover like a lighted cloud over the congregation, contrasting most picturesquely with the dark of the cloaks. Here in the living-room of the convent a half-dozen of the nuns are sitting, under the superintendence of an older one, who examines with a critical eye a piece of cloth which one of the women has brought for her inspection. She sits in a chair somewhat more comfortably made than the others are provided with; it is covered with leather and studded with brass nails, while the other chairs are plain, rush-bottomed affairs; and three of the nuns are obliged to content themselves with a wooden bench placed against the wall. The corner of the room where these women are sitting, is floored with planks laid for warmth over the flagging that is used for the rest. In some of the houses tiles are to be seen instead of flagging, but even these are of the simplest make; everything savoring of eye-pleasing ornament is avoided in these religious houses as if it were unfit—as indeed we may suppose it is thought to be. The walls of this room are bare except between the windows, where hangs a crucifix, and, below it, what looks mischievously like a bit of looking-glass in its black frame; on the moulding that caps the wainscot, is a prayer-book with its clasp, an ink-bottle, a medicine-bottle, a pill-box—no doubt in such a place even pill-taking is felt to be a diversion! One only idler is seen in this abode of silence, for the nun on the right with her



hands in her lap is not idling, she is waiting for her neighbor, whose more experienced hands are turning down a hem for her. No, the idler is the kitten, who, unawed by the solemnity of the hour, and by no means alarmed at her nearness to the somewhat grim-looking Superior, is playing with that good lady's ball of knitting-cotton, as if it were not a sacred and inviolable thing! Here in this bare and silent nunnery, from which everything human that can possibly be dispensed with has been cut off, we find a ray of conscienceless and libertine beauty and gayety crept in in the shape of Pussy, the perpetual incarnation, with a slightly modernized name, of the venerable Pasht, the cat-faced, whose living originals disported themselves in the old monasteries and temple-palaces of Egypt. In a world of mutability where almost nothing is at a stay, pussy at least abides with us; the embodiment of beauty in line, color, and motion, a perpetual protest against dulness and conformity!

When we pass with WALTHER FIRLE from Bruges to Holland, and under his sympathetic guidance exchange the Béguinage for the Waisenhaus, or Orphan Asylum, of Haarlem, or any other town in Holland, we find ourselves in a different atmosphere. These orphan-houses as constituted in Holland seem to be an institution peculiar to that country, but it is not easy to learn much about them; all that meets the eye of the ordinary traveller is the inmates of the asylums as they walk about the streets, or come and go from the churches where, in some of the towns at least, they assist in the singing. But some of the artists, our own Mr. Chase among them, have been of late allowed to visit the houses themselves, and for that matter it may be a common privilege enough, but naturally the interest felt by the ordinary traveller is slight, and he is content, as a rule, with what is, after all, the most interesting feature: the sight of the boys and girls, young men and maidens, whom he meets in the streets. Their costumes, as is seen in Firle's picture, "Morning-worship in the Orphanage," is simple enough and not very different from that of other people in the town; the most striking peculiarity in the dress is the parti-colored sleeves, one red and one black, or dark-blue and red, or blue and black, while the skirt is sometimes red, with a black waist and fichu, or black with a red waist. As the young people are wisely allowed a good deal of liberty, and as it is for the interest of the town to which they belong that these orphans should be well-behaved, the uniform serves as a kind of police to keep a quiet watch upon them. The girls are not expected to go where they ought not, and the uniform, in their case, is rather to keep others in order than themselves; but, with the boys, it serves to put them on their good behavior as to taverns and other questionable resorts. Should a boy from one of these institutions be

seen by a townsman going into a drinking-place, information would at once be given, and the delinquent brought up with a round turn. In the old church at Delft we heard the sweet voices of these orphan-girls in the choir, and afterward saw them coming down from the gallery and lighting up the dull uninteresting interior—what can be meaner, more poverty-stricken than the Dutch churches?—with their scarlet sleeves. In Walther Firlé's picture we see a group of orphan-girls assembled in the parlor of the Superior, singing their morning hymn. The bright sunny room looks out through large windows, not upon the street, as one might suppose from the appearance of the opposite buildings, but upon the opposite side of the large garden about which the buildings of the Orphanage are placed. It is one of these ample gardens which Mr. Wm. M. Chase has painted for us, with the girls in groups quietly enjoying the pleasant summer's day. What touches us in Mr. Firlé's picture is its unaffectedness; the simple, unadorned expression of natural feeling running through the whole scene; from the company of comely maidens at the left, in their snowy aprons, fichus, and caps, contrasting with their dark gowns, as they stand circle-wise about their leader, to the aged Superior, sitting with clasped hands in her arm-chair, and listening with half-closed eyes and spirit withdrawn, to the song in which, as a girl, she once took part. Behind the polished table by which she sits, another of the inmates, somewhat older than the girls who are singing, but still young, has come in to spread the cloth for the Superior's breakfast, thinking the service over; she stops, with the cloth folded over her arm, and with clasped hands listens to the closing notes of the hymn. A lovely tranquil picture, and if we look at it from the professional point, composed with much skill; the risk the artist ran was, lest he should make two pictures of one, since the groups at the right and left are so strongly divided. But the sentiment of the scene culminates in the figure of the Superior; we feel that it is for her that the picture was painted; and the action and expression of the young woman who is entering, as it leads us back again to the group of singers, binds the whole composition once more together. It will be noticed that the room we are now looking at has with all its simplicity of furnishing, a touch of refinement and grace of living in which Claus Meyer's room in the Béguinage is wanting. It would be hard to say in just what this touch consists; the handsome clock, the flowering-plants on the window-sill, the sheer muslin curtains, the manifest mirror, in its moulded frame; these things hardly account for the expression we have remarked. After all, is it not in these young girls themselves, in their erect and unaffected bearing, in their faces, speaking of health of body and mind, that the greater charm of this



"MORNING-PRAYER IN THE ORPHANAGE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WALTHER FIRLE.



scene consists? Youth is the true sunshine of the world; the sun that lights the earth is only an image of it.

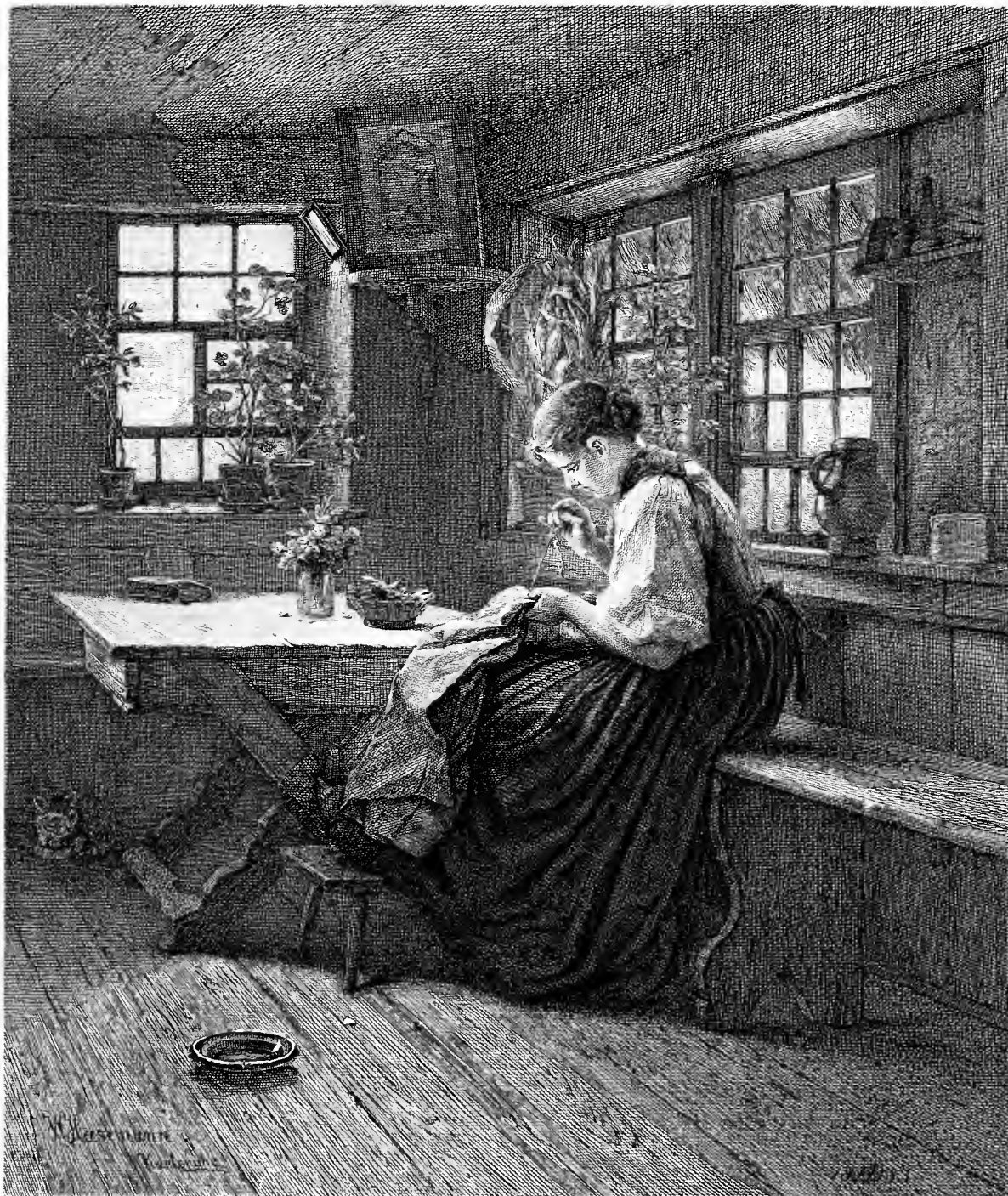
WILHELM HASEMANN, an artist of the younger race, who hails from Carlsruhe, has expressed in his picture, "A Young Girl Sewing" the same tranquil domesticity that we find so often celebrated in German *genre* painting, but which is seldom treated with the taste and artistic completeness shown in this work. Apart from the sentiment that would attract the general public to the subject, there are many persons who will find a pleasure in looking at the picture for the sake of the pretty bow-window and the comfortable look of the corner in which this young girl has ensconced herself. Many and many a hint for the artistic arrangement of our houses, for their furniture and their decoration in general, has been gathered from such pictures as this. And if much that is in vogue in our country nowadays has a German, and sometimes a mediæval German, look, it is because ten such interiors as this are painted to one French one, and ten German books dealing with old-time household manners and customs are published where one appears in France or England. And as all these pictures and books influence public taste, and beside giving hints to private persons, are largely drawn upon by professional designers and decorators, it is natural that the German influence should get the upper hand. In Germany itself, the influence of the new studies in this direction has had striking results. The nationalizing of Germany has, as we have already seen, given a great impetus to the study of her past, not merely in what is usually dignified with the title of history, but in every department of life, and the house and its belongings have become a rich and fruitful field of research and discovery. Not a stone has been left unturned, and as the scientific students did their work in gleaning from books, pictures, old monuments of every kind, a knowledge of how their ancestors lived, moved, and had their being, the writers took up the subject and popularized it—such books as Falk's "The House" and Georges Hirth's "The German Room," have done good service in the cause—and then the artists presented the theme to the eye, and made the old chairs and tables, and panelled walls, and timbered ceilings, and hospitable chimney-pieces more attractive still. It became the fashion to furnish houses in the old German style; the pictures of Dürer and Holbein, and the cuts of the old book-illustrators, were freely drawn upon for models, and much that was superficially attractive was produced. Then, as now, the artists helped the cause along with their pictures, popularizing it in a way that could not have been done by the mere practice of private persons. Where only a man's family and friends would see the interior of his house,

a picture could communicate a similar model to a whole cityful of people. Beside private houses, it became the fashion to put up taverns, restaurants, and club-rooms in old German style; there are many places in Germany where this fad has been carried out with great thoroughness; not only the chairs and tables, the wainscoting, and the fittings of the room are exact reproductions of the style of the early sixteenth century, but the earthenware, the beer-mugs, the linen, are all of the same style; yet as in all such matters, human nature itself makes her protest against turning back the hands of the social clock, by refusing to make her men and women over in the old moulds. French bonnets, stove-pipe hats, coats and trousers, obstinately refuse to make concessions, and the anachronism is fatally exposed. Later, with the growing influence of Prussia, and the worship of the Great Frederick, the counter-current of the *Rococo* set in, and to-day, although the old Gothic style of Dürer and Holbein's time has many advocates, the freer, looser style of Louis XV. has been cultivated with vigor and success, and has once again become almost a national style. It is used with surprising dexterity and grace by the artists of Munich among others, and even the stone-cutters, the workers in that cement which gives at small expense such a grandiose air to many of her buildings, the carvers in wood and the workers in metal, have learned to handle this style with an ease and skill that are like a second nature.

Pictures such as this we give by Hasemann have the advantage of recommending a style that is more distinctly amenable to modern ways of living. There is nothing here that might not be transplanted to the most modern house even in our own country, and made at home there, provided that a certain degree of culture had prepared the way for such simplicity, and for the true enjoyment of the home-side of life, the side that is not meant for strangers or the public.

In another picture by the painter of the "Nunnery in Bruges," "The Dice-throwers," the artist has given us a glimpse of a corner in one of the inns in Munich that we have alluded to, as having been refitted in the style of an older time. If it were not for the young man's big hat and the still bigger hat of the old man who sits at the end of the table we might take this lot of dice-throwers for contemporaries, but we suppose that was not Meyer's intention. He has rather wished to carry us back to the times of Terburg and Pieter de Hooghe, but, however it may be with the painting, it may be admitted that his people have much more life in them than the older men knew how to put in theirs. This picture has become a great favorite with the artist's public at home, and even here has met with much favor; its picturesqueness wins





W. HASEMANN PXT

H. BURKNER SC

## A TRANQUIL HOUR

I

ST. MARSHES, NEW YORK



it friends on one side; the earnestness of the actors attracts others. The head of the old man who has just made the throw is painted with great force—the ownership of the broad piece



"THE DICE-THROWERS."

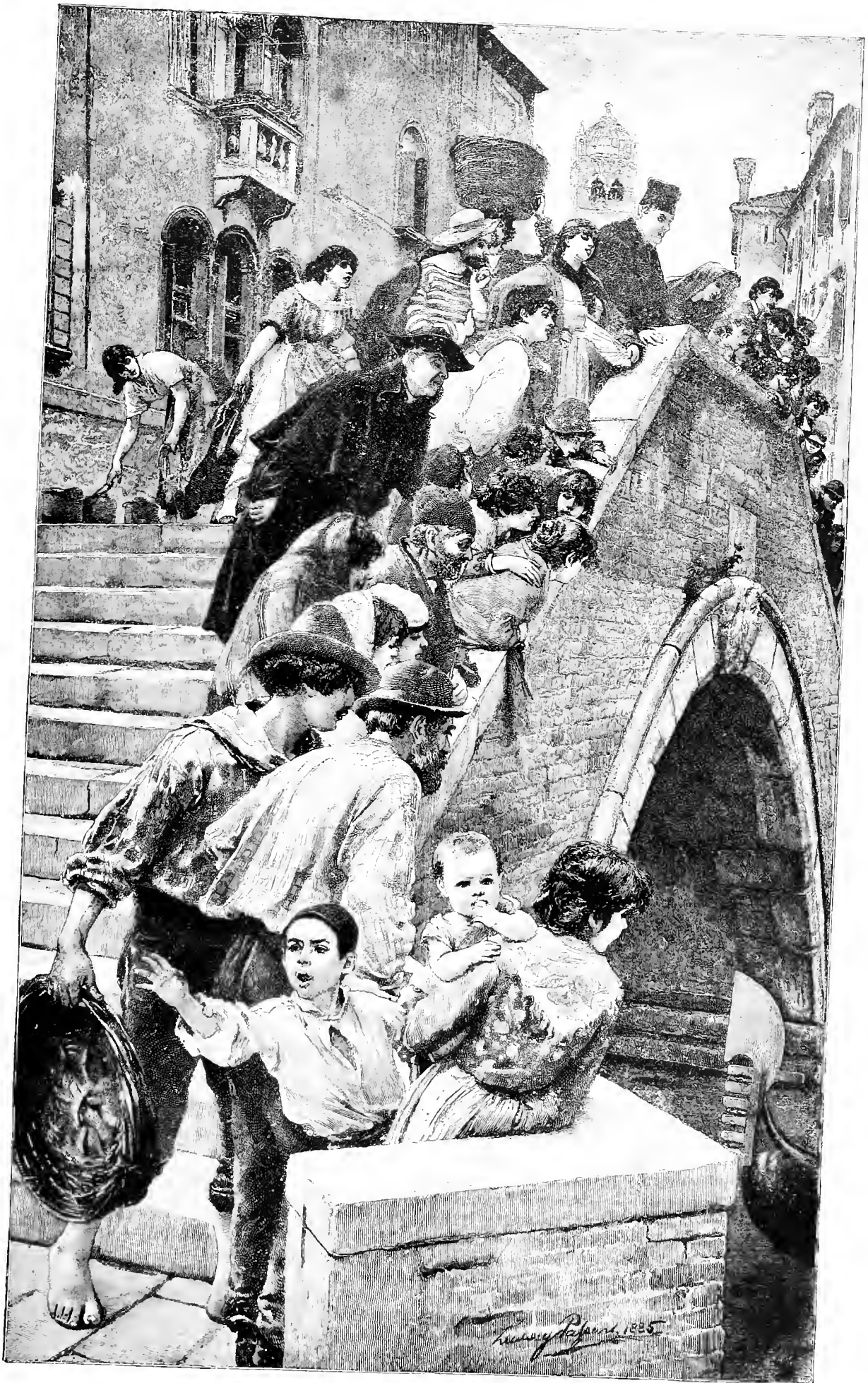
FROM THE PICTURE BY CLAUD MEYER

\* \*

of gold at his side hangs upon the whim of the die, that for a second, as we look at it, dances on its edge ! Will he keep them, or will they pass over to the young man who watches the cast with knitted brows ? The old man nearest us seems to be the least interested in the game of the party ; he cares more for his beer than for the throw, and holds his old Flemish mug in readiness to drain it the instant the die has made up its mind on which side to fall.

LUDWIG PASSINI, in spite of his Italian name, is a native of Vienna, where he was born in 1832. He must not be confounded with Alberto Passini, the painter of scenes from the life of Turkey and Persia, who was born at Busseto, in Italy. Ludwig Passini was taken early by his parents to Trieste and thence to Venice. He studied with Karl Werner and accompanied him on a visit to Dalmatia ; afterward the two artists worked much in company with Carl Haag. After a visit to Rome, and another to Berlin, where he was married, he returned to Venice, and has since lived altogether in that city. He paints principally in water-colors, in which he is one of the first masters of his time. His picture "Curiosity" gives an excellent idea of his work, although he has done more serious things—Mr. Vanderbilt's fine example, for instance, "Peasants hearing Mass." With a nice sense of humor, Passini has kept us from seeing what it is that so excites the curiosity of these Venetians. Who is in the gondola, the prow of which we just discover passing under the bridge ? There is no knowing. Perhaps some person of distinction has just arrived in the city, more likely it is a pair of lovers newly wed, or on their way to church. But, in fact, anything at all unusual will gather a crowd in Venice, or, for that matter, in any Italian city. On this occasion we find almost every rank in life represented, except the highest—there is no gentleman visible, much less any lady ; no Venetian lady being ever seen in the streets. Here, however, are good people enough, and a priest or two to bless them ; the variety of character is remarkable, and so great is the artist's skill, that the individuality of the smallest face is preserved, while the essentially Venetian characteristics of the crowd are given with a freedom and spontaneity of touch that can only come of long familiarity and constant study. All these people, forgetting their occupations, forgetting what brought them out of their houses, have rushed to the parapet of the bridge—'tis in one of the *calle*, or narrow streets—to catch a glimpse of the stranger, were it only for a second. Only one person in the crowd keeps cool and remains indifferent—the baby on its young nurse's arm ! His eyes are rather attracted by the boys who are racing up the street at the call of the noisy gamin, who is shouting in our ears—a figure adroitly introduced by the artist to carry his subject outside his frame. We may study the picture as long as we





'CURIOSITY.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG PASSINI.





will; every face is a type and gives us something to study; the two girls drawing water in their copper buckets, of whom one still clings to her duty while the other yields to resistless curiosity; the pretty girl who rests her fan on the parapet, and looks as if she thought to herself that another girl she knows would make as fair a bride; or the young fisherman in front, an undeveloped tenor, Masaniello or Edgardo; the girls pressing on one another, eager for a sight and making their feminine comments; the priest on his dignity, a little scornful



"THE PUMPKIN-SELLER."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG PASSINI.

of himself for yielding to his curiosity, and drawing back his cloak with professional discretion; and so the character-drawing goes on, true to the life in the smallest head of the group that ends the line.

The same traits of observation appear in our other picture, "The Zucca (pumpkin) Seller," and which needs no help to understand from any commentator. These men, with their boat-load of pumpkins brought from their farm on the mainland, are making their way to a sale through a sea of gossip and small talk. As yet, only one pumpkin has been got rid of and that is being carried into her house by the buyer under considerable difficulties. It is at

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present extremely dubious whether the superior young person with a black jacket and lace on her sleeves, will decide to take either of the pumpkins on which the dealer is volubly descanting. His assistant, in charge of the tiller, gossips with a girl who is fetching water, while he fills his pipe anew. In the stern of the boat the farmer's boy takes a rest from handling the oar, and chews a straw by way of appetizer for a breakfast that depends on the

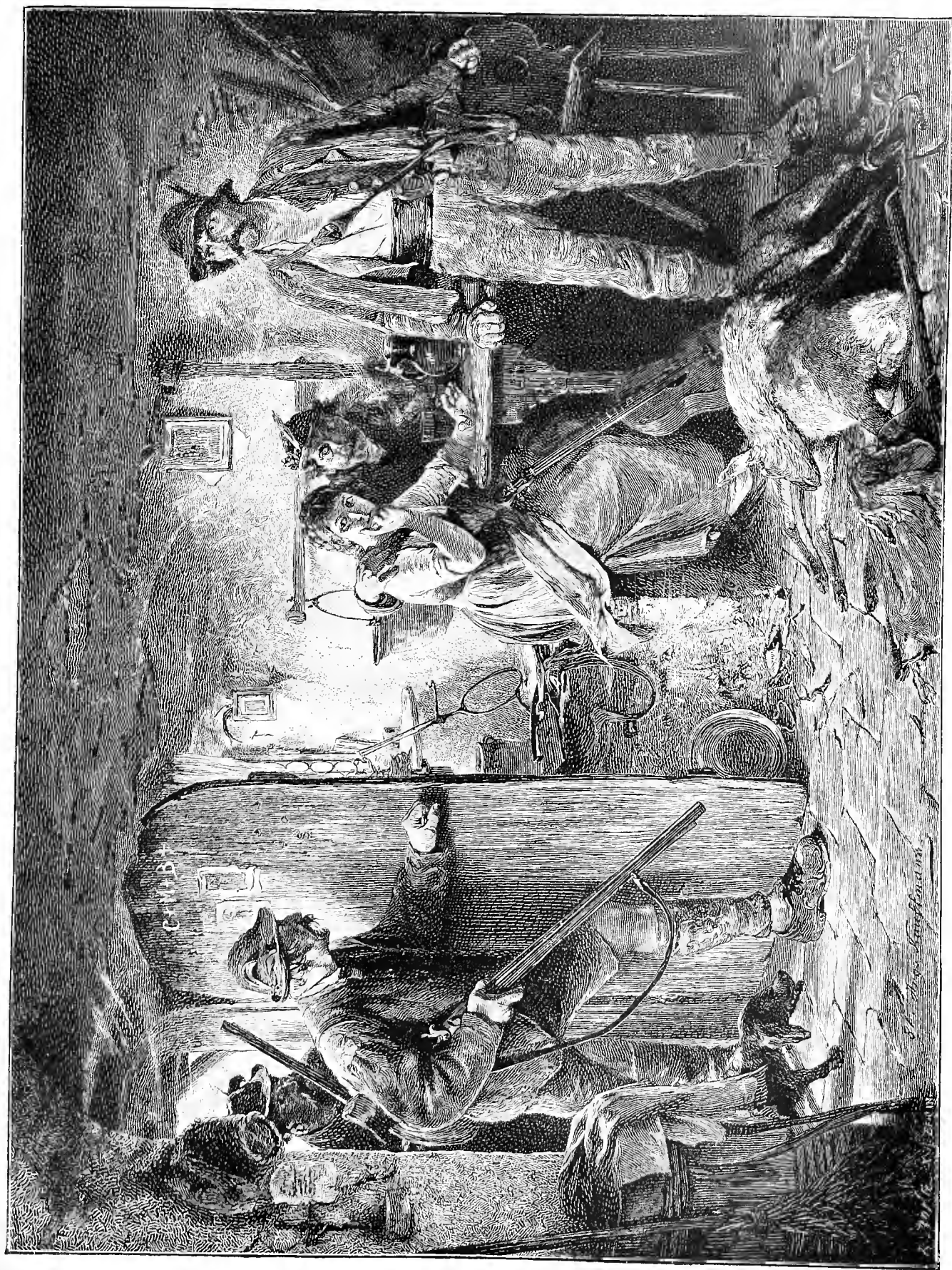


"THE CONSCRIPT'S WAGON."

FROM THE PICTURE BY AUGUST PETTENKOFEN.

sale of enough pumpkins for a profit. In the distance a young woman walks off like a duchess, with a fine scorn of pumpkins, and of mere vulgar cares of all sorts. Passini remains the painter of the popular life of Venice before all others. No one has interpreted that life with a fulness, a humanity, and a dramatic sense in any way comparable to his.

HUGO KAUFFMANN, born in Hamburg, in 1844, draws almost all his subjects from the life of the common people, and invests his scenes with no little dramatic power. His "Poachers



"CAUGHT AT LAST."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY HUGO KAUFMANN.





Surprised," tells over again a story that has always been a favorite one in countries where the game-laws are made in the interest of a class, and where their violation is a crime liable to the severest penalties. These men have been discovered in their rude retreat where, after a day's successful sport, they were amusing themselves, in company with the woman who shares their fortunes. Their guns, unwarily laid aside upon the stone bench, are of no use to them, nor would they, perhaps, dare to use them if they could. Their offence is flagrant enough, for the fawns that they have killed are in plain view upon the floor. Hatred is on the man's face who has sprung to his feet; his clenched fist motions revenge, but he feels his powerlessness. His companion keeps his seat and instinctively puts his arm about the woman at his side to protect her. The guitar on which she has been playing has slipped to the floor. A few minutes, and the unlucky pair will be marching hand-cuffed before their captor on their road to judgment. This is good, vigorous painting, a story clearly told, but it has only a local interest, and as it deals with only a constructive offence, and not a crime in itself, its interest is purely local; here in America, for instance, such a picture has no value outside its technical merit. In Germany, it is supposed to convey a deep moral lesson.

The little sketch, "The Conscript's Wagon," by AUGUST VON PETTENKOFEN, an artist of Vienna, who began life as a soldier, is a vigorous, lively study of a scene in Hungary, where the artist spent much time. He has also lived in Venice, but his working place is Vienna. There is plenty of "go" in this picture; the horses dash madly along, the captain beats the drum, and all shout and sing together to keep up their spirits, for may they not all be shot to-morrow?

## X.

A PLACE apart in the art of modern Germany is held by ARNOLD BÖCKLIN, from the long list of whose productions we present our readers with two characteristic examples. He was born in 1827 at Basle, and took up the study of art in obedience to an over-mastering inclination, and in spite of the obstinate opposition of his father. His first studies were made at Düsseldorf, under Schirmer, and were devoted to landscape, but later he withdrew from the Academy and gave himself up to the direct study of nature, laboring long and diligently at recording his observations and impressions received at first hand. Leaving Schirmer's direction, he passed to Brussels, where he studied figure-painting as earnestly as he had before

studied landscape. Restlessness was characteristic of Böcklin's youth, and wearying of Brussels he turned to Paris, but arrived there at an unfortunate time, when the Revolution of 1848 was turning everything topsy-turvy. His stay in Paris was short, and he learned but little there; although some of his German biographers trace to the impression made upon his sensitive youthful mind by the cruelties he witnessed on the part of the soldiery, the discord of his coloring and the want of harmony between the contents of his pictures and their outward form! Perhaps if the Germans would cease thinking it a moral duty to attempt an explanation of every fact in the universe, they would be saved from some of the absurdities they occasionally fall into. Hastily quitting Paris and its disagreeable soldiery, Böcklin returned to his paternal Basle, and from thence went to Rome, where for some time he supported a scanty existence by working for the publishers, finding solace for his hard experiences in the congenial society of other artists as poor as himself, among them the now deceased Dreber and Feuerbach, with whom he enjoyed to the full their common wanderings in the field of classic art. In Rome, in spite of his poverty, he must needs take to himself a wife, and after a short acquaintance he married Angelina Pasucci, a poor orphan whom he had found living in the sorest need. Happy as he found himself in his new relation,—a happiness that suffered a cruel check in the loss of his first-born child—life in Rome proved too hard for Böcklin, and he went again to Basle, where he hoped that he might find an opening for his talent. But things were no better there, and the history of his first commission is a melancholy episode in his life. He received an invitation from a rich amateur of Hanover to paint the walls of his dining-room with a subject of his own choosing. Filled with high hopes, he took his wife and child, and left Basle for Hanover, where he soon covered the walls of the room consigned to him with a series of landscapes painted in distemper on linen, where man's relations, so to speak, with Fire, were indicated in that allegorical fashion so dear to the German mind. These pictures have since been transferred to Cassel, where their owner has built himself a Gothic villa. On the first wall is painted, at one side, a nymph in a meadow, symbolizing, in ways best known to the allegorizing mind, the primæval ages; then comes Prometheus, the luckless inventor of fire, and lastly Adam and Eve. Then follows the Age of Gold; the farmer sows his field, women fetch water from the spring, an altar smokes with the sacrifice which the shepherds bring to the god of the wood. The series ends with the burning of a villa crowning a rocky steep; the foreground is filled with people who rend the heaven with their cries. When all was finished, the astonished amateur, not at all comprehending this strange mixture



of subjects and motives, expressed his dissatisfaction with the way in which his well-méant commission had been filled, and in plain terms refused at first to accept the work. A lawsuit ensued, and while it was pending, the artist and his family, dependent on this work for their support in a strange city, were put to great straits, and in the end he left inhospitable Hanover and made his way to Munich, where, as it proved, better luck awaited him. Among the many friends he had made in the early days in Rome, Paul Heyse, the novelist, was one of those most strongly attracted to him. They came together again at Munich, and the poet of the pen introduced the poet of the brush to Count Schack, who at once found in the talent of the artist something congenial, and gave him so many commissions that it is only in his gallery in Munich that we can get a complete idea of Böcklin's talent. From this time the success of Böcklin was assured, and whatever his talent has been able to accomplish has been produced under circumstances altogether favorable. His position among German artists, though certainly not universally accepted, is with the foremost, and whatever faults he may be justly charged with, and certainly they are not few, it must be admitted that his distinctive merits richly overweigh them. His work may be classed under the two heads of landscape and romantic *genre*, and the examples in Count Schack's gallery are among his chief productions in either class. In this famous gallery, one of the finest collections of modern German art to be found anywhere, we meet with the pictures of many artists not seen elsewhere in places accessible to the public; while some, like Schwind, Feuerbach, Genelli, and Böcklin, are only to be completely understood by the visitor to this gallery, so generously made free to all, since the insignificant porter's fee cannot be a bar to any one who cares for pictures at all. The landscape we copy from Böcklin, "The Villa by the Sea," is one of the pictures by him in the Schack gallery, and it is a subject that so greatly interests the artist that he has painted several repetitions of it, varying, of course, somewhat in the details. Böcklin's idea, according to Pecht, is to represent a rich villa by the sea, that has been burned and plundered in the early morning by pirates, the owner murdered, and the women and treasure carried away. This is the general theme, but in the example we give, the calamity would not appear to be so recent. The flames are long since extinguished; nature, as is her way, has sought by new growths of vine and verdure, to hide the traces of rapine and destruction, and one of those who in happier times dwelt in this stately palace, has returned to weep over the memory of the past. The ruin wrought by the pirates is complete, but enough is left to show us what the place was in its days of prosperity. The marble columns of the portico still stand, and

against the blue sky one or two of the statues remain that formerly guarded the terrace upon its top. Still in the garden, now encumbered and overlaid with fallen trees and shrubbery, Neptune tries to guide the ramping horses of the fountain, but as the vandals have left the once smiling place, it will forever remain. The sea-birds, hoarsely screaming, will fly about the rocks, the stormy winds will beat the shrubbery and bend the tall cedars like reeds, and



"THE VILLA BY THE SEA."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

little by little the desolation and ruin will be complete. Much of this we feel in looking at Böcklin's picture, but we feel, too, that the subject is not treated with the dignity that belongs to it. There is too much detail, and the pictorial interest is frittered away; the eye wanders all over the canvas seeking for a place where it may rest. Nor is this the only difficulty; we feel that the sky and the land are not in sympathy; they do not belong together. A wind that could so drive the shrubbery before it, and bend the tall trees, would never let the waves play so at their ease along the shore, nor show us a sky so clear of clouds. There is a want



"THE MERMAIDENS."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY ARNOLD BÖCKLIN



of tone, a crudity of coloring, which betrays itself as plainly in the picture as it does in the engraving. It seems to us that Böcklin shows to most advantage in such pictures as "The Mermaidens"—the one we copy—the "Nereid" of the Schack Gallery, the "Fight of the Centaurs," and others of the same general character—attempts to put life and reality into the long departed fancies of antique poetry and fable. In his "ideal landscapes"—of which "The Villa by the Sea" is one of the most striking, we may think we discover a relationship to the art of the French romantics, although he came too late to share in the glow of discovery; and other influences, derived from literature and the experiences of travel, especially from his life in Italy, where he wandered over classic ground, arm in arm with love and friendship, had, no doubt, much to do with these creations, all of which are variations upon a common theme. As we look at these landscapes, certain poems, or passages of poetry, come back to the mind; we remember Uhland, or Poe, or Coleridge, or Keats with his—

" Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn ;"

but there is no reason for supposing that Böcklin looked anywhere but within himself for his interpretation of nature. As for the other subjects—the class to which the "Nereid" of the Schack Gallery, the "Mermaidens" and the rest, belong, their origin is not difficult to trace. Such themes are familiar to the German people, whose literature from old times of Norse and Teuton is filled with legends of pixies, faeries, gnomes, water-sprites, sea-serpents, and many other denizens of the woods, and waves, and secret places of the earth, and German poets, and story-tellers, and painters have always delighted in depicting them. In Böcklin's fancy these have taken a form at once more native and more realistic than we generally see; his creations are freer from admixture with the classic, or the Renaissance transformation of the classic, such as we find in most of the German allegorizing, and in their grotesque subjects. Sometimes Böcklin's pictures of this sort suggest William Blake, and again Henry Fuseli, himself a Swiss, a native of Zurich, a man with a head full of strange fancies, but incapable of weaving them into artistic harmony. Nor is Böcklin himself capable of beautiful painting. Our engraving of "The Mermaids"—a very skilful piece of work—does the artist something more than justice by ridding us of the raw and dissonant color of the original, and fixing our attention upon the graceful lines, the spirited action, the overflowing animal spirits, the abounding playful fancy of the scene. In the first act of Richard Wagner's opera "Das Rheingold," a fancy like this of Böcklin's is given a sort of reality, but the painter's theme

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admitted of far more life and variety than were allowed the poet—for our time has produced few poets equal to Wagner. Nor is Böcklin guilty of weighting his pictures with allegorical significance or moral teaching of any kind. They do not typify the cardinal virtues, nor the cardinal sins either, nor the arts and sciences, nor any of the too well-known ingredients with which his German and French contemporaries are so fond of peopling wall and ceilings and acres of perfunctory canvas. These creatures of his fancy are simply bent on having a good time, sporting in the water that is their home. This storm-beaten rock in mid-ocean is their play-ground, and many are the antics it has witnessed. Just now, in the foreground, a wicked old merman is in hot pursuit of two stout young damsels, unaware of the jealous dash that the legitimate partner of his joys and sorrows is making for him, while the catastrophe is waited for with glee by two other maidens, one of whom clings to the rock, and the other watches the game from its top. Blake himself would have enjoyed the weird head of the other old merman that just rises above the water, as he tries to steal unawares upon the merry group. The luckless baby at the left who, in his eagerness to seize a small fish, has slipped upon the rock, is an amusing freak of fancy, and so is that of the youthful remora who is turning a hand-spring in the air. With what spirit and abandonment this figure is drawn! Böcklin has imagined for him a tail with a limpet-like end, by which he can attach himself to the rock and play with the waves at his ease. This picture might serve as an illustration for Tennyson's youthful poem:

“ I would be a mermaid fair;  
 I would sing to myself the whole of the day;  
 With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;  
 And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,  
 ‘ Who is it loves me? Who loves not me?’ ”

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But at night I would wander away, away,  
 I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,  
 And lightly vault from the throne and play  
 With the mermen in and out of the rocks;  
 We would run to and fro, and hide and seek  
 On the broad sea-wolds i' the crimson shells  
 Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.  
 But if any came near I would call, and shriek,  
 And adown the steep like a wave I would leap  
 From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells;



For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list  
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;  
They would sue me and woo me, and flatter me,  
In the purple twilights under the sea;  
But the king of them all would carry me,  
Woo me, and and win me, and marry me,  
In the branching jaspers under the sea."

HANS MAKART, when he died in 1883, at the early age of forty-three, enjoyed, especially among the younger artists of every country, a reputation as a colorist that in itself was enough to show how dead we have become in this generation to that quality which is the highest charm of art. Nor was it as a colorist alone that in the estimation of his time he stood head and shoulders above all his contemporaries. He was praised for the richness of his composition, for the exuberant fancy, the wide knowledge, the vast executive power that were displayed in his canvases. We were told, by sound of trumpet, that he had brought back the golden age of Paul Veronese, of Tintoretto, of the whole Venetian galaxy, but that he added to this rather dry and outworn repertory, a modernism, a power of sympathy with the feelings and aspirations of our own time, that made him more than the peer of the great ones gone! His reputation, that had been steadily growing since the appearance of his "Plague in Florence," was at its height in 1876, when his "Catharine Cornaro," his "Abundantia," and some of his smaller pictures, were brought to this country and shown at the Philadelphia Exposition; and it is to our credit that they made much less impression here than might have been expected, seeing how naturally prone we are to accept the judgment of older nations in matters where we take it for granted that their larger experience and ampler opportunities have given them a right to be heard. In truth, it was difficult then to understand, and it is well-nigh impossible to understand now, how Makart climbed to the position he held so long. For, to-day, it is all but universally admitted that canvases more empty of meaning, more wanting in everything that gives worth and dignity to painting, have seldom been seen. Even their boasted color no longer finds any one so poor to do it honor. And yet, as no reputation of such magnitude was ever built upon nothing, but always represents something real, it will be found that Makart, too, had a reason for being. Something, no doubt, was due to the colossal advertising he received at the hands of the dealers. In Munkacsy and Makart we have two men who owe nine-tenths of what they stand for to the magnificent skill the dealers and other men who had them in tow displayed, in rearing in

their behalf the whole vast enginery of modern "advertising." But without some basis to build upon, even this great skill, to which all Yankeedom combined could not hold a candle, would not have availed. And in Makart's case he represented the reaction against the formalizing spirit, the worn-out allegorizing, the stilted historical-painting, the dead monotony of color, which had long made of German painting the dreary sepulchre of the dry bones of art. The spirit of the whole body of the younger men was in revolt against the formalities of the studios of Munich and Berlin—a lot of dry-as-dust professors, men of no little mechanical skill, but without a drop of the poetry of art in their veins, were in possession of the schools—and it was inevitable that change must come, and that the stream so long pent up would one day burst its barriers and come down with a rush. Makart was not the only "sign of the times," but he was one of the most auspicious, because he had more ability, such as it was, than the rest of his young contemporaries, and had he applied that ability to painting big religious pictures, as Munkacsy did, he would certainly have cut a much greater figure than he actually filled, large as was the place, while his fame was at its height. Munkacsy, as we have seen, had but a few notes at his command; he had not an atom of inventive power; he painted big pictures not because he wanted to paint them—at least, their thinness and their perfunctory character make it appear so—but because those who helped him to his public knew the commercial value of big pictures. But Makart painted his great "machines," as the French call such canvases, because he delighted in a wide field, and plenty of figures, and noisy colors. His first big canvas, "The Plague in Florence," was such a hurly-burly of men, women, and colors, as up to that time had not been seen. It was painted after Makart came back from Rome to raise money, since he was in straits with poverty. He sold it out of hand to a dealer for a few hundred marks. The dealer sold it for ten thousand marks, and when it was exhibited at the Kunstverein in Munich, Makart's fame (for his lifetime at least) was secured. As the picture made its triumphal progress through the German cities, the enthusiasm increased, and even in Paris, amid the babel of voices, the praise was louder than the fault-findings, though it must not be forgotten that sober criticism outside of Germany never accepted Makart. But at home, and everywhere indeed, at first, the public cheered his work to the echo, and the Emperor of Austria set the seal to popular approval by giving the artist a commission for ten thousand marks. He then produced the "Juliet mourned by Romeo," a picture that added greatly to his reputation. Encouraged by a material success that almost at a bound had lifted him from poverty to affluence, Makart now opened a studio in Vienna

and began to paint with great industry. He produced in rapid succession the "Abundantia," the "Catarina Cornaro," the "Cleopatra," and among a crowd of smaller works which filled



"BRUNHILDE" ("DIE WALKÜRE.")

FROM THE PAINTING BY HANS MAKART.

up the crevices of his time devoted to these huge canvases, he found leisure also to paint the drop-curtain for the Vienna Stadt Theatre. In 1875 and 1876 he passed a winter in Egypt

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with Lenbach and Leopold Müller, and on his return painted the "Nile Hunt," which we engrave. This was followed by the "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," which was sent to the Paris Exposition of 1878; the next year, 1879, came the "Five Senses," and in 1880 appeared the "Diana Hunting," which is owned in this country and was exhibited at the Gallery of the American Art Association. The pictures we have named, with a considerable number of allegorical and fanciful pieces, figures named after legendary or poetical characters, such as the "Brunhilde," here given, make up the chief life-work of Makart, and his ability as a composer—or let us frankly say, his manner as a composer—for ability in this field he had absolutely none—may be judged once for all by such a subject as the "Nile Hunt." It is impossible to believe that the painter had in his mind, before beginning such a picture as this, any clear idea of what he meant to make of it. The more we study it, the more absurdities we discover, and the same may be said of every one of his large scenic paintings. He had never studied anything to the bottom; to the last, he never knew how to draw anything; he relied on dashing brush-work, and color piled on in large masses, and in rich bewildering harmonies to blind the spectator to all other considerations. It is, in fact, in the highest degree unfair to Makart to criticise his work to those who can only see it reproduced in black and white as it is here; but if the reader will look at the engraving with a view simply to discover the various details of the composition, he can at least see what a man might make out of these nude Egyptian bodies of men and women; these richly jewelled head-dresses; these boats ornamented with barbaric splendor, this trophy of game-birds, these crowded and heaped-up accessories of riotous luxury—the whole a charivari of unreason and impossibility, conceived and carried out in mere wanton lust of the eyes. All that a man with such an aim, and with power to revel to the end in fulfilling his desire could do, Makart has done, but this is the limit of his accomplishment. For the mind, for the gratification of the higher faculties, his pictures do nothing. We do not mean that they teach no moral lesson; that is not required; our criticism is, that they give no lasting pleasure of any kind. On the material side of his art, all is failure. There is no composition, no harmonizing of lines or masses, no intelligible grouping; the wearied eye seeks rest all over the crowded canvas and finds none anywhere. In this hurly-burly nobody is really doing anything, though everybody is violently pretending to do something. In the foreground is a boat, over the edge of which a net is drawn, not by the people in the boat, but by two slaves in another boat alongside. The net is found to contain a crocodile, and some fish selected apparently on account of their color,



"THE HUNT ON THE NILE."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY HANS MAKART.





that quality being a claim that Makart always pays on demand. As the crocodile is not welcome, two of the occupants of the boat are making believe despatch him, but it is plain, from the way they go to work, that the crocodile is in no great danger. As a specimen of Makart's rather insolent contempt of drawing, the reader may be asked to look at the man who is thrusting a spear at the crocodile, and to discover, if he can, what he has done with the lower half of his body. But, in truth, it is sheer waste of time to attempt to account for anything whatever in such a picture as this. The artist did not mean to make a reasonable work. He chose what he thought a picturesque subject, with plenty of excuse for rich coloring, gave himself free play, and produced such a gorgeous salad as satisfied the popular craving, and made him the favorite of the hour. But, even the coloring of Makart's pictures has no permanent charm. It surprises, and even pleases at first, because it is a relief from the dull and muddy, or crude and gaudy, coloring of German pictures in general. And no doubt Makart was strong on this side and had a great natural talent for harmonic combinations. But we soon weary of his morbid tones, hints of nature's decay, or, at the best, of her fading and declining hours; neither pure and sweet, like that of the early Italian art; nor rich and reviving, the breath of some sumptuous garden that takes our senses captive in the art of Italy's blooming-time. The test of beautiful color is the painting of the human body; all the great colorists have made this the object of their art, and everything else in their pictures has been subsidiary to this perfection. With Makart, the exact opposite is true. No painter that ever lived has shown us so many naked bodies as he, but he treats them as a part merely of his ornamental scheme, and so far from being principal, they are only foils to his flowers and gems, rich draperies, the plumes of birds, and the rest of his luxurious apparatus. This is a fatal defect, and no amount of dash or of skill in any other direction will atone for it. It is the sufficient cause of the decline of the artist's reputation, which has vanished almost as rapidly as it arose.

ANSELM FEUERBACH, the painter of the "Dante and the Noble Women of Ravenna," has been mentioned already in connection with Arnold Böcklin. An intimate friendship sprang up between the two in Italy, and at bottom there is much in common in their pictures—leaving out of consideration those playful subjects drawn from the Northern mythology in which Böcklin really resembles no one. Feuerbach was born at Speyer, in 1829. After some time spent in Düsseldorf under Schadow, and then at Munich with Rahl, he went to Paris and studied with Couture. He then made his way to Rome, and there gave himself up to the

study of the old Italian masters, and developed a style in which this influence is clearly manifested while at the same time the sentiment of his pictures is as clearly his own. The first picture that drew attention to his name was the one we copy—"Dante with the Noble Women of Ravenna." This was first exhibited at Karlsruhe, and afterward purchased by the Grand Duke. It was destined for the Karlsruhe Museum, but the opposition of Lessing, at that time Director of the Museum, was so strong that the Grand Duke gave way, and



"DANTE AND THE NOBLE WOMEN OF RAVENNA."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANSELM FEUERBACH.

retained the picture for his private collection. Lessing was obstinately opposed to the new movement in art making itself felt in the works of Feuerbach, Böcklin, and the rest of those who were striving to give expression to a romantic and idyllic art founded on the classic traditions of the Italian Renaissance, in opposition to the purely narrative and literary art of the Düsseldorf school represented by such men as Lessing. Other subjects chosen by Feuerbach show a similar leaning to serious and lofty themes, in which the treatment is in direct opposition to the spectacular and histrionic character of the art at that time the fashion

in Germany. Feuerbach rejects everything of an anecdotic or trivial nature, and translates the sentiment of his subject by simple lines and massive forms, with the action reduced to the least possible. In the "Dante and the Noble Women of Ravenna" we are free to explain the subject for ourselves, since so far as we can learn it has no historical foundation. We know little of Dante's life at Ravenna, where he passed his last days under the protection of his friend Guido Novello da Polenta, a protector of learned men, himself a poet, and the father of that Francesca da Rimini whose story Dante has told with such unrivalled pathos. By a slip of his pen, an eminent German writer, in describing this picture, makes the girl who leans upon Dante's shoulder, no other than Beatrice herself. Beatrice had, however, been dead many and many a year before Dante sought refuge in Ravenna, but in truth we suppose the time would be wasted that were given to a literal explanation of the picture. It is unfortunate, or so it seems to us, that it is so precisely named, because it sets us searching for an explanation that is hard to find. Were Dante's face not modelled on the well-known mask that shows him in his last years, if not in death, we might refer the subject to the *Vita Nova*, and explain it by the passage where Dante describes himself as walking with a company of ladies who question him about his love for Beatrice. But, as we have said, conjecture as to Feuerbach's meaning is limited by the title he has himself given to his picture.

Similar in character to this work of Feuerbach is the "Penelope" of RUDOLF VON DEUTSCH, a Russian artist by birth, born in Moscow in 1835, but who learned his art in Dresden and has lived since 1855 in Germany. He resides at present in Berlin. His subjects are almost exclusively drawn from classic poetry or from mythology: "The Chaining of Prometheus," "The Carrying off of Helena," and others. His treatment of his subjects is at once simple and grandiose; the lines and masses are severe, but in the details and the expression there is a sympathetic feeling that forbids the charge of coldness. This figure of Penelope, her loom abandoned, watching on the terrace of her palace in the fading light of day for the return of her lord Ulysses, while it reminds us in its attitude and in the lines of its drapery of the Fates of the Parthenon, is yet instinct with warm human life, and shows an intimate sympathy with the poet in whose gallery of women Penelope is one of the most beautiful figures. No one in modern times has painted anything of this kind more worthy to stand as an illustration of Homer than this.

WILHELM DIEZ, distinguished among the artists of our day as a genre-painter and illustrator, was born at Baireuth in 1839. At fourteen he went to Munich, where he has since

continued to live and work. He began his studies there under Piloty, and he is another example of the freedom enjoyed in that school, since in his case as in that of so many others, his way of looking at nature and his way of painting are as unlike his master as can be imagined. He has been compared to Wouverman, but this is unnecessary; his manner is really his own, and his individuality so strong, that it makes itself felt even when his pictures



"THE CAMP-FOLLOWER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM DIEZ.

are seen for the first time in a large collection of miscellaneous works. And yet they are but of small dimensions, and their subjects amount to but little in themselves. The two that we give, "The Camp-Follower" and the "Maranders," are illustrations of the time of the Thirty Years' War, a period with which Diez has made himself thoroughly acquainted. Mr. Kurz's excellent reproduction from the photograph, and Mr. Rhodes' equally good copy of the wood-cut, give an excellent idea of the look of his pictures, though Mr. Kurz had the advantage of the better original; the rich, flowing touch and the delightful sense of relation





"PENELOPE."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY VON DEUTSCH.





between sky, earth, and things which make the charm of Diez's pictures, are perfectly translatable by the photograph; they escape to a certain degree the skill of the engraver. In looking over a considerable collection of photographs after Diez the impression made by his pictures was renewed, that his love of painting is greater than his care for the detail of his



"THE MARAUDERS."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM DIEZ.

subject; he strives to express it, in spirit, as a whole; to give the sentiment of the scene, and to make the details rather felt than perceived. This may not be very clearly expressed; what we would like to convey may perhaps be better shown by a comparison. Thus, in Makart's pictures, we have the artist working with the same aim; he wishes us to forget the details and to see the picture as a whole. But, as Makart cannot, or what is the same in result, will not, draw any single thing so that it can be looked at and enjoyed for itself; as he

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cannot draw—or never does draw—a hand, or a foot, or a face, we perversely look for these things and as we are continually disappointed, we end by refusing to take the whole for a part, particularly as we find that truth of action and truth of attitude are no easier to find than truth in the lesser details. Now Diez, though he sinks, or never obtrudes, the details of his subject, yet proves again and again that he is master of them, and that, therefore, he can trust to our knowledge of his science, and let him hide his detail or show it, as he will. At the same time, the public is entirely right in the pleasure it tries to get out of Makart's pictures and pictures like them. If they were painted as they ought to be, they would be far better worth seeing than pictures, however clever, that deal only with the vices and the failings of mankind—with Nym and Bardolph, drunken marauders, retailing their camp-stories to one another as they stagger along the dusty road, or disgruntled soldiers lingering on the march to fill their canteens at the sutler's cart.

## XI.

THE three pictures contributed to our collection by HEINRICH HOFMANN show that versatility for which he is distinguished; but it cannot be said that this extends further than to a variety in his choice of subjects; in his treatment of his themes we find that same mannerism which balks us in the works of nearly all his countrymen; that love of stage-play, that inability to look at their subject with the eye of imagination. One and all—how few the exceptions!—see the thing as they have been taught to see it, not as they would have seen it had they trusted to the eyes and the intuitions that nature gave them. Yet Hofmann has not wanted for opportunity. He has travelled much, and seen much, and studied with more than one master. If the end have found him not far from where he began, this is a fate common to all who reduce to routine what was meant to be individual and spontaneous.

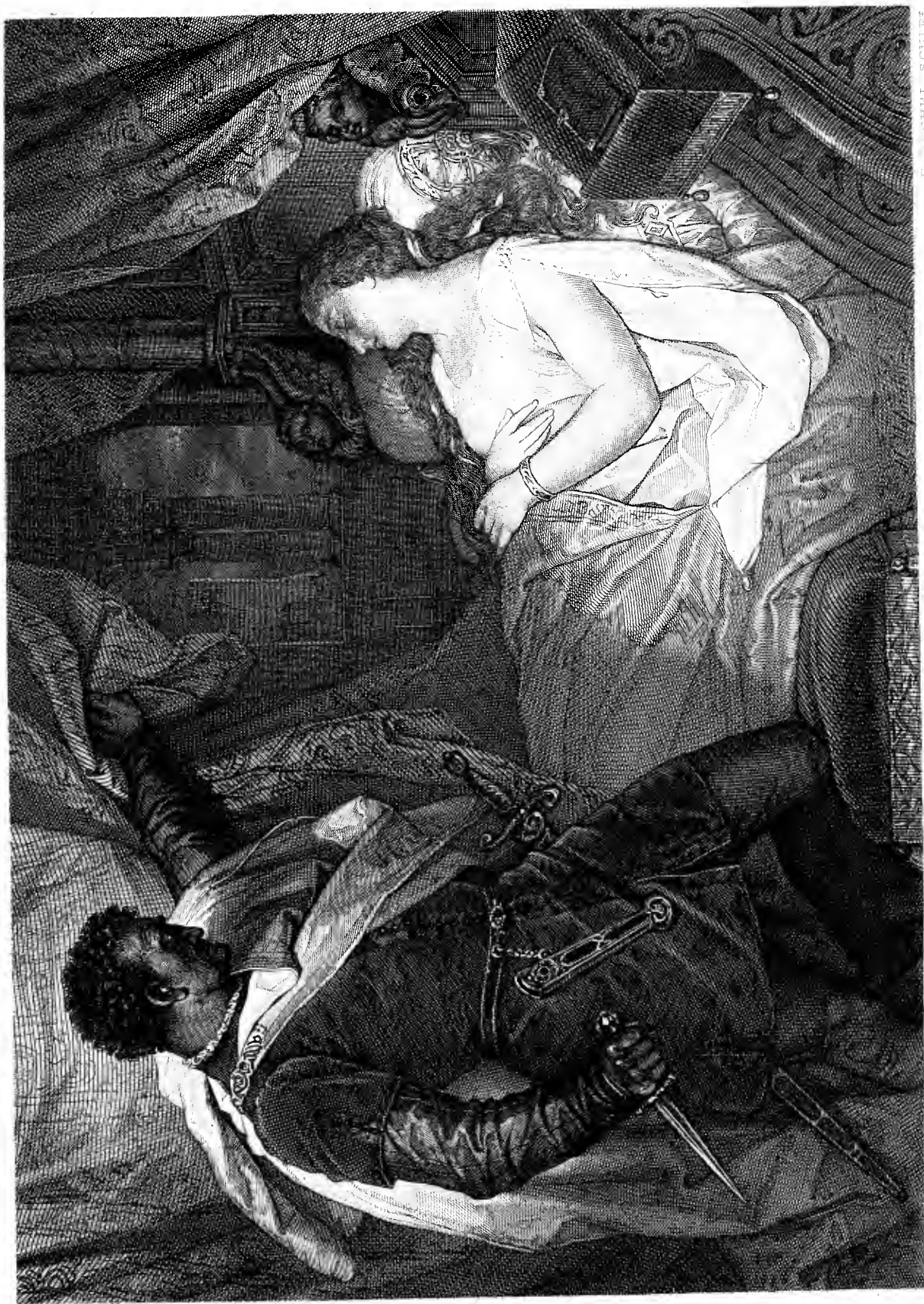
Heinrich Johann Ferdinand Michael Hofmann—it is not often that a German is weighted with so many names—was born at Darmstadt in 1824. He was a younger brother of the Secretary of State for Alsace and Lorraine, Karl Hofmann, and made his first essays in art under the engraver Ernst Rauch. At eighteen he went to Düsseldorf and studied in the Academy there under Theodore Hildebrandt and Schadow, and, as might have been predicted, produced a huge canvas, “A Scene from the History of the Longobards,” for which Schadow was mainly responsible. For a time, however, Hofmann escaped from the traditional bonds;

went to Antwerp and studied in the Academy there, then travelled in Holland and visited Paris, but returned to Darmstadt and took up portrait-painting, which he practised with great success. We next hear of him in Munich, where he is deep in Shakespeare, painting the regulation "Romeo and Juliet," his particular rendering earning him much applause. After three years' stay in the Bavarian capital he exchanged it for Darmstadt and Frankfort, where he once more took up portrait-painting, and found some distinguished sitters. In Dresden, where he lived for three years, he finished one of his principal pictures, "Enzio in Prison." "Enzio" is Henry, the natural son of Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, who was taken prisoner by the Bolognese, and held in captivity for twenty-two years. As the sole object of his enemies was to keep so strong and brave a man out of the fight they were waging with him and his father—Guelf against Ghibelline—Henry's prison was a prison only in name; he was lodged in a palace, where he kept a luxurious court, and lived the life of a prince. As we have seen in other cases, it was the opportunity the subject gave for a sumptuous display of material splendor that led the artist to choose it, and not any interest in Henry, for whom he, of course, could care nothing. In 1854 he went to Rome, where he came under the influence of Cornelius, and painted what by his admirers is considered his masterpiece—"Christ taken Prisoner," a picture which bears unmistakable signs of the teaching of Cornelius. This painting is now in the Gallery at Darmstadt, whither Hofmann repaired, on leaving Rome, and where he passed the next three years. In 1862 he took up his residence at Dresden, where he has since continued to live and work. With indefatigable industry he has all his life long produced picture after picture, of which the best that can be said is that they satisfy the taste of a large part of the German art-public; contented if it be provided with a painted story, clearly and intelligibly told, making no call upon their imagination or fancy, and presenting no point likely to provoke disturbing discussion. The titles of a few of Hofmann's pictures will show the nature of the field in which he works: "Othello and Desdemona," "Shylock and Jessica," "St. Cecilia," "Venus and Cupid," "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery" (Museum in Dresden), and "Christ Preaching on the Sea of Gennesaret" (Museum in Berlin). In the upper vestibule of the new Hoftheater, Hofmann has painted the ceiling with an apotheosis of the heroes of the old German mythology, and in the Albrechtsburg at Meissen—once, in the decline of its fortune, abandoned to the uses of the porcelain manufactory, but since renovated, and restored to something like its old splendor—Hofmann, working with other artists, took part in the decoration; his share consisting in a painting representing the

betrothal of the little prince of Saxony with the eleven-year old Bohemian princess, Sidonie. Of the three examples of Hofmann which we place before our readers, the "Othello and Desdemona" best illustrates the defects of the school to which the artist belongs, while the others show him in a more agreeable light. In the "Othello" it is easy to perceive that Hofmann conceives his subjects as a scene from a stage-play, and he has composed it as a stage-director of the old time would have done, with little reference to nature, but thinking only of stage-effect. We are so much in the habit of seeing this done that we rarely stop to analyze the matter, and discover wherein the difference between the natural and the artificial treatment lies. Of course if we were to ask for a purely natural treatment of such a subject we should be in the wrong. Shakespeare is not natural, in the legitimate meaning of the word; he invents an unreal world, and makes his people act consistently in that. And this is all that we can properly demand of the artist who attempts to make pictures of the actions Shakespeare describes. The highest art of the actor is to make the unreal, real; and the artist's aim should be no less. He certainly should carry us as far away from the actual stage as possible, and he is little to be praised if he do not, since he is much freer from the limitations of hard fact than the actor or the stage-manager. They are hampered in their aspirations by having to deal with make-believes of all sorts, not merely with make-believe men and women, but with painted canvas, oiled-paper moons, calcium-lights, and tinsel splendors of costume. The reader in his closet, if he have full sympathy with his poet, can see in his mind's eye a lovelier Verona, a more enchanting Venice than any that the stage-carpenter can show him, even if an Irving or a Booth should give him his design. And the painter is bound to be an enchanter, too; we have a right to ask of him that he leave the poet whom he attempts to "illustrate," in the realm of the imagination where he found him. But what has Hofmann done in his "Othello"? Is this stout, well-fed lady, laid so comfortably abed, and sleeping the sleep of a year-old child—is this the Desdemona whom her father described a little before:

"—— A maiden never bold:  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blush'd at herself?"

Is this the delicate being whom we heard but now singing her "song of willow," and saw beating her torn and bleeding wings against the net that villainy had wove about her? Even on the stage, surely, such a Desdemona would be regarded as ill-suited to the character. So



F. KUCHPL. SCULPSIT

H. HOFMANN PINXIT

OTHELLO.





very neat! So carefully adjusted! With such a becoming night-dress *à la Grecque*; fibula, and golden pendant too, all complete, and suitable for the purpose! This might be Imogen, now, as Iachimo saw her lying asleep, and took note of her perfections before he slipped the bracelet from her arm.

“—— I will write all down:  
Such and such pictures; there the windows; such  
The adornment of her bed——  
\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
—— She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus; here’s the leaf turned down  
Where Philomel gave up.   \*   \*   \*   \* ”

There might be some reason in the picture then, and it would be economy in the artist to make a few changes—throw away Othello’s dagger (with which he has no business, any way!), take the kinks out of his hair, make an Iachimo of him, and so get two pictures out of one! This was the cheap expedient often practised by men ’tis no offence to call superior to Mr. Hofmann—Tintoretto, for example—and therefore we may make bold to recommend it. As for Othello himself, he is familiar to us on the boards; with his conventional stage-hero’s attitude, his face made up after the well-proved recipe for passion—his voluminous mantle tossed so picturesquely over his shoulder, though we think that even on the stage such a vast piece of upholstery would be found unmanageable. The artist would hardly find in his Shakespeare a warrant for the dagger he has made play so important a part in his picture; considering that he has come resolved to shed no blood. Othello is well armed; his big sword, and his dagger just pulled from its sheath, are very threatening!

“The Child Jesus in the Temple,” is not only one of the best of Hofmann’s pictures, it seems to us one of the most pleasing among the many representations of the subject. There is no attempt here at a recondite treatment of the story, such as we find in Holman Hunt’s celebrated picture. Hofmann has not wasted his time and hours in efforts at restoring Solomon’s Temple, with nothing worth mentioning to go upon; nor has he thought it worth his while to spend six years in Jerusalem in order to paint what he might have found in London or Berlin, without trouble. Following the simple words of the story as told in Luke, he shows the child standing in the midst of the doctors. The group is placed in front of the tabernacle, which is merely indicated; its veiling curtain half withdrawn, a detail meant perhaps to be symbolical of the part Jesus was to play in the religious teaching of the race.

At the right of the picture, one of the doctors is sitting with a book in his lap which he has been examining for some text that might confute the boy's argument. The gesture of Jesus shows that he is answering the question, and his answer evidently moves the minds of all his hearers, each of whom expresses his feeling in his own way, according to his character. A very old rabbi near him, leaning on his staff, regards the child with the pleased wonder of age



"THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HEINRICH HOFMANN.

in the brightness of youth. Next him, a younger man, keen-witted and intellectual, follows the argument with interested attention, the action of his hand showing his readiness to interrupt the speaker with an objection, but that respect, as for a superior, restrains him until the proper moment. On the other side, a sterner auditor listens in no relenting mood to words that even from the mouth of a child, threaten the stability of a creed to which he is pledged. His arm resting strongly on the book of his faith, he grasps his beard, and looks earnestly in

the face of the youthful prophet, while with the other hand he holds the scroll of the law, as if it were a weapon whose temper against such a foe he almost doubts. Behind this man appears the head of still another who looks on at what is passing with an expression of mere curiosity. We have said that Hofmann has not attempted to make of his pictures an antiquarian study. He has no doubt been wise in this, since we really know but little of what the costumes, furniture, and details in general of the outward life of the time were like. He has dressed his doctors in costumes partly Roman and partly Oriental, and with the exception, perhaps, of the oldest of the group, has not attempted to mark these people with the supposed distinctive features of their race. He has certainly succeeded, if that were his aim, in making an interesting picture of an event that can never lose its charm; one of those anecdotes of the childhood of great men that the world cherishes as among its pleasantest possessions. It has from earliest time had a place in the pictured series of the Life of Christ, and in that of his Mother, and it would be an interesting study to bring together the various interpretations of it by the masters of the art. The directions given in the most ancient Greek manual for the assistance of painters charged with the decoration of churches and missals, for the treatment of this subject, were followed by all the earliest artists in the west, and continued to be so followed down to the time of the Renaissance. These directions are as follows, given with the terse simplicity that marks all the contents of the book:

“Within the temple, Christ is seated on a throne. In one hand he holds an unopened scroll; the other hand is extended. About him, the scribes and pharisees are seated; they look at him with astonishment. Behind the throne Joseph is seen, to whom the mother of God points out the Christ.”

Among the older German artists Dürer has treated this subject, introducing it into his series of designs for the Life of the Virgin. As is too common with him, the quaintness of his conception, and his independence of convention makes his representation interesting at the expense of its dignity. Christ sits at a high desk on a platform under a canopy, and lectures his audience with an energy that has plunged them all into confusion. They gather into groups to conjure up arguments of defence against the unlooked-for invader, they shut up their books with bangs of despair; lean their heads on their hands; shake warning fingers, or gaze up at the ceiling as if hoping against hope for help from heaven. One very old pharisee, still trusting in his books, has toddled out after a convincing volume, which he brings back, supporting his steps with a crutch. Opposite, entering by the porch, we see Mary and

Joseph; Mary with her hands folded in prayer; Joseph, hat in hand, in his usual attitude of humility. Dürer's design is a type of the disorder that was brought into the domain of



"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HEINRICH HOFMANN.

religious teaching by means of art, when every artist thought himself at liberty to translate the subject according to his own taste. Perhaps the most extraordinary perversion of the

poetic interest of the story is, however, found in the representation by Menzel alluded to in our notice of that artist, where the whole force of his undoubted talent has been brought to bear in putting the Jews in a hateful light. Jesus himself is hardly spared, since he appears as a youth of preternatural sharpness, who sees with intellectual gusto the confusion of his adversaries. It is worth remarking in passing, that this vein of malice, so foreign to modern ideas of the character of Jesus, is conspicuous in the so-called apocryphal books that describe his infancy. One of these, bearing on our subject, relates that in school, the teacher, instructing the boy in the alphabet, asked him to say Aleph. He said it, and was then told to say Beth. "No," rebelled the child, "not till you tell me what Aleph means!" The teacher raised his hand to strike him, and immediately it was withered. It can hardly be denied that something of this harshness appears in the answer that the boy made to his mother when she reproached him for putting his parents to so much trouble in searching for him: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

In still a third picture, Hofmann deals with the fairy-tales of his own country; painting the scene from the story of the "Sleeping Beauty" where the Prince arrives who will break the charm. This is a subject not above the artist's powers, and his treatment of it is pleasing enough. Dornroeschen, as the Germans call the maiden, has gone to sleep in a cheerful place, in an open gallery at the top of the castle. A rich arcade rose-wreathed looks out upon the sunlit landscape, and roses, growing at their will for all their hundred summers, have covered wall and stairway with their fragrant barrier. Dornroeschen sits in slumber; one hand half supporting her head as it leans against the marble pillar, the other, drooping at her side, just holds without holding, the spindle that has wounded her, while at her side is the basket of wool that she was spinning when her drowsy eyelids began to fall. On the rod that ties the arches of the arcade, her hawks are perched asleep, on the ledge asleep, curled up and quite content to sleep forever, is her favorite cat, and on the parapet of the stairs, with his head under his wing, the peacock sleeps with all the hundred eyes of his gorgeous tail. But, up the stairs the prince at last is coming; in his hunter's dress, with cap and feather, his horn slung about his neck, he tears the hindering thorns aside, and mounts the stairs—

"More close and close his footsteps wind;  
The magic music as his heart  
Beats quick and quicker, till he find  
The quiet chamber far apart.

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His spirit flutters like a lark,  
He stoops,—to kiss her—on his knee,  
'Love, if thy tresses be so dark,  
How dark those hidden eyes must be!'"



"FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG."

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLPH BENDEMANN.



Another tale of fairy-land is illustrated by RUDOLPH BENDEMANN, the son of that Edouard Bendemann already spoken of in these pages. This artist, whose full name is Rudolf Christian Eugen, was born in Dresden in 1851, and studied first at Düsseldorf and later with his father, under whose direction he was still working when he painted the scene from the Frithiof's Saga, which we engrave. At the same period he painted other pictures that gave him reputation, and took part in the decoration of the New Museum in Berlin, where he executed, in encaustic, some of the groups of the Geniuses who preside over the different arts. The scene from the Frithiof's Saga is treated with much directness, grace, and poetic sympathy, characteristics which the young artist has inherited from his father, whose "Jews in Captivity" and "Jeremiah on the Ruins of Jerusalem" are remarkably free from the grandiose mannerisms of the time when they were painted, but who excelled in the treatment of those allegorical decorations, the love of which seems ineradicable from the German breast. If we must have them, Edouard Bendemann has had the skill to make them tolerable, and his son has shown the power of sympathy to put life into an old world-story.

The Frithiof's Saga, or, as we should say, the Tale of Frithiof, is a poem translated into the Swedish language out of the Saxon by Esaias Tegner, the author of that "Children of the Lord's Supper" which was long ago translated into English by our Longfellow. It relates the loves of Frithiof the lowly-born son of Thorsten, for Ingeborg, the daughter of the great Jarl Bele; and the adventures of the youth in search of perils and dangers to be overcome for the sake of his mistress, since it was only by bravery and heroic deeds that he could hope to break down the barriers that his birth interposed between them. The children had been brought up together, living under the same roof in constant companionship, sharing one another's sports and occupations, and growing up unconsciously into mutual love. This part of the poem reminds us of the opening chapters of "Paul and Virginia," the rudeness of the only accessible English translation cannot blind us to the simple charm of the narrative—

"How gladly at her side steer'd he  
His barque across the deep blue sea:  
While gayly tacking, Frithiof stands,  
How merrily clap her soft white hands.

"No birds' nests yet so lofty were,  
That thither he not climb'd for her.  
Even the eagle, as he clondward swung,  
Was plunder'd both of eggs and young.

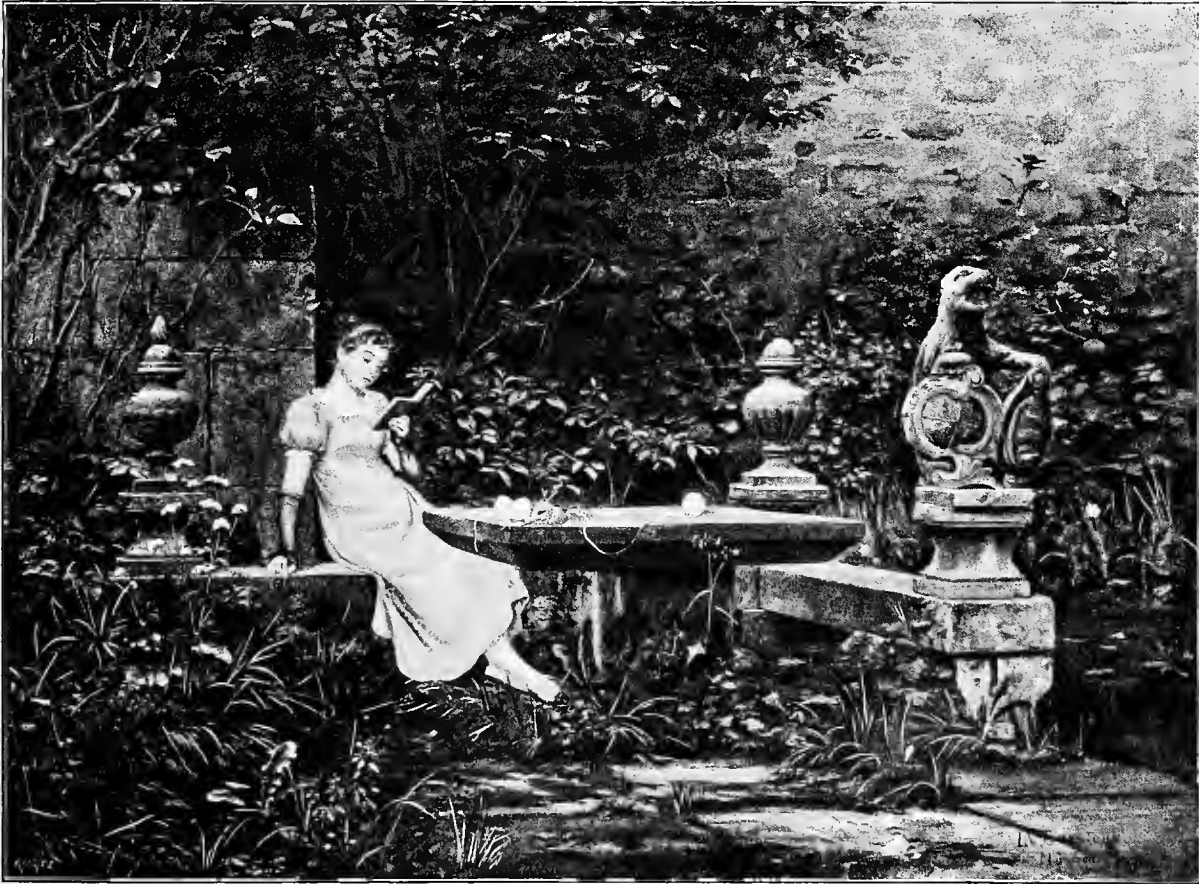
"No streamlet's water rush'd so swift,  
O'er which he would not Ingeborg lift;  
So pleasant feels, when foam-rush 'larms,  
The gentle cling of small white arms.

"The first pale flower that spring has shed,  
The strawberry sweet that first grows red,  
The corn-ear, first in ripe gold clad,  
To her he offer'd, true and glad."

These verses gave young Bendemann his theme, and certainly he has made a pretty pastoral out of it. While the boy has been busy with his bow-and-arrows, the girl has been weaving him a crown of wild-flowers, as she sat awaiting him on the stone seat he built for her on the shore of the fiord, and now she leans forward to place it on his head as he kneels before her with the first fruits of his hunting. Like the young Parsifal, he would seem to have for his motto: "I shoot at everything that flies," and in the pride of his exploit, that shines in his face and transfigures his boyish body, he forgets that dead birds may not be the fittest offerings for a girl's delighting! All the romance is, however, on Frithiof's side. Ingeborg is a tight, practical Norse maiden, not a bit sentimental, and, for all that appears, she will welcome Frithiof's gifts with an eye to a good dinner for their outing, cooked to a turn in a cleft of the rock, and seasoned with that best of relishes that health and youth have always at command.

L. V. CARSTENS, a Munich artist, has found an attractive subject in this "Cosy Corner"—a nook in the deserted garden of an old castle such as are found all over Europe, sad, romantic vestiges of times gone-by forever. Perhaps, this castle is once again inhabited in part, as is the fortune of some of them nowadays, and this young girl, in wandering through the neglected rooms, has come upon some book full of forgotten joys and sorrows, and taking her knitting with her, has sought out her favorite corner in the park; here, lost in the mazes of the romance, she forgets her work and forgets the time. Behind her, rises the great wall of the castle; its stones covered with moss and lichen, and embroidered on this soft-hued background with the tender tracery of the ivy. The shrubbery, grown rank and spindling for want of care, strains upward to the light, and weaves a trellis of its slender branches, through which the sunlight streams, softly diffused. Grass and weeds have long ago marked out the pattern of the pavement with their fringing growth between the edges of the flagging-stones, and although the stone bench yet holds its place, and the great slab still serves for a table, as

it did in the old days when the master of the castle and his friends came here after dinner to drink their wine and discuss the times, yet these marble blocks are worn and shaken with the years, their angles marred and their surface stained with mould. But, in the midst of all this ruin, the old ramping lion loyally guards the stone shields that keep his ancient master's titles



"A COSY CORNER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. V. CARSTENS.

alive, although his once bristling mane and angry pride are tamed by centuries of storm; and his mouth, that once roared as threateningly, is now only a safe resting-place for birds. Time, too, that so softly takes our joys away, yet is not altogether cruel, since he hides his wounds in moss and flowers, and lightens up this spot, so full of saddening memories, with this fair blossom of youth and gracefulness for whom all this ruin is but a foil.

GUSTAV ADOLF SPANGENBERG, the painter of "The Twilight Hour," is an artist of pure

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German type in his choice of subject, in his way of conceiving it, and in his style of execution. In the choice of his subject he confines himself to his own country, to its history, its legends, and its beliefs; he looks at it with the eyes of those about him, aiming no higher than to give expression to the thoughts and feelings of those among whom he lives, and in his way of painting keeping to the well-worn paths which were marked out by the early masters of painting in Germany, not, however, following them slavishly, but moved by reverence for their greatness and by sympathy with their aims. As we have pursued our narrative, in however rambling a fashion, it must have occurred more than once to the reader, that compared with the French, the German artists are much given to wandering. The French artist born in the provinces, makes his way by hook-or-crook to Paris. He has no other goal. Once planted there, he makes no other move, unless it be in summer time to stroll a little in the near country side, until the day comes when as a reward for his labors, he is sent for a four years' study-time to Italy. This finished, he gladly comes back again to Paris, and if he is so happy as to obtain employment there, he is content never to leave it, happy if he can spend his days in the sacred city. Of course, there are exceptions, but this is the rule for France. How different it is in Germany! There is no centre and there never can be for Germans; there is no city of the heart nor will there ever be. Düsseldorf, Munich, Vienna, Berlin—each has its attractions, and now one seems to promise a permanent home, and now another; while, for many a German artist, Paris or Rome, London or America, offers attractions stronger than any place in his own country, although it must be confessed, that the instances are few where German artists succeed in escaping from the limitations of their home-training. Like the greater number of his artist brethren, Spangenberg has made his wandering year—born in Hamburg in 1828, he has studied in his native city, in Antwerp, in Paris, England, Holland, again in Paris, with Couture, and a year in the atelier of that very amateurish amateur, Triqueti, then to Italy, and at last to Berlin, where he finally settled down, and where we believe he is still painting. He began with small *genre* pieces, leaning to no special class of subjects—"The Stolen Child," "The Rat-catcher of Hamelin," "St. John's Eve in Cologne," "The Forester's Family," etc., etc., then took a fancy to the Reformation-time, and painted no end of Luthers—our readers know them well; the good Martin is the George Washington of Germany, and Spangenberg's article is as sound and reliable as a Trumbull or a Stuart. "Luther in the Bosom of his Family," "Luther Translating the Bible," "Luther in the House of Cotta," "Luther's Entrance into Worms"—these are a few titles by way of sample; we





"IN THE GLOAMING."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GUSTAV SPANGENBERG.





have no mind to weary our readers with a sight of the pictures the titles stand for, but rather prefer to show them one where the artist has stepped a little out of the conventional ruts, without at the same time losing the German accent. "The Twilight Hour," embodies one of the many old legends of the German fireside, that relate to the fairies, gnomes, pixies, and other creatures that haunt the woods and waters, and the secret places of the earth, and exercise an influence on man and his belongings. As the mother sits in her arm-chair by the cradle of her child, after the day's work done, the gnomes steal up from the earth—queer, uncanny beings, in the shape of little, stunted, deformed old men—and draw near to the cradle to watch the sleeping baby. The gnomes are the embodiment of the earth-forces: the strength of the metals is in their sinews, they bind the roots of oak and pine like cordage to the foundations of the world, and swarm like sailors to their task when the tempests bend these mighty masts; the lava's molten fire burns in their veins, theirs is the savor of salt, the reviving purity of springs: they light their way with the gems imprisoned in the rocks, and so they come to the cradles of mortal children, and if they think them worthy, breathe into them the forces by which the earth is conquered for the brave, the earnest, and the pure. In the mean time, while the gnomes keep watch-and-ward over their unconscious charge, the mother sleeps, and smiles as she sees in dreams what her waking-eye could never see, the good people of the under-world blessing her child. She is not of our time, this solid and contented piece of femininity; she belongs to Nuremberg, and may be a neighbor of Albert Dürer—except that he seldom painted so pretty a face, we should say we remembered her in his pictures. Dressed in her best coif and fur-trimmed cape, with her housekeeping keys and bag safe at her side, she has been spinning all the afternoon; relieving her light labor with an occasional draught of beer from the big tankard on the window sill, and an occasional verse from the Bible by its side. Her white, well-shaped hands are lightly interlocked, her dress is rich but plain; except the wedding-ring upon her finger, the gold buttons on her sleeve and the brooch at her neck, she wears no ornaments; yet the richly carved cradle of the child and the brocaded stuff that makes its coverlid, with the Eastern rug—a rarity in those days—all show that this is a well-to-do household.

ALFONS BODENMÜLLER'S picture, "Think of the Poor," is one of a class of pictures common enough in Germany, that are rightly enough called costume-pictures—this one has really little other motive for being than the desire on the artist's part to reproduce some of the picturesque details of life in Nuremberg or elsewhere in the Germany of the XVI. century.

All is pretty enough, though naturally a little exaggerated; the costume of the mother who is teaching her little girl to be charitable, is rather a resumé of the possibilities of female dress



"THINK OF THE POOR."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALFONS BODENMÜLLER.

at a given epoch than a probable example, and as for the recipient of charity, she has been suddenly whisked-back, face, dress, baby and all, from the nineteenth century to the sixteenth

—a strange piece of forgetfulness on the part of an artist who has made up his mind to paint a costume-piece. The view of the square with its fountain and the people getting water; the climbing gabled houses, the oriel-window, are all cleverly done, and remind one vividly of Nuremberg; the window near us with its wrought-iron cage, is a good example too, though a trifle too delicate for its place and duty.

WILHELM KARL GENTZ, the painter of "A Story-teller of Cairo," has made himself a widespread fame by his pictures of Eastern life. He is a native of New Ruppín, near Berlin, where he was born in 1822. He has been a traveller from early in life. After a brief course in the Berlin University, he devoted himself to painting, going first to Antwerp and then studying six years in Paris under Couture and Gleyre. He then set out on his travels, visiting Spain, Morocco, Egypt, Nubia, Asia Minor, and Turkey. He has visited Egypt at least five times, and has painted a large number of pictures, and made drawings innumerable of scenes, incidents, and landscapes in that country and in Nubia. In 1873 he visited Jerusalem, and made careful studies of the localities for his great picture, now in the Berlin National Gallery, "The Entry of the Crown-Prince into Jerusalem in 1869." He also contributed a large number of illustrations to George Ebers's "Egypt," his pictures making indeed the chief attraction of the work. The picture we copy is interesting as showing us the birth-place, so to speak, of the delightful stories which we call the "Arabian Nights"—not that they came from any one author or were confined to any one circle of hearers, but that they have been handed down in this way by reading and recital to infinite groups of listeners from ancient times, and are still one of the chief amusements of the people. Here in this cool cavern, the lower part of the wall lined with a wainscoting of stuccoed stone, and a high bench of stone running along it, a motley group of natives are assembled listening to the reader who faces his audience. On the wall over his hearers' heads a large family of pigeons come and go, or rest on the perches provided for them; at the end of the room an Arab on his part of the bench has a family of kittens in his charge, the mother-cat playing on the floor beside him. The reader, too, has his cat beside him—there are no other animals in sight. There is a freedom and naturalness about Gentz's Eastern studies that we do not find in Gérôme's pictures. The French artist has too much self-consciousness, is too much bent on picture-making; Gentz is perhaps more of a photographer than a painter, but in his line he is unrivalled.

A. VON RAMBERG's "At the Embroidery-frame," is a piece of innocent sentimentality altogether German in its way, but not belonging to our time; it is the innocence of our grand-

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mothers' day—these are creatures quite too bright and good for the daily food of this generation, and indeed at any time we fear they would be safer in a glass case than in the jostling



"A STORY-TELLER OF CAIRO."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILHELM GENTZ.

world. Considering the deep absorption in his devotion expressed by the gentleman's countenance, the object of it is singularly unmoved, but then it may be questioned whether any-









thing short of the house tumbling over her head, or the cat jumping up on her embroidery-frame could move this piece of excessive placidity. We fear that our gentleman is wasting



"THE SONG."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CUNO VON BODENHAUSEN.

his manly heart in sighs over a being not capable of comprehending his superior worth, and we strongly advise his putting his extraordinary legs to a good use, by getting up from his

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seat, making his best bow, and walking away. We doubt if the young lady would so much as stop counting her stitches!



"MEDITATION."

FROM THE PICTURE BY N. SICHEL.

CUNO VON BODENHAUSEN'S "The Song," is a graceful piece of sentiment, much more French than German in its refinement and delicacy. This young girl who has stopped in her garland-making to listen to the song of the bird on the branch over her head does not belong

to any particular age or place. A more ideal treatment of the landscape, which is far too real for the figure, would have made less obvious the violation of wholesome sanitary laws implied in sitting barefoot and half clad, in so damp a situation! The girl being improbable, the landscape should have been made so also, and then we should not have been annoyed by the observations of practical and common-sense people, but could have done full justice to this Dryad.

NATHANIEL SICHÉL, born at Mainz in 1844, has been a rather prolific producer of "historical" pictures after the usual manner, subjects chosen for no reason in the world but because they offered good histrionic opportunities, and treated accordingly—but of late years he has lived in Paris and gone extensively into the painting of good-looking models, or rather of models dressed in a bewildering variety of costumes of all nations—the so-called "Meditation," which we copy, for example. They have all the mechanical cleverness to which we are accustomed nowadays, and no doubt, since they are supplied in such quantities, there must be a demand for them, but when the spectator has seen one of them, he has seen all.

## XII.

ALFRED SEIFERT'S "In Memoriam" is, in spite of its title, to be reckoned little more than what the Germans call, "a costume-picture"; by which they mean a subject chosen mainly with reference to its suitability for picturesque treatment; for the sake of showing off the dress of men and women of some by-gone age, when dress played more of a part in keeping up the distinctions of rank than it does to-day; or, for creating a showy effect by the display of handsome furniture, rich draperies and hangings, and costly things in general. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that three-fourths of the pictures that supply the German market, at home and abroad, belong to this class. In this regard, the contrast between the state of things in France and that in Germany is as amusing as it is striking. In France, the artist chooses his subject, in nine cases out of ten, for the opportunity it gives him,

"To twitch the Nymph's last garment off"

or, in any case to rid his model of as much clothing as possible. Pictures of the nude are as common in France as they are rare in Germany. Indeed, we should be almost justified in saying that as the French consider the painting of the nude the highest test (as it certainly is) of an artist's skill, so no artist thinks he has earned a right to sit among the elect until he has proved himself a master in that field.

With the Germans, on the contrary, ever since the beginning of their art, the tendency has been to muffle-up and swathe their models in bountiful clothing. Dürer often carries this to excess, but his predecessors, Wohlgemuth and Schöngauer, far surpassed him in the amplitude of the draperies that seem to overburden and weigh down their personages. That this was not wholly the fancy of the artist, is made probable by the numerous publications of the time; the "costume-books"—answering in some way to our collections of "fashion-plates"—of Hollar, Jost Amman, and Holbein, to mention the best known, where we are impressed with the weighty look of the dresses, and the solidity of their manufacture. We are sometimes struck with the same thing in the early sculpture; a curious example is shown in some of the monumental effigies of the Cathedral church of Naumberg, where several of the personages are covered with large and ample cloaks having the broad collar turned up about the neck of the wearer, and the garment held closed with one hand as if to ward off the cold. In the most of these cases the folds of the cloaks are managed with great dignity and simplicity, free from the multiplied and tormented crinkly folds of the early German painters; but the introduction of the standing collar, and the action of the hands, still keeps up the personal, individual note, the constant obtrusion of which serves to mark the line that separates the German from the Classic spirit.

The German artists of to-day who employ their time in painting costume-pictures, would seem, as a general thing, to prefer the dress and belongings of the sixteenth-century in their own country; although not a few have devoted themselves with more or less fidelity to the classic world of Greece and Rome, while others find a fruitful field in the late Italian Renaissance. Recently, with the revival of the interest in the Rococo or Baroque style of the eighteenth-century, a few artists have found it profitable to supply a *boudoir* and *salon*-demand for "conversation-parties," "musicales," birth-day festivals, and other subjects of like nature, where powdered hair, and garlanded petticoats, and high-heeled shoes, and all the paraphernalia of the *beau monde* that delighted the souls of *abbés* and *marquises*, and *dames galantes* is once more brought upon the stage to delight a world as frivolous as their own.

Seifert's picture shows us a young lady dressed in a style recalling that which Dürer's pictures and those of his contemporaries have made familiar. Seifert's rendering of it is not very accurate; it is rather a studio-costume than a street rendering of the dress of Dürer's time. But, like Sichel, one of whose pictures we reproduced a few pages back, Seifert is more anxious to make a pleasing picture than to be commended for his archæology, and he

chooses this particular dress, partly for its oddity, and partly because he knows the taste of a goodly number of his countrymen for something that savors of the past. One thing, how-



"IN MEMORIAM."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ALFRED SEIFERT.

ever, eludes the skill of most modern artists who attempt this putting of new wine into old bottles. They show great cleverness in painting the dress and the belongings of past ages;

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but, though they can inform us with, in general, trustworthy accuracy, just how a Greek, or a Roman, or a person of the sixteenth-century dressed, they seldom show us the face that went with the dress. Thus, in Seifert's picture, here given, the model is distinctly a person of our own time, dressed up for purely pictorial reasons, in a sixteenth century costume, or one resembling it. It is not easy to define the difference, nor to show in what it consists; but it is most certain that the difference exists; and the conditions known on which life is held in a given country at any one time—the climate, the government (whether a restrictive and tyrannical one, or a free and liberal system) the state of society; these things known, it might be possible for an acute observer, a Diderot or a Herbert Spencer, to predicate something as to what manner of man would be the result.

However, the general public cares very little for these refinements, and the young men especially, for whose pleasure pictures like this of Seifert's and others of the same sort are painted, will be indifferent to everything but the fact that, here is a girl with a very pretty face, as faces go, sweet and intelligent, dressed in a becoming costume, and occupied with a duty that adds to her material attractions, the charms of sentiment and religious feeling. It is All-Souls' Day, and this maiden among others is going to the graves of her friends, to deck them with wreaths and flowers. We catch a glimpse of the church-wall, and of the iron crosses on some of the graves, but it must be admitted that in the face of the girl herself, there is little expression to suggest the sad errand she is upon. This, however, is characteristic of the costume-picture. The expression of grief, or pain, or any other emotion that would disturb the repose of the features, and, by so doing, make them less agreeable to the adolescent public, will be carefully avoided by any artist with a keen eye to the market, and, as in this case, the necessary ingredients of melancholy or sadness will be supplied by the subordinate details; the church-wall aforesaid, the grave-crosses, and the funeral wreath (not too obtrusive) in the hand of the fair mourner! One can easily imagine an order given to the painter by an enthusiastic admirer of pretty girls, for a replica of this very picture—"More cheerful, you know, sir; nothing sad, now, no reference to death or disagreeables of any sort!"—and the painter with commercial alacrity, whisking-out the church and the grave-crosses, and the funeral-wreath, but leaving the face and figure of the girl untouched; then putting in a busy background of street and houses, and people, and calling the picture "Home from the Flower-market!" Every one familiar with pictures knows that such transformations are of every-day occurrence.





"THE WAVES OF THE SEA AND OF LOVE."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY WILLIAM KRAY.



In "The Mourner," by EDMUND HARBURGER, a picture owned we believe by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, we have a work of a very different quality from that of Seifert. This has been painted with the distinct purpose of expressing a certain sentiment by the whole contents of the artist's canvas, not merely by some subordinate details. And the success obtained is noteworthy, although from what we learn of the artist's practice we should not have looked for anything so serious. Harburger, who was born at Eichstädt, in 1846, was employed in a builder's office until he was twenty, when he went to Munich, and studied with



"THE MOURNER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDMUND HARBURGER.

Lindenschmidt. His principal field of work has been the comic journal the "Fliegende Blätter," for which he has made many illustrations, but it is evident he has powers that do not find room for their full exercise in that journal, clever as it is. Nor, when we read the list of the pictures by which the artist is principally known—"The Beer-drinker," "The Village Barber," "The Education of Bacchus," "The Young Venetian-girl," etc., etc., do we understand how the painter of such trivial and conventional subjects can also have produced a picture like the present, so full of deep and solemn feeling expressed in so natural and unconventional a style. There is no attempt on the artist's part to dress up his theme in

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borrowed robes. He has taken such a room as may be found in a hundred Bavarian houses of the better class of peasants, and painted it as he saw it, in its furniture and general aspect, only throwing over it the charm born of the eye that can see its artistic possibilities. In the twilight hour, a widow in her cottage sits in the high-backed arm-chair that gives its German title to the picture ("Im Sorgenstuhl"), and leaning her head on her hand meditates upon her lot. The fading light of day comes in through the window sunk in the embrasure of the thick wall, and striking upon the snowy table-cloth spread for the evening meal, lights up the wall behind the lonely woman, making more gloomy by contrast the dark chair on which she sits, and her dark dress only relieved by the white cap and cuffs, and the handkerchief that from time to time must dry her tears. The bird is silent in its cage, the cat sleeps on the chair where, a while ago, the widow sat, looking out upon the busy village street; only the sound of the ticking clock, and occasionally the crackling fagots on the hearth break the quiet of the hour, sacred to memory and holy thoughts. Nothing could be simpler than the composition; there are no incidents, there is no by-play; but in the harmony between the attitude of the mourning woman, and the large lines and masses of the picture, we are reminded of some of the Dutch masters.

WILHELM KRAY, whose "Love Wakes while Age Sleeps" makes such a contrast with the latest pictures of our list, was born at Berlin—a cold cradle for such a romancer as he—and he would appear to have got as far away from it as he could on the first opportunity, speeding to Rome and Venice, and bringing up at Vienna, where, at present, he lives and works. His subjects in general are of the same character as that of the picture we copy: "The Mermaid and the Fisher-boy" (*Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll*), "Night on the Bay of Naples," "The Dance of the Will o' the Wisp," "Undine"—and he treats them with much playful freedom, and with as much earnestness as the theme admits of. The present picture has for title, "The Waves of the Sea and of Love" (*Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*), and seems to imply a "moral"—but in fact we suppose that just at present there is no danger from either quarter. The old father of this pretty fisher-maiden has gone confidently to sleep, and is giving his mind to it with such a will that he does not heed an occasional ducking from an unruly wave. Meantime the young man presses his suit under what must be allowed extremely favorable circumstances, and with an earnestness that no one can have the heart to blame him for, who can fancy himself in the same circumstances. The young fellow himself looks, we fear, dangerously like a marine Don Juan, but the maiden's face is reassuring; she

is apparently quite certain of herself, and pleasingly aware of the neighborhood of her papa. As for the probabilities of all this we are no more concerned than Kray himself. What that audacious iconoclast, Mr. Mark Twain, who has recently been slaying Raphael over again, and following the other critics in laughing at his "boat" in the cartoons—what our Connecticut Ruskin would say to Mr. Kray's boat, we do not know; perhaps he would say that for the innocents who are abroad in it, the boat is quite good enough. The picture ought to tempt Mr. Stockton to write a story about it; the adventure is every bit as preposterous as any one of his own inventing.

Next to "Costume-Becker," JULIUS BEYSCHLAG is the most prolific purveyor to the taste for such pictures among his countrymen that we have thus far met-with. He was born at Nördlingen in 1838, and studied in Munich with Philipp Foltz, travelling afterward for a while in Italy and visiting Paris. He is essentially a costume-painter, making no pretence of high-art, or high aims of any sort, more than industry and honest doing of the tasks he undertakes, can give him a right to claim. His name has been widely spread by the aid of photography and wood-engraving in the illustrated journals: he appears to be a welcome guest in these sheets, and in the portfolios of the dealers as well. It is difficult to choose among the hundreds of his designs that have been published, because one is as good as another, and there is nothing really interesting in any of them, while at the same time it must be admitted that the artist knows his public, and succeeds in making pictures that in the aggregate give a good deal of pleasure, year in and year out, to an audience who ask for nothing more than picturesque costumes, pretty faces, and an agreeable landscape-setting for the personages of the artists' small domestic dramas. The "Coming from the Baptism," is a pure piece of picture-making: these people having really no errand in this year of grace but to show off gowns that have been cut on the old pattern of Nuremberg, Basle, or Augsburg, found in Holbein's or Dürer's picture-books. We must think that the older woman who is pretending to hold what we are asked to accept as a baby, is, as one might say, "rather queer" in her drawing; her head appears to have been left behind by her body, and though we make no pretence to expert knowledge on the subject, we feel confident that no real woman would hold a real baby in this fashion. The younger woman, too, who wishes us to think she is looking at the baby, is really doing nothing of the sort, and if she could see it as well as we can, she would not wish to see it at all. As for the costumes of the women, they are neither right nor wrong; the artist has not followed his painted or engraved originals with accuracy, nor would he appear to have

gone to the trouble, as so many modern artists do, to have careful copies made of the old costumes, and painting from them. For ourselves, we confess to caring nothing whatever for these modern reproductions of old things; the pictures that are the result of all the infinite pains bestowed on their preparation, seem to us mere curiosities, idle toys; and in very few cases does the artist succeed in putting life into his work after he has finished it. The newspaper-writers have told us how hard Meissonier works, sparing neither money, time, nor patience, in getting up his historical pictures; ransacking Paris for a button, a shoulder-strap, a hat, or a pair of breeches, and yet, when these tithes of mint, anise, and cummin are paid to the god of accuracy, the weightier matters of the law are too often forgotten, and we miss the life, that, if we could find it, would make all this pedantry of straps and buttons ridiculous.

Beyschlag has found the material for his studies of costume in this picture from two drawings by Albert Dürer, published in fac-simile in 1871, on the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth. The young woman at the left is lifting her over-skirt and showing the rich embroidered petticoat just as the lady in Dürer's drawing is doing, and the head-dress of the older woman and her peculiar over-skirt are found in another of the drawings referred to, although Beyschlag has exaggerated the character of the folds. It is interesting (to those who care for such trifles!) to find in Dürer's picture the "*accordion*" pleating of to-day faithfully represented. In Beyschlag's picture, the over-skirt of the nurse is rather like the stuffs which Mr. Millet, in those interesting lectures of his on Greek and Roman costumes, used to prepare by rolling them up very tight and hard when damp, and unrolling them when he came to drape his model. The reader will, we hope, pardon these details; it is not useless, once in a while, to take these made-up compositions to pieces and see how they are put together. It is seldom done with skill, and never affords, not even when it is best done, more than a brief satisfaction. Two of the greatest masters in this mosaic-work in our day are Baron Leys, and Alma Tadema his pupil. Baron Leys wasted great talent and splendid opportunities in painting picture that are already passed into the category of curiosities, and are on their way to neglect and oblivion; and Alma Tadema, with all his skill, which is undeniably great, can have no enduring hold on those who ask for something more at an artist's hands, than the perpetual imitation of *things*.

The other picture by Beyschlag, "The Father's Return," shows him in a somewhat more agreeable aspect, for though this is really as much a "costume-picture" as the Baptism—and, indeed, Beyschlag never paints anything else—yet there is here a little more of a story to





"COMING FROM THE BAPTISM."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JULIUS BEYSCHLAG.



tell, and more variety of incident. There is a select set of artists at the present day who make a great deal of fun over pictures with a story; one would think, to hear them talk, and to mark the fine scorn with which they consign the whole tribe to limbo, that pictures with a story were an invention of modern times, like sewing-machines, railroads, patent cow-milkers, and newspapers, instead of being as they are, of course, coeval with the art of painting. This is such a mere truism, that one would be ashamed to take the time needed to set it down, were it not for the fact we have mentioned that some among our cleverest artists profess to have found some other reason for painting than to record their observations of nature or their experiences of human life. These discoverers talk and write a great deal about "technique," and "brush-work," "values," "methods," etc., etc., in a jargon as unintelligible to the world at large as that of medical-men, chemists, or stock-brokers; they dwell entirely in the externals of their art, and have, or profess to have, no interest in the contents of a picture, unless the execution be in a style that answers to their notion of what "painting" should be. Of course such notions are really confined to a small circle, but the pity is that, here it is the best men we have who indulge in such heresies; for, heresies they are, let who will defend them. It is no doubt, true, that the first duty of an artist as a professional man, is to know how to paint, carve, or design—according to the field he has chosen; in other words, he must know his trade. But, for the general public, what is of the most importance is that he should have something to say. If what the artists have to communicate be interesting, it is enough for the pleasure of the majority if he can contrive to make it intelligible. Let him paint as well as he may, the extent of his public will depend far more upon the interest he is able to excite in what he has to say, than upon the technical excellence of his work.

To return from our digression to Beyschlag's "The Father's Return;" it is certainly easy to understand why such a picture should be popular, and why its popularity should be proof against the strictures of the professed critic. It is a simple story told for simple-hearted people who are not expected to care for the principles of art, but who will be interested in this picture, because it puts into a romantic form, with an appeal to their imagination, a domestic experience that has as many manifestations as there are modes of human life. The return of every kind of father has an interest (either of attraction or repulsion) to his particular family; but it cannot be said, that all of them, if painted, would have the same interest for the world at large. Therefore we have no end of Sailor's Returns, Soldier's Returns (the modern variety), with Warrior's Returns (for the antique or mediæval expression) and corre-

sponding Farewells—all of which used to be painted in pairs, and sold as such, and Mr. Beyschlag's picture here presented takes its natural place in the series. We confess to finding the "Father" in this case a rather wooden personage: he seems to find some difficulty in keeping his right leg in his boot, and has, we may suspect, the air of being a victim to *locomotor ataxia*, but the other members of the family are less open to criticism. The young



"THE FATHER'S RETURN."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JULIUS BEYSCHLAG.

daughter is a pleasing womanly figure as she looks up lovingly at her father, holding the nosegay of flowers that he would take from her were not one hand occupied with cordially grasping the hand of his comely wife, and the other with supporting the baby-daughter sitting on his arm. In front of the group the son and heir, a pretty child in velvet doublet and breeches with hat-and-feather, is proudly marching off, trundling his father's sword.

"To a tune by fairies played."

All are on their way to the castle, preceded at some distance by the mounted man-at-arms leading his master's horse, who extends a greeting to the two serving-women sitting waiting for the coming of the family under the branches of the old oak. The warden has lowered the drawbridge, and stands at guard in the shadow of the portal; from a window in the donjon-tower a banner is idly flapping in the air, and two women by the parapet of the moat-bridge are waiting the arrival, one sitting on the grass, the other shading her eyes with her hand as she spies the approaching party.

FERDINAND THEODOR HILDEBRANDT, the painter of "A Warrior and his Child," was born at Stettin in 1804, and died in 1874. He studied at Berlin under von Schadow, and went with that master to Düsseldorf, where he took charge of the Academy there. Afterward Hildebrandt settled in Düsseldorf, and is considered one of the best artists of that school. He painted the stock subjects: "Othello Telling His Adventures," "Romeo and Juliet," "Judith and Holofernes," "The Death of the Children of Edward," etc., etc., but he occasionally stepped outside the consecrated bounds and invented—if this be not too large a word for the occasion—subjects of his own; "Children Around a Christmas Tree," "Children in a Boat," "Choir-boys at Vespers," and, among many others of a like kind, the present painting. There is little in this picture to remark upon; a soldier of the mediæval time has his little boy upon his knee, and is apparently giving him some religious instructions, if we may judge by the raised forefinger and the Bible on the window-ledge with its mark at the New Testament, where perhaps he has been reading him one of the parables. The sentiment of the picture is pleasing enough, and the listening aspect of the child clinging to his father's gorget and dreamily smiling as he follows his words, is rendered with simple feeling. Where the main of the picture is so good it would doubtless be hypercriticism to note, that the suit-of-armor hanging on the wall is apparently too small for any grown person, although the sword that hangs with it is of the right size; the handle of the inevitable beer-mug, too, could in this case hardly be grasped by our doughty warrior's hand. These points are, after all, not unimportant; they detract from the truthfulness of the general effect and seem to indicate a want of correctness in the artist's eye.

JULIUS BENCZUR, the painter of "Forsaken," is a native of Hungary, born in 1844 at Nyiregyhaza. When yet a child his parents removed to Kaschan, where he had better advantages for education in the excellent high-school, and improved his time so well that by the advice of friends who thought they saw signs of uncommon talent in the lad, he was sent to



Munich to study art. He was at first the pupil in the academy of Hiltensperger and Anschütz and later entered the studio of Piloty. Here he became intimate with his fellow pupil Gabriel



"A WARRIOR AND HIS CHILD."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FERDINAND HILDEBRANDT.

Max, whose sister he afterward married. After an extended tour in Hungary, South Germany, France, and Upper Italy, he settled in Munich, where he lives and works at present. His field





"FORSAKEN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JULIUS BENCZUR.



of work is chiefly historical painting: he made a number of pictures for the late King of Bavaria, treating mostly scenes from French history connected with the life of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. He has also painted several subjects drawn from the history of his native Hungary, which have won him considerable reputation. The picture we copy was sent to the Munich Exhibition of 1883. The subject explains itself so far as we see a woman, young and meant for handsome, who, in some sore strait, abandoned doubtless by lover or husband, has sought consolation on the bosom of this somewhat severe mother in her church. Her rich attire of lace and satin contrasts with the austere habit of the nun who holds her hands softly in hers, and waits in calm assurance until the first tempest of passion and grief shall have subsided, before she speaks the words of faith and trust, born of her own experience, and fortified by the prayer-book that she was reading when her unhappy sister entered. On the missal lies a spray of willow-catkins, first-fruits of spring; and haply from this symbol of life reviving after the death of winter, this daughter of a church that lives by symbols, may draw some fresh consolation—better than old books can offer—for the wounded heart that now lies broken and desolate upon her heart, that perhaps has known its own bitterness and found the remedy in days long gone by.

GABRIEL MAX, the painter of the "Penitent Madgalen," and the "Visit to the Fortune-teller," is the son of the sculptor, Joseph Max, with whom he worked as an assistant until the death of the latter in 1855. Gabriel was born at Prague in 1840, and after his father's death he studied in the Academy of his native town until 1858. He then went to Vienna, where he worked for three years in the Academy, and became so deeply interested in music that he attempted to embody the ideas of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other masters in a series of drawings which had a great success and created a wide interest in the young artist. His next achievement was the painting of the Martyr Julia, a supposed victim of the Roman persecution, who was shown in his picture nailed to the cross, while a young Roman, passing by, takes the rose-wreath from his head and lays it at her feet. This picture of pure sensation, made, of course, a great impression in Munich—the hot-bed of this vicious art, where the greatest extravagances are sure of the warmest welcome, and Max was not the man to hide his talent under a bushel. One scene of melodrama followed another: "The Last Token," a girl in the arena stooping to pick up a rose flung to her by her lover, while round her—

"Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid, laughing jaws;"

"The Melancholy Nun" brooding over joys fled or untasted; the inevitable "Gretchen;"

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"Juliet" in her feigned death-sleep, with, oh, most touching symbol of a woman's abandonment to grief—a hair-pin, lying conspicuous on the coverlid! Then, the "Lion's Bride," after



"THE PENITENT MAGDALEN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GABRIEL MAX.

von Chamisso's poem; then "Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, Looking at a Dead Child;" the "Child-murderess," and "Christ Bringing-back to Life the Daughter of Jairus," where, that



"THE TOWER-WARDEN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HERMANN KAULBACH.







no doubting Thomas may question her death, the artist has, with exquisite taste, placed a corrupting fly already fastened upon her arm !



"CONSULTING THE FORTUNE-TELLER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GABRIEL MAX.

What it is that pleases in Gabriel Max, it would be hard to say. Beyond a certain artificial clearness of coloring, as if he used wax for a medium, and a choice of morbid colors, that

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degenerates into mannerism, there is little in his execution that would seem suited to please artists, and it might be thought that even the public would tire of the sensational subjects he delights in. His drawing is clumsy and careless; his forms heavy, his power of facial expression almost nothing—yet, for a time, he seemed likely to become a power in the art-world. The subjects we have selected show him in as favorable a light as could be contrived; “The Penitent Magdalen,” is a sweet-faced model, as capable of moral emotion as a canary-bird, and the drawing of her arm, huge beyond reason, and of the hand with its impossible finger, shows the carelessness of the artist, when seen undisguised by the luxurious morbidness of his palette. The “Consulting the Fortune-teller,” is, like all the artist’s subjects, one chosen out of pure indifference, with the result that the spectator’s indifference matches the artist’s! The only curiosity we feel is, as to what this old woman will make out of the object she appears to be examining—whether she will finally decide that it is, really, a hand; and whether her chiromancy will prove equal to reading the lines of life in a member that could never have been alive.

### XIII.

HERMANN KAULBACH, the painter of “The Tower-warden,” is the son of Wilhelm Kaulbach (see p. 35), and was born at Munich in 1846. There are now three artists of the name of Kaulbach living and working in Germany: Friedrich, distinguished as a portrait-painter, a nephew and pupil of Wilhelm (the chief of the family), born in 1822 at Arolsen; Friedrich August, his son, portrait and *genre* painter, born in 1850 at Hanover, and Hermann, of whom we are now to speak. After completing a course of study at the University of Munich, he took up painting as a profession, and entered the studio of Piloty. After leaving that master, he made his Wandering-year in Italy, and after his return, settled down in Munich, where he has since continued to live and to paint. His pictures are distinguished for the technical skill they display and for the finish of the details, which, nevertheless, is not allowed to usurp an undue place, but is always kept in proper subordination to the subject. Some of his historical pictures are “Louis XI. and his Barber, Olivier le Dain, at Peronne;” “The Children’s Confession;” “Hänsel and Grethel with the Witch,”—from one of Grimm’s stories—“The Last Moments of Mozart,” and “Sebastian Bach with Frederick the Great and Turmfalken.” Our picture shows the artist in one of his more playful moods; he has imagined a scene which is a good many thousand years older than the far-away mediæval times in

which he has chosen to place it, and which will probably renew itself an innumerable number of times before the sun shall have kept faith with the scientific men, and turned into an iceberg. The Warden keeping his traditional post of watchman on the old tower that has outlived the stormy scenes of its youth, has amused himself as he best could through the long sunny hours of the morning; now trying an arrow upon the birds that circle round the turret, now watching what life of man or beast might chance be stirring in the village below him, or what boats might put out upon the distant lake. And time has hung heavier on his hands for knowing that it must be noon before Gretchen will climb the tower-stair to bring him his bowl of porridge, and to ask his help in stringing the clothes-line, and hanging out the wash! But she has come at last, and now the birds may circle the tower at their will, or stream out from its topmost weather-vane like a pennon; and the people in the village street may come and go as they please, for Rudolf has business in hand, that interests him much more than mere birds or villagers! Many and many a day has Rudolf enjoyed these meetings with the pretty daughter of his friend and companion, the warden of the castle, and often has he watched for an opportunity to tell her what lay nearest to his heart. But, though she has given him chances enough, of which perhaps a younger man would have been quick to avail himself, it is only to-day that he has plucked up courage to whisper in her ear the secret hope, that has long kept youth and he from parting company. The lucky moment came just as he had fastened one end of the clothes-line to the staple that, with its fellow on the other side of the embrasure in the wall, served, in less peaceful times, to hold the oaken shutters that sheltered the besieged while they shot their arrows at the besiegers. As he turns to slip down from the stone ledge on which he was sitting that he might fasten the cord at the other side of the platform, he finds himself close to Gretchen, who had been paying out the line from its reel, and the next minute he has caught one of her hands in his, and drawn her to his side, and whispered such an old-time tale of love-making in her ear, that before the clothes are half hung up, she has promised to marry him if her father will consent. While thus playing with the artist's subject, and trying our hand at translating it into words, we must confess to an unwillingness to accept the details of his picture as in all cases correct. Thus the costume of the young woman, whom we have, out of hand, christened Gretchen, is certainly too modern, and we are sure no "girl of the period" would ever have gone up to the platform of the castle tower to hang out the week's wash, clad in such a gown as this, lying in folds about her feet. And the fashion of it is incorrect—not merely in the details, but in

general; it does not belong to the time. And this is the less excusable because we know so well, from countless pictures and engravings, and other sources, just how people in Germany dressed at the period indicated by the dress of the man; though, even in his case, we should question whether such an amount of cross-gartering were ever thought necessary to hold one's sandals on one's feet. It is not hypercriticism to notice points like these in such a picture as the present, for it assumes to be a picture of manners at a given time, and with all the knowledge on the subject at one's easy command in these days, no excuses for inaccuracy can be accepted.

"The Fisherm maiden" of FRIEDRICH AUGUST KAULBACH is a picture that recalls, in its own way, the treatment of such subjects, which perhaps we may be permitted to class under the head of "rural," by the painters of the Rococo; by Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher, and the rest. What it amounts to is nothing of more value than a pretty masquerading; the dressing-up of comely young maidens in the guise of peasants, milk-women, flower-sellers, and fisherm maidens with no other intention than to please the fancy. Kaulbach's Fisherm maiden may be compared with the well-known picture by the late Feyen-Perrin, "Les Cancalesaises," where a flock of pretty Parisian models with dainty figures, delicate complexions, and fine feet and hands are tripping over the sands at even-tide laden with baskets of oysters. Kaulbach's "Fisherm maiden" is not quite of the same breed; she is rather made to suit the German taste for a sturdier type of womanhood, but she is none the less city-bred, and her head, at least, is of a type that would suit a more dignified subject. However, there is no doubt that too much questioning is out of place in dealing with pictures of this character. They are meant only to amuse, or to serve a decorative purpose; we can easily imagine that a large dining-room, in some handsome restaurant or hotel, would be much enlivened by panels filled with graceful figures such as this, of young men and maidens:

Much too good  
For human nature's food

engaged in offering to the guests the different raw materials of the bill-of-fare. We think we should much prefer such a decoration to the well-worn classic nymphs, goddesses, or *genii* who are usually employed for this purpose. Frankly acknowledged as a compromise between fact and fancy, the artist might successfully stave off the troublesome questions of a Gradgrind who should insist on asking, what this buxom maiden is doing all alone on this barren shore; whether this boat, stranded high and dry on the bank, is hers; and whether in

this matter-of-fact, prosaic world of ours, it is to be looked upon as quite in the natural course of things that fish should be offered us in this summary way by pretty girls, as we



"THE FISHERMAIDEN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HERMANN KAULBACH.

take our morning-stroll on the beach, for all the world as if the cold, clammy, slippery things were fresh-cut roses! And, indeed, there is a merry twinkle in Piscatoria's eye as if she were laughing to herself at Gradgrind's dulness!

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MARC LOUIS BENJAMIN VAUTIER, the painter of "At Church," one of the most widely popular, as a designer, of the school which Knaus, Defregger, Schmid, and others have done so much to establish in the public favor, was born in 1829 at Morges, a brisk commercial town in the Canton Vaud, on the northern side of the Lake of Geneva, not far from Lausanne. He was educated at Geneva, and on leaving school he worked for two years as a painter of enamels for the jewellers; but in 1849 he took up the study of painting under a local artist Lugardon. Feeling the need of better instruction, he went in 1850 to Düsseldorf, then, outside of Paris, the principal art-school in Europe, when after a short course at the Academy he became the pupil of Rudolph Jordan. He made his wandering-year in the Black-forest



MARC L. B. VAUTIER.

and in Switzerland, and spent a year in Paris, but returned to Düsseldorf, where he has since continued to live, and work. His pictures are found in the museums of Berlin and Dresden as well as in private collections in Europe, and here in America. In the collection of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, now unhappily dispersed, was his "Music-Lesson," and Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, owns the "Consulting his Lawyer," and in Mr. George I. Seney's collection was an excellent example "Bringing Home the Bride." Vautier's subjects are almost exclusively drawn from the peasant-life of Westphalia, Bavaria, and the Rhine provinces, and he has been much

praised for the acuteness of his observation, shown by the clear way in which he discriminates between the characteristics of the different populations. "There is nothing superficial," says Wilhelm Lübke, "in his treatment of the scenes from the peasant-life which he depicts. He never puts us off with costumes for character. On the contrary, the different individualities of his personages are forcibly expressed not only in their faces but in their figures and their gestures, and this individuality controls every detail. Vautier knows, and makes us perceive, that the wine-merchant of the Rhine differs from the beer-merchant of Bavaria, and the cit, the *Spiessbürger*—the German equivalent for the contemptuous French *épiciier*—differs again from both these."

Something of this excellence is discoverable in the picture we copy. "In Church," represents a Sunday morning in some village church in Swabia, where only the dress of the peasant-flock of worshippers, and the character of their heads, differentiates the scene from





"AT CHURCH."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY BENJAMIN VAUTIER.



what we may see in a hundred places in Protestant Germany and Holland. Here-and-there in Holland—the sight is common enough—we have seen the short rod of the sexton in our picture with its bag for collecting the offering, amusingly replaced, among that half-aquatic fishing-population, by a prodigiously long fishing-rod with a similar bag at the end, which was kept bobbing over the heads of the people; the persistent angler reaching even the most shy and sheltered denizen of the pews, and waiting with the patience of a born fisherman until the tricky penny shall let itself be taken. Here, in the Swabian church, the sexton has his victims at short range; he has pocketed his dues from all but one of them, and he, if we may judge by the action of his head, is looking in his wallet for the needed penny. Vautier has, certainly, not flattered his sitters; they are a hard-featured and not very intelligent set, and it is plain that the young boy in the foreground is growing up to be like the rest of them. With his hat in one hand, he seems to be waiting with dogged patience for the moment when he can be let free, but in the mean while he is tethered, as it were, to his father's big cane and there is nothing for it but to submit. The most pleasing part of the picture and that which explains its popularity, is the row of women, sitting by themselves, as is the time-honored custom in all the older churches. The old grandmother, in her queer bonnet with its lace fall shading her face as she follows the words of the hymn in her book, has the seat of honor in the stall, handsomely carved by the rude skill of some village genius. Her book, too, is a handsomer one than the rest, with its clasps, and its case that lies in her lap on its cover, in which the whole is wrapped-up and laid aside in the drawer of her press, on week-days. How persistent are these minor fashions, that, seemingly, a part of the old-world order of things, come to the surface again in later times with a new face adapted to new manners! In old pictures, particularly in those of the early Flemish masters, we see the sacred personages, the Virgin or the saints, reading in illuminated missals richly bound, and protected by covers of embroidered or brocaded silk. An example of this will be found in the once beautiful, but now hopelessly damaged picture, attributed too confidently to Hans Memling, in the Bryan Collection in the New York Historical Society. This was at a time when books were all written by hand, and were consequently very precious and treated with great care. And the custom held for some time, and from being merely a precautionary measure, for the safe-keeping of a valuable possession, became a symbol of sanctity; and printed Bibles and prayer-books, of no great money-value, were for some time longer protected with cases and covers, until, by the vulgarizing influence of printing, the custom was given up; as people cease always

to take much care of things that can be replaced at a wish. Now, again, with the revival of so many old customs, taken up as fads by people in search of novelties, we have this one restored to favor, and prayer-books, missals, and hymnals in their dainty morocco or velvet cases, with gold or silver clasps (the cases of far more money-value, often, than the book they protect—since these are seldom well-printed or on good paper). Gift-books, too, are common, in loose covers of silk or velvet, embroidered by the fair hands of the giver; and, of late, publishers send out book after book with a false cover of paper, repeating, in text and device, the design of the true cover, which for the time being it protects from the wear and tear of the shop-counter. But our old grandame's book has kept us too long from her matronly daughter at her side and her younger grand-children beyond, the elder a pretty girl of sixteen; while beyond these still is another family of three; a grandmother, not so old as the one who sits nearest us, and who puts on her spectacles to follow the hymn, in the book which her daughter is holding before the baby-grandchild, who plays at reading in it for herself.

In this picture we find the artist essaying a task, the representation of the act of singing, in which he had been preceded by three artists of note: Van Eyck in his "Saint Cecilia surrounded by Singing Angels," in the Altar-piece of Ghent; Luca Della Robbia, in the bas-relief of the Singing-choir formerly in the Cathedral of Florence, now in the gallery of the Uffizii, and Benozzo Gozzoli, an artist of deserved repute, though far inferior to the other two, in his Angels singing the Gloria in Excelsis, in the Chapel of the Riccardi palace in Florence (one of these groups was engraved by Mr. Cole for the *Century Magazine* of November, 1889). Of these three, it may be allowed that Van Eyck has accomplished the feat aimed-at most scientifically, and with the least exaggeration; we not only see that these angels of his are singing, by the nicely expressed action of heads, throats, and bodies, but it is hardly an extravagance to say that we hear them; and some of the German critics in their enthusiasm insist on our believing them, when they declare that they can distinguish the very note in the scale that each angel is sounding. Gozzoli's picture would almost seem to have been painted in rivalry with Van Eyck, so marked is the effort on the artist's part to express, by bodily movement and gesture, the act of singing, and even the character of the emitted sounds. But there is a sense of exaggeration, and of self-consciousness in Gozzoli's work, that are entirely absent from that of Van Eyck, while at the same time there are certain features in it that would almost persuade us that it had been painted in rivalry with the great Fleming. Of

the three works cited as examples of effort in the same field in which Vautier has tried his hand, that of Della Robbia is the one most likely to be recognized by our readers, since casts of his group of singing-boys, with others, dancing, and playing upon musical-instruments, are now often met with in our museums, private-houses, and shops.

In the case of Vautier's picture, the illusion produced by the other artist we have mentioned has been by no means so successfully attempted. There is no question as to the individuality of the several heads; each of these persons has a character of his own; they are plainly studied by the artist from the people in the world about him, as he saw and sketched them in their daily life. There is no look of the professional model about them. But, as for expression, we fear that no more of it can be found in the supposed living person-ages than there is in the painted ones which we dimly discern on the screen at the back of the choir. Four of the men—counting the one whose head is half hid by the old woman's bonnet—four of the men, and two of the women, have their mouths arranged according to the academic prescription for "singing," but the result hardly carries us farther than academic prescriptions in general.

GEORGE HOM, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1838, has shown considerable power in facial expression in his "A Secret!" and has also been successful in the management of the candle-like effect in the same picture. As in so many German pictures of this domestic character of subject (and who can number them!), the incident depicted is nothing in itself, but the artist has plainly enjoyed the narrating it. Two girls are off for bed, but just at parting at the stair-head, the one whispers to the other the secret which has been filling her bosom with ill-repressed joy since Fritz left her at the garden-gate, an hour ago. The secret is plainly no news to her companion, but she listens in full sympathy, and a smile of genuine pleasure lights up her face in serene response to the mirth that twinkles in the other's eyes. The candle-light effect in this picture is one of those feats-of-skill which are always sure of applause from the general public, but which have long ceased to interest artists, or connoisseurs, because they express nothing beyond what is attainable by the patient application of mechanical skill. All depends however, upon what is the object of the artist's skill, and whether he rests in the exercise of a merely mechanical facility, or produces effects that are beautiful in themselves. A Van Schendel, or any one of his many imitators, becomes very tiresome with his eternal market-scenes, where puppet-like figures from the fashion-plates of the period are engaged in examining some improbable market-woman's wooden carrots, cab.



pages, or fish, by the light of torches or lanterns managed with theatrical conventionality. But it is not the subject itself we tire-of, it is only of Van Schendel, and his way of dealing



"A SECRET."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGE HOM.

with his really picturesque material, of which a Rembrandt would make something we should never tire-of if it were to hang before our eyes a life long. And so even a minor



painter, like the one whose picture we are at present considering, may turn a merely mechanical effect to good account, and give us all an honest pleasure by illuminating with his candle-light two human faces all aglow with the answering light of youth and innocent enjoyment. It is only as tricks, that effects such as we have been discussing are not considered worth admiring by people of mature taste. They become admirable in proportion as they serve some purpose higher than a display of merely mechanical skill. It is a trick, by which the eyes of a portrait are made to follow us round the room: it is a noble art, by which the eyes of a portrait, are made to look into ours with an answering human look, especially if he who so regards us be one to meet hope with higher hope, to breathe courage to the faint in heart, to restore even to a momentary bloom our fading belief in virtue and heroism. In short it is as true in art as it is in other matters, that skill has two sides, a vulgar one, and a noble or beautiful one: the tricks of the every-day juggler who breaks a watch to pieces in a mortar, and takes it, whole, out of the gaping spectator's pocket, or makes an omelette in the bridegroom's new hat and restores it to him unsoiled and fresh as he received it, are certainly not to be compared to the delicate fancy of the Japanese magician who plants a seed in a flower-pot, and when, in a moment after, it springs up, and puts forth leaves, and bursts into bloom, makes the butterflies he has adroitly twisted out of bits of paper, hover and flutter about the flowers and light upon them as if to feed upon their honey. The tricks of the one man appeal solely to our curiosity, those of the other delight our poetic sense.

Gossow's "News" is a clever bit of anecdote-telling, where, as in the case of Diez, we perceive a design to make the picture interesting as a decorative scheme; but Gossow succeeds better than Diez in making these two elements of more nearly equal value. Apart from their pictorial effect, not much is to be had from the pictures of Diez: in Gossow's picture we can enjoy the play of character in these four people independently of the play of lights-and-darks, and broken tones that make, in our plate at least, a mosaic of no little richness. The manners of the old world differ so much from the more formal and rigid manners of our world, where every man is afraid of his neighbor's criticism, that we cannot understand how these three people, the old grandam, her son, and her daughter-in-law should be so much interested in the letter which Bettina, the servant, has just received from her sweetheart, who has gone to the war. So impatient is she to read it, and so eager are they to hear it, that no note is taken of the fact that the cabbage and the other vegetables she was sent into the garden to cut, have been brought into the sitting-room and put down upon the floor, regard-

less, for the moment, of propriety; nobody minds it, however; nor does it matter that the coffee-pot and the table-cloth, the last vestiges of the breakfast, have not yet been removed.



"NEWS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GOSSOW.

The letter is the thing, and as it is evident that it contains nothing but good news it shall be read and heard in spite of cabbages, coffee-pots, table-cloths and the proprieties in general.



"THE SPANISH MAIL-COACH IN TOLEDO."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY ALEXANDER WAGNER.



The old woman, who in her bonnet and shawl has just looked in for a chat with her daughter, has taken off her spectacles, and folded her gouty fingers, and fixed her face in an attitude of attention and is ready for a good time. Her son, who is deaf, leans over his mother and bends his head that he may lose no word of the letter, while his wife, in her striped woollen petticoat, warm jacket, and shawl, with her head prodigiously muffled up, though not to the prejudice of a large receptive ear, follows the narrative point by point, beating time, as it were, with her hand upon the table. Bettina, sitting at the corner of the table, in her working-gown, with her apron pinned up, and a handkerchief over her head, reads the letter with a smile of mingled pride and affection; and when she has shared it with her friends, and received their congratulations on her good news, will tuck the missive inside her bodice, and go about her chores with a lighter heart for the rest of the day.

ALEXANDER WAGNER, the painter of "The Spanish Mail-Coach in Toledo," was born in Hungary in 1838, but made his artistic studies in Munich under Karl Piloty, and has ever since continued to live in that city, where he holds a Professorship in the Academy of Fine Arts. Both in his own country and in Germany he is much esteemed as a painter of history, and his name has been carried into a much wider field by his "Chariot-race," known all over the world by photographs and reproductions of all sorts. He has produced many scenes from the history of his native Hungary, as well as from that of Austria and her provinces. The first picture that he exhibited after leaving the studio of Piloty: "Isabella Zapolya taking leave of Siebenbürgen (Transylvania)," made a good foundation for his reputation; it was followed by two wall-paintings, in the Bavarian National Museum at Munich,—*"The Entrance of Gustavus Adolphus into Aschaffenburg"* and *"The Marriage of Otho the Great"*—which are counted among the best of those with which the building is ornamented. Other paintings followed in rapid succession, all of them dealing with subjects of national interest, and insuring the popular favor, but belonging to an order of work essentially melodramatic and superficial, akin to the mass of "historical painting" for which his countrymen have such a rooted affection—shared alike by the cultivated and the uncultivated—but which outside of Germany is by no means so indiscriminately admired. Later on, Wagner visited Spain, and the fruit of his travels was a large number of pictures with subjects illustrating the more striking and picturesque episodes in the life of that half-mediaeval, half-barbaric land, most of which subjects were reproduced for a show-book on Spain, published in Berlin in 1880. "The Mail-Coach in Toledo," which we place before our readers, was one of the

pictures engraved for this book; and to those who are familiar with the artist's earlier picture, the "Roman Chariot-Race"—and who is not?—it will be evident that the composi-



"AT THE LAKE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILHELM AMBERG

tion and the essential spirit of the scene are to all intents and purposes the same in the two works. Wagner painted the "Roman Chariot-Race" twice; the first was a small picture,



now owned in England; the second, a much larger work, is the one painted for the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, where it was much admired, although it is considered far inferior to the original painting. The subject was, however, well-suited to the larger canvas, and there can be no doubt that as a purely spectacular and sensational performance it deserved all the applause it received. It was a very vivid, and no doubt in the main true, object-lesson in Roman manners, and it will certainly long hold its place in popular favor by virtue of its spirited and energetic expression of rapid movement animating the whole scene as in real life, and by no means confined to the main actors. In the "Mail-Coach," the same merit is to be acknowledged, but the artist has been carried further, and has narrowly escaped transgressing the limits of art, by adding the suggestion of danger to the excitement of his scene. It is, indeed, doubtful whether we are on the verge of a catastrophe: whether the great lumbering, overloaded vehicle is to be upset or not, but it is certain that the passengers on top of the coach are prepared for the worst, and if our ears were sharp enough we should be able to hear a volley of adjurations to the Virgin and all the saints shouted above the oaths and yells of the outriders, the clatter of the harness and hoofs, the cracking of whips and the crunching and grinding of the nearly shipwrecked ark. The ubiquitous beggars at the side of the road join their cries to the din, and have good hope that in case the dreadful corner be once safely turned, a few pence may be tossed them by some grateful survivor, giving his prayers for mercy a practical form. We suppose there is little use in remonstrating against these painted agonies, these high-strung representations of blood-curdling crises in which the modern world delights, and which modern artists so plentifully supply. It is the artists who suffer most from this perversion of the healthy service of art and literature to the needs of a growing excitement and unrest, since they are put to it ever more and more to invent the means of gratifying the wants of their insatiable clients. Still, as we have seen, there is another audience in Germany and a large one, and, perhaps, we may allow that it is chiefly in what they are pleased to call historical-painting that the love of bombast and of horrors prevails. We have certainly chronicled enough of quiet and tranquil domestic scenes, and here, at the end of our chapter, we come upon two idyllic experiences which may serve to rest the mind after its strained watching for the upset or the hair-breadth salvation of the Spanish Mail. The "At the Lake," by Wilhelm Amberg, of Berlin, born in 1822, and "The Betrothal-Ring" of Friedrich Paul Thumann, born in 1834 at Tschacksdorf in the Lausitz, are pretty pastorals, such as need no comment for man or maid, and such as every country nowadays provides in

plenty for the delight of its youthful clientage. Both these artists carry us back to the love-making of a little earlier time than ours. But, after all, the comedy or tragedy of



‘THE BETROTHAL RING.’

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL THUMANN.

love-making is ever the same, no matter in what dress it be played, or on what scene the prompter's bell ring up the curtain.

## XIV.

WILHELM LEIBL, the painter of "At Church," and "The Hunter," was born at Cologne in 1844. He was at first apprenticed to a locksmith; but he had the instincts of an artist, and in 1864 he made his way to Munich, where he became a pupil of Piloty. His tastes led him to choose *genre* subjects and portrait as his special field, and we read that he was particularly drawn to the painting of Van Dyck, whom he took as his model in his early work. In 1869, he was at Paris; but, on the breaking-out of the Franco-Prussian War he returned to Munich, and has since remained there, working still in the same field in which he began. Leibl's pictures have been called coarse, ugly, verging on caricature, while they are also praised for their fidelity to local types, for their independence of convention, both in motive and in treatment, and for the excellence of their coloring. As in the case of J. F. Millet, something of the rudeness and narrowness of the early life and employment of the artist may affect his choice of subject, and color his treatment of it. As will be remembered, his youth was spent at the forge, and his associations were necessarily with the lower or middle class of his people, and his sympathies have plainly never been alienated from them, while at the same time his artistic sense has kept him, in feeling and sentiment, above the level of his surroundings. The examples we give of Leibl are characteristic of his manner of looking at things, but as in the case of all reproductions in black-and-white, the artist's coloring has to be left out of the account. It will be interesting to compare the treatment of his subject by Leibl in his "At Church," with that of Vautier in his picture bearing the same title. Both in the conception of his subject, and in his treatment of it, Vautier is much more conventional than Leibl: he follows the old rules, and selects his types with as much consideration for æsthetic laws as is consistent with a desire to be faithful to their essential character. But Leibl is a law to himself, and his pictures, in general, are constructed on a principle which, as there is no authority for it in the books, the spectator must make out for himself. So far as arrangement is concerned, there is little of anything added by Leibl to what nature might have supplied by chance; his groups and their surroundings are, for the most part, what a man might see by looking out at a window, or in at a door. Take, for example, the "At Church." These three women might have been photographed, just as they are sitting in their pew, each figure artistically independent of the others, and with not so much attempt to bring their grouping into harmonious arrangement with any scheme of pic-

torial composition as is commonly made by photographers in placing their sitters. In this respect Leibl often reminds us of his contemporary, James Tissot, and between both these



"AT CHURCH."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILHELM LEIBL.

artists and the English school of Pre-Raphaelites, there is a certain affinity, which, if its existence be allowed, is probably due to what we may call a special condition of the moral

atmosphere of their time, since, so far as we are informed, there was never any personal relation between these artists; and in their training they came under very different masters. As a detail, which will probably not be reckoned of much importance, we may allude to the gowns of the nearest two of the three women in this picture—the one made of a striped stuff, the other of a plaid pattern. To an artist trained in the conventional rules, either of these would be objectionable. Stripes, indeed, can be made decorative under certain conditions: but they must always be used with moderation. As for the plaid, we hardly remember, however, an instance of its employment by any artist of eminence among the older painters. There is one instance of such employment, in the fourteenth century, which we may cite as an illustration of that direct following of facts without regard to their pictorial effect, that was one of the principles of the English Pre-Raphaelites, and to which they might have referred among hundreds of other similar violations of academic rules by the artists who preceded Raphael, in justification of their own practices. The picture we refer to is a fresco in the Lower Church of the Church of Saint Francis at Assissi, in the chapel dedicated to Saint Martin (Pope Martin IV., A.D. 1281). It is attributed by Vasari to one Puccio Capanna, but later writers give it to a better known artist, Simone Memmi. Whoever painted it, has gone to work like all the men of his time, taking the facts of the everyday life about him, and using them as the setting for his story; clothing its personages—sacred or profane, near in time, or far-off—in the dress of the artist's own time, and surrounding them with the utensils and furniture that were familiar to the people for whom the picture was painted. So, here, in Memmi's picture we see the Pope lying asleep, and visited in his dream by the Saviour. He has not taken off his halo, but has it conveniently disposed around his night-cap, and he rests placidly on his bed—a plain, homespun affair, such as any Italian peasant of that day—or this—might sleep in, comfortably tucked in under a homespun plaid counterpane, no better than would be found in any one of the poor houses that nestle at the foot of the hill on whose side the great convent of Saint Francis suns itself at ease.

In our own time we do not remember any painter who has been so audacious as to dress his personages in a gown with a plaid pattern, except Leibl and James Tissot. Tissot has done this in a picture representing two ladies in high-life, and Leibl has done it, here, in his picture of peasants in church. This, of course, might be an accident, and ordinarily would indicate nothing deeper in the way of resemblance between the two artists. But it seems to us that there is something deeper, a more intimate relation, however it has come about,

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between the art of the French painter who has been devoted all his life to the depicting the manners and experiences of the upper classes—for, even his Margaret is a lady, albeit of the



"THE HUNTER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILHELM LEIBL.

middle-class, and the art of the German, who, born a laborer, has painted little beside scenes from the life of the laboring-people. Each of them turns his back peremptorily on the



Academic teaching, and insists on conceiving the scene he has to paint as nearly as possible as it would have looked in reality; not, indeed, attempting to deceive the eye by any tricks of imitation of stuff, or materials, or by feats of perspective, but aiming at deeper things: truth of human characterization, truth of gesture, and action. In each artist, too, is the same indifference to beauty, and it must be admitted to grace, as well. It is long since we saw Tissot's lady in the plaid gown, but we remember her tormented attitude as she sat upon the grass, and the multitudinous folds of her "tempestuous petticoat"; there was a plenty of veracity and energy in the picture, but there was little to attract the lover of prettiness. But as this print after Leibl's picture lies before us on the table while we write, we are more and more impressed with its unpretending earnestness of feeling, which, in the end, makes us oblivious to the homeliness of these poor people and the awkwardness of their attitudes. In fact, everything in the picture is ugly and awkward. The carved end of the seat in front of the one that holds these women is of such a coarse and unmeaning design that it would seem as if Leibl must have gone out of his way to find it. The old women are as ugly as hard work from youth to age, slender meals, and the aches and pains that come with poverty could make them. As for the young woman, her dress is neat enough, and no doubt considered quite the correct thing by herself and her neighbors, but nothing could well be more tasteless than the whole get-up, accented as it is by the ridiculous hat. There is, therefore, nothing pleasing in the picture to the eye that is wont to take pleasure in externals; here, as in Millet's pictures, or in Tissot's, we must look for the pleasure that comes from expression: we must get what we can from human sympathy felt for these people with whom the artist has himself plainly sympathized; the woman with deeply earnest look and clasped hands telling her beads; her neighbor, bent with age and holding her prayer-book—protected by its cloth cover like the one in Vautier's picture—in her long, bony hands; then the younger one who, just come in from market, with the jug she has been getting filled set down by her side, and turning over the leaves of her prayer-book to find the place with hands as big as those of the old grandame at her side, and on the way to be as knotty and bony, in time. Our other example of Leibl, "The Hunter," shows the artist still in quest of awkwardness and always in luck to find it! What a clumsy lout this is, to be sure; with his small head, his big legs, and his semi-detached feet! His dog is the best part of him! And yet the man has a *real* look; he does not look like a Salon Tyroler, but like a man of deeds, such as they are. Here again, we note the absence of composition, in the academic sense. The straight line

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formed by the rough rail extending from tree to tree, no doubt was there when Leibl made his sketch; but an academician would certainly have left it out. Nor would he have put the young fellow's foot on that ragged log, certainly no comfortable foothold. But, then, an academician would never have given us Leibl's excellent pollard willow, nor would he have caught his easy way of resting on his gun. Judging even by the print in its black and white this must be a well-painted picture.

Beauty carries the day, and how few would look at Leibl in his best estate if Gustav Richter's "Young Neapolitan" were to be seen! This almost ideal piece of human loveliness has had such a vogue, that some of our readers may wonder at our selecting it, but this is such an honest, healthy beauty, with neither sentimentality nor consciousness to mar it, that we see no reason why, if everybody has seen it once, everybody should not see it again! The only harm it can do is the persuading us that all Neapolitan fisher-boys are models of ideal beauty—a too large deduction from this one splendid fact! The truth is, as every one who has visited Naples knows, the people are no handsomer than we may see them any day in our streets. They are a strong, hard-featured, rather stunted race, with plenty of rough intelligence looking out of their dark eyes, often shaded by a forest of stormy hair, as, here, in our Beppo. But Beppo is one in ten thousand, and Richter was lucky to find him.

KARL LUDWIG GUSTAV RICHTER, to give him his full tale of names and so distinguish him from his namesake, plain Gustav, the landscape painter, was born in Berlin in 1823, and died in 1884. After finishing his studies at the Academy in Berlin, he went to Paris and there entered the atelier of Cogniet, with whom he remained for two years, and by whom his style was greatly influenced. Leaving Paris, he went to Rome, where he studied for two years, and on his return to Berlin was intrusted with a share in the decoration of the Hall of Northern Antiquities in the New Museum. The work of filling the wall-space above the cases and over the doors and windows with subjects from the Northern Mythology was divided among several artists, Bellermann, Müller, Heidenreich, and Richter, and the pictures were executed in the then newly-revived art of wax-painting (stereochromy). To Richter were given the three subjects "Balder"—the Northern Apollo, the "Walkyrie"—who conducted the souls of the illustrious dead to Walhalla, and "Walhalla" itself, the abode of the gods and heroes. Later, for a christmas festival, Richter painted for an exhibition of transparent pictures, a "Resurrection of Jairus' Daughter" which so delighted the king that he gave the

artist a commission to paint it on a larger scale in oils. Richter's next success was gained at the exhibition of 1856, when he showed his first portrait. This was considered the crown of



"A YOUNG NEAPOLITAN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG RICHTER.

the collection and still maintains its reputation. In 1859, he received the commission to paint one of the thirty large oil-paintings intended for the decoration of the great Entrance-

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Hall of the Maximilianeum at Munich—an institution founded by King Maximilian the II. for the advanced education of young men who have proved their special fitness for the civil-service of the state. Many of the most distinguished artists of Germany were invited to take part in this work of decoration, which, after the grand German manner, was intended to be illustrative of the most important events in the history of the world. Cabanel and Pauwels were, we believe, the only artists outside of Germany invited to participate in this work. Cabanel painted, "The Fall of Man," and Pauwels, "Louis XIV. receiving a Deputation from the Republic of Genoa"—this latter, a singular choice of subject when the limits of the scheme are considered; and the mention of Genoa leads to the reflection that in this salad of big and little events, on which the destiny of the world was supposed to have turned—no one seems to have suggested the "Discovery of America" by Columbus! The discovery of a new world might have been worth mentioning along with "The Olympian Games" and "Haroun al Raschid," and if it were thought desirable to include for the most part in these epoch-making events only the doings of Teutons and Scandinavians, that of the finding of America might have been given to the Northmen in general, or to Leif Eric in particular, the latest rival to Columbus! The subject assigned to Richter was, "The Construction of the Pyramids"—another amusing selection, seeing how vast a part these buildings have played in the history of the world, and how much we know about them! Richter, instead of following the example of the other German in the well-known squib, and constructing his pyramids "out of his moral consciousness" did as the Englishman in the story did: packed his valise and started for Egypt! What he expected to find there suitable for his commission we know not; certain it is that he brought back nothing for that purpose that he might not have had without the journey. His picture, however, when finished was considered one of the best of the series, and still holds its own alongside the "Battle of Salamis" by Kaulbach, and the works of Piloty, Hess, and Müller. His reputation does not rest on these larger and more pretending works, but upon his portraits and the "Heads" he painted on themes found in the course of his visit to Egypt and later (1873) in the Crimea. Among these, the "Neapolitan Fisher-boy" ranks perhaps first, in popularity at least, but his "Fellah-Woman," his "Odalisque," and his "Gipsy-woman of the Crimea," are also great favorites with the public. The "Odalisque" is almost as well known as the Neapolitan boy. Among his portraits, too, that of Queen Luisa of Prussia has been the subject of a sort of ovation at the hands of the artist's own people, and, indeed, the graceful figure of the good and beautiful woman de-



R. WALLIS, SCULPTOR

THE PHOTOGRAPH

1857





scending the steps of her palace has met with a welcome the world over, and has been reproduced by every known process, to meet the varied popular demand.

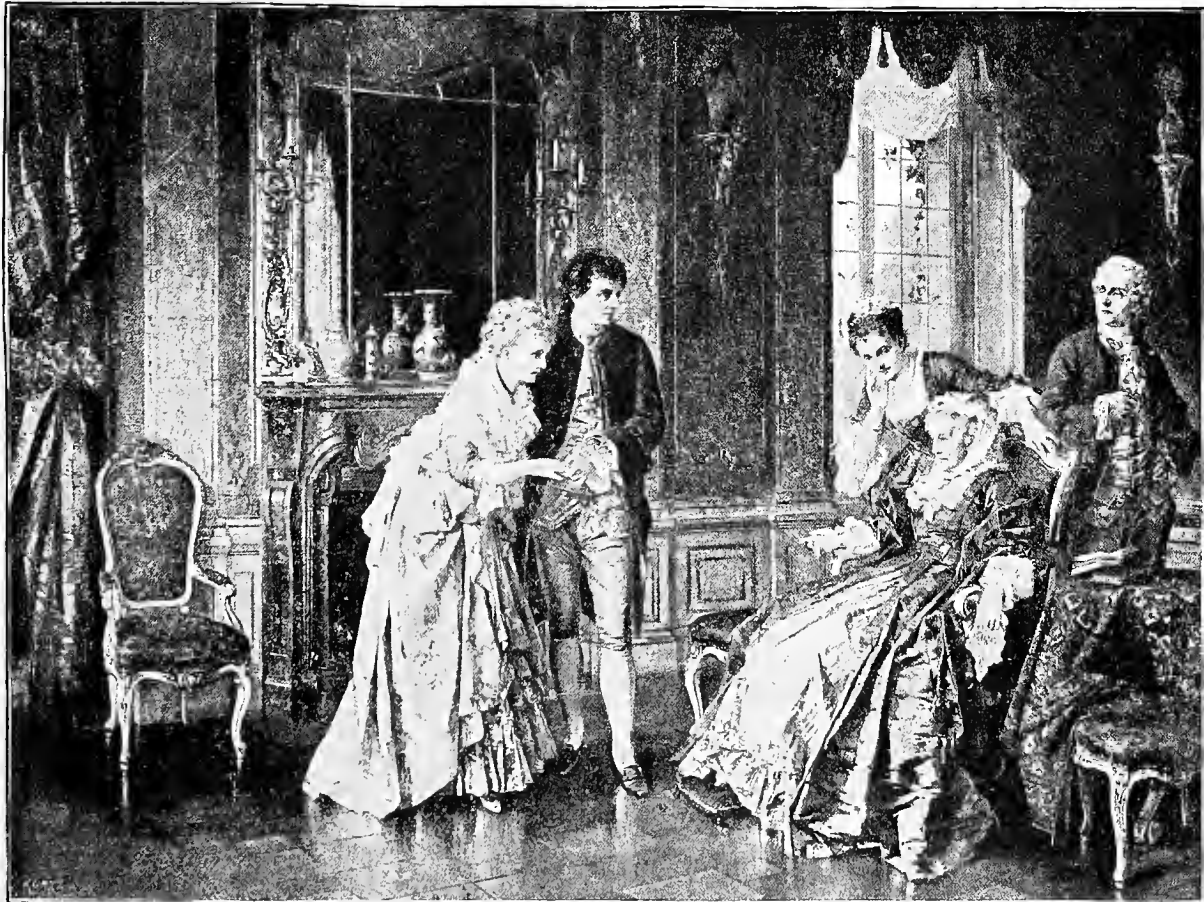
Another picture that has taken the popular fancy is "The Brothers" by Vogel, in the Dresden Gallery.

CHRISTIAN LEBERECHE VOGEL was born in Dresden in 1759. He studied his art under Schönan, the Director of the Dresden Academy, who inherited French traditions from the teaching of Silvestre, brought from Paris by August the Strong to take charge of his new Academy, and to be court-painter. In 1780, at the age of twenty-one, Vogel had begun to make himself a name, and was invited by Count Solms-Wildenfels to accompany him to his Chateau near Wildenfels, a small town near Zwickau in the Erzgebirge, where he was kept employed for a long time in painting pictures for his patron and for his patron's friends, the owners of neighboring castles. Considering, says Woltmann, the comparatively small extent of the estate ruled by Count Solms, the number of pictures painted for him by Vogel must be reckoned considerable; they consisted of portraits, decorative ceiling-pictures, and altar-pieces. When in 1804 he was elected a member of the Dresden Academy, Vogel returned to his native town, where, in 1814, he was made Professor at the Academy, and where he died in 1816. Vogel excelled in painting the portraits of children, and pictures in which children play the principal part, as in the allegorical ceiling-painting in the Library of the Castle at Wildenfels, and in the "Christ with the Children" in the same castle. But he is, perhaps, more at home in smaller, less pretending pictures, chiefly known through engravings, as they are mostly in private houses, such as his "Ganymede," his "Boy with a Canary-bird," "Boy with a Book and a Birdcage," and the present picture, the best known, as it is reckoned the best, of his works. It has been many times engraved, and is always copying by professional copyists in the gallery at Dresden, where it hangs. The children in "The Brothers" are the two little sons of the artist who are sitting side by side on the floor. One of them, in a brown jacket and with shoes, holds a picture-book on his knees from which he looks up with a sweet expression, as if he were spoken to by father or mother. His dress is of an older fashion than his brother's, he not only has shoes, but stockings and loose trousers and a large linen collar with a ruffled edge turned over his jacket. His long fair hair falls on his neck in curls and is cut short on his forehead. He reminds us of pictures of French children of his time, painted by Greuze or Drouais. His brother is of a sturdier build, a younger child, barefooted and bare-armed and dressed in a loose red frock with a handkerchief tied bib-fashion

about his neck. His hair is dark and stronger than his brother's, and is cut short in the neck and on the forehead. He holds a whip in his hand, and looks, but none too eagerly, into the book in his brother's lap. On a loosely folded shawl by the elder brother's side is his hat, of a size and shape to amuse a child of to-day, since it is of the same pattern as that which would be worn by the child's father. Such, however, was the fashion in that day; the dress of children in the lower class, no less than in the higher, was the same in substance as that of their elders, and even at the present time in England it is very common to see little boys, on a Sunday especially, in tall hats like their fathers', while we are all familiar with the German and Scandinavian emigrant-children dressed like their grandfathers in clothes that, as we say, "look as if they had come out of the ark." And half the perennial charm of the cuts engraved by Bewick and so cleverly copied by our American Anderson, lies in the harmony between the dress of the boys and girls, and their general priggishness and airs of wisdom beyond their years. Nothing but prudence and discretion, with contempt for youthful follies, could be looked for in the wearers of these high hats, tail-coats, breeches, knee-buckles, and low-cut shoes; these long-skirted, short-waisted gowns, with flowing sashes, and tall, pointed beaver-hats trimmed with flowers and ribbons. The expression given by this dress, so outlandish in our eyes, is not, however, always that of priggishness. In Madame Le Brun's "Marie Antoinette and her Children," given in the first volume of this work (p. liv., Introduction) the Dauphin's costume is in keeping with the sweet childish dignity of his bearing; and, here, in Vogel's picture, the miniature man's dress does not detract from the look of infant innocence. It may be noticed that Karl Woermann, the continuator of the excellent history of painting begun by Alfred Woltmann, cannot enough praise the painting of this picture; he exhausts his German adjectives in expressing his delight, and makes its warm, glowing, luminous coloring, the text of a sermon on the recreancy of modern German art to its splendid beginnings as illustrated by the "Portrait of a Man" by Peter von Cornelius that hangs near it in the gallery.

OTTO ERDMANN, the painter of the "Bringing-home the Bride" was born at Leipzig in 1834 and after studying his art first at home and then in Dresden and Munich, fixed his residence at Düsseldorf, where he has since continued to live and to paint. He has been a successful caterer to the public taste for anecdotes, setting his little tales of high-life in a fashionable Rococo frame-work, polished marquetry floor, panelled walls in white and gold, lambrequined windows, mirrors, and porcelain vases, and people to match; all convention-

ality, formality, and high-caste German exclusiveness, and touch-me-nottery. The present picture is a good example of the artist's manner when he is at his best: there is more dramatic feeling, and clear character-drawing in this scene than his pictures call for in general. The son of this high-born and dignified lady has chosen a bride for himself a little



"BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY OTTO ERDMANN.

outside the charmed circle in which his family moves. There have been hard thoughts, if not hard words, in consequence, and it is only now that, after much letter-writing and embassies to-and-fro, the mother has consented to receive her daughter-in-law, and see with her own eyes what she looks like. She sits in her gilded and brocaded *fauteuil*, dressed in her stateliest, satin and silk and lace, and does her best, with a wintry smile and a dubious hand, to welcome the intruder, this bird from the outer world who has dared to come and sit on the

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branches of her family tree; but for her son's sake and for the sake of peace she will give her such welcome as she can. Judging by the consternation of the family, we must think this a terrible old lady, in spite of her calm exterior and general air of harmless respectability. Yet, all these people seem to be expecting or fearing an explosion; the young bride, a most delicate piece of Dresden china, approaches her new relative with a faltering heart and a timid foot, supported by her young husband's arm; the husband himself seems prepared to snatch his wife away on the first spark of danger; his sister, with one arm on the back of her mother's chair and the other raised in a gesture of expectancy, stands lightly balanced between hope and fear; the father in the background, still unreconciled, looks severely at the offending pair, and adds his well-dressed mite to the general sum of discomfort. However, let us hope for the best; let us believe that the mother, an excellent person at heart, no doubt, underneath this shell of convention, has been led to a proper and becoming state of mind by the Court-chapel book of devotion she was reading when the footman announced her son, and that when the pretty young creature before her shall have kissed the proffered hand, and asked her blessing, there will be an end to this high-born nonsense, and that the heads of this aristocratic family will begin to appreciate the kindness of fortune in sending such a gleam of sunshine to light up their dull formality.

CARL SOHN, JR., as he signs himself in the corner of this picture "At Dessert," is the son of the once distinguished painter, a chief of the Düsseldorf school; remembered here, perhaps, by some as the painter of a "Diana and her Nymphs" that was one of the main attractions of the Düsseldorf gallery. The son was born at Düsseldorf in 1845, where his father died in 1869. An older brother, Richard, still lives and paints portraits in his native town, and there is also a cousin, Wilhelm, a painter of history and *genre*, born in Berlin, but living and working at Düsseldorf, so that the family is well represented. The younger Carl Sohn's "At Dessert" is one of the regulation costume and studio-property pieces with which we are already so familiar; but we must confess to finding it not so reasonable as many of its companions. Considering the venerable character of the company seated at the table—so much of it, at least, as we can see through the open door-way—we are not surprised that this young couple should have slipped away for a quiet chat in the ante-room, where, seated on an old carved settee by the side of his lady, the young gentleman has preluded his love-making by an air or two strummed upon his lute. But, what puzzles us is the action of the young lady, whose state of violent commotion is in curious contrast to the cool undemonstrative air of her





"AT DESSERT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL SOHN, JR.





lover. He would seem to have stated his case with unusual deliberation and to be awaiting a reply with an air that might equally well be translated as indifference, or assurance. The lady, on the contrary, starts back with a frightened air, and appears to be in some danger of losing her balance; at any rate, her next movement will be, apparently, to spring to her feet, and leave her companion to strum on his lute to himself. Or, can it be that all this agitation is caused by the unwelcome appearance of the young lady's little sister, a miniature copy of herself, dressed in festal array, in a brocaded gown, satin shoes and a jaunty cap and heron's feather, who has begged a plate of bon-bons from her rather grim-visaged aunt who lowers in ruff and bodice on the other end of the table; and, under pretence of offering them a share of the dessert, has come out, just at the wrong moment, after the fashion of small sisters, moved by mere childish curiosity to see what her big sister Wilhelmina is doing? This might possibly explain the fact that the young lady is so flustered while her lover is so calm—for she sees the pretty intruder, and he doesn't. Yet, even so, her evident agitation ought to pique his curiosity, since he must know very well that as the lady has been for some weeks well aware of his intention, and she herself prepared to hear his declaration, there cannot be any reason for surprise on her part. As a composition Sohn's picture has merit sufficient, albeit it is of a conventional kind, and follows rules easily taught. The lighting of the inner room is cleverly managed, and the people are well-seated at the table. Were we practically disposed, we might object to the architectural disposition of the rooms; such a screen between two principal apartments in a handsome house calling for an explanation, since in the times when the handsome dress of this young lady was worn, with its graceful compromise between the stiffness of the preceding era and the freedom of the next to come, in the early seventeenth century, there was no lack of light in the houses; they were far enough away from the troglodyte system of house-building to which we are accustomed. Or, if these rich people had had a screen only, to separate their dining-room from the hall, we may be sure they would have known how to arrange the glass in it. Small square panes diversified with glass dinner-plates—for there are no joints in these discs to make us think them properly leaded ornaments—would not have found their way to such a place. But the whole screen looks like a cheap collection of bits put together for studio-purposes, an inexcusable make-shift when we think of the abundant models that are at any artist's disposal in any old European town.

LUDWIG LÖFFTZ, the painter of "Avarice and Love" was born at Darmstadt in 1845, and was apprenticed at seventeen to an upholsterer. He had already a few years' instruction at

the Technical Institute in his native place, but at the end of his apprenticeship, he decided to become an artist, and give up trade. He went first, in 1869, to Nuremberg, where he studied under Kreling for a year, but the next year found him in Munich, where he entered the studio of Wilhelm Diez. After a number of essays in *genre* painting, with a certain success, he produced the present picture exhibited at Munich in 1879, and won the willing suffrages of the public and the artists. The work was plainly suggested by the famous picture, in the Louvre, by Quentin Matsys: "The Gold-merchant and his Wife" although there cannot be said to be more than a suggestion of an original, either in the coloring or the design of Löfftz's picture. Matsys' work shows us simply a merchant and his young wife sitting side by side in his counting-room, he examining a piece of gold he has been weighing, and she pausing in turning over the pages of an illuminated missal, to look at the coin and to listen to what he is saying about it. The table is strewn with various objects that have come to the merchant in exchange, and which are all painted with the utmost care, an *ostensoir*, or crystal shrine for the altar, a watch in its ponderous case, a small convex mirror with its reflections, such as more than one of the sixteenth-century artists tried his skill upon, and a pile of gold pieces. On shelves behind the couple are a number of small objects, all painted with the same precision. Another picture at Windsor Castle, "The Misers," once attributed to Quentin Matsys, but now given to his son Jan, may have mingled in the mind of Löfftz the idea of avarice with that of love, as suggested by the Louvre picture. But this is as far as the resemblance goes. This sturdy yeoman, whom we suppose we must allow young (after a mediæval fashion) has found the merchant sitting with his bountifully blooming daughter in his counting-room and takes the opportunity to exchange glances with her, while her father carefully counts out the money he has brought in settlement of some transaction. The rose, too, which he had slipped into the mouth of the bag of money as he handed it to her on entering, she acknowledges with a speaking look that seems to promise him prosperity in his suit. As in Matsys' pictures, the table is strewn with things in the painting of which the modern artist has attempted no rivalry with the work of the older master. They are here simply as necessary facts, to have their dues, but to be subordinated to the main purpose of the composition, whereas, with a Matsys, Van Eyck, and even Holbein, these details seem often to have been painted for their own sake, for the mere pleasure of wrestling with difficulties.



"AVARICE AND LOVE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG LÖFFLTZ

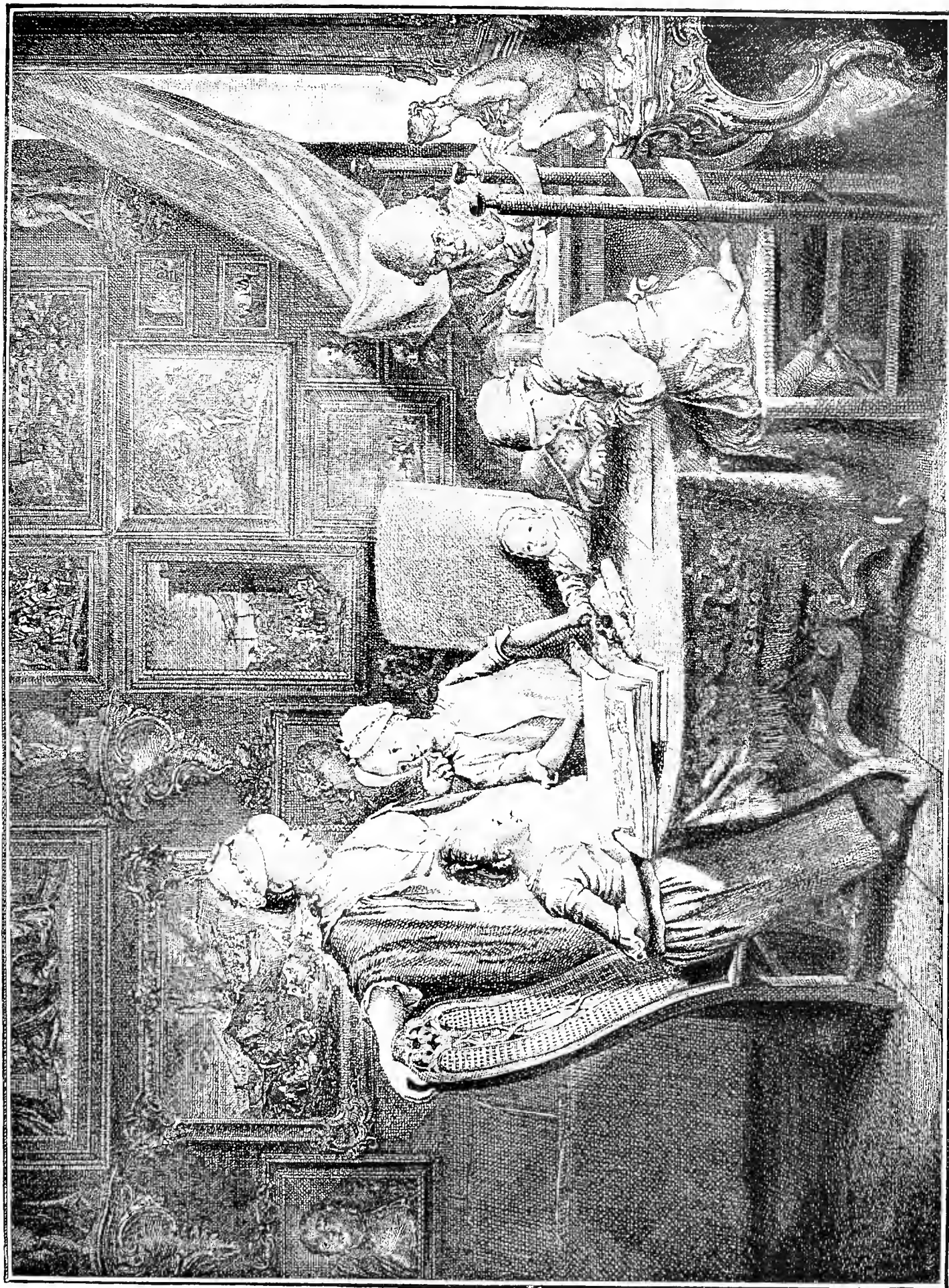


## XV.

IN the somewhat wearisome waste of modern German art, the name of Daniel Nicolaus Chodowiecki stands out as a cheerful luminary. "Pronounce Kodov-yetski," says Thomas Carlyle, "and endeavor to make some acquaintance with the 'Prussian Hogarth' who has real worth and originality." He was an artist of a marked personality, whose work, if it had but little influence on the art of his own time, and if, for us, it form merely a part of the baggage of curiosity bequeathed by his age to ours, must yet always have an interest for the student of manners in his part of Germany in the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century. Chodowiecki was born at Dantzic in 1726. This city, although it had been for a long time one of the most important places in that part of the dominions of Prussia which was ruled by the Order of Teutonic Knights, had joined the league of the towns that threw off the yoke of the Order, and placed herself under the protection of Poland, while still maintaining her municipal independence. The second partition of Poland which gave Dantzic back to Prussia and to Germany, did not take place until 1793, when Chodowiecki was nearly seventy years of age, so that, had he continued to live and to work in his native town all those years, his fame must have been given to Poland, to which, as it is, nothing but his Polish name belongs. Chodowiecki's father was a corn-merchant in a small way, his mother, we are told, was of French descent, and yet the artistic leaning in their son's nature would seem to have been derived not from the mother, but from the father, who not only put no obstacle in the boy's way when he saw him resolutely bent toward art, but himself gave him his first instructions, since he was not without some little talent in that direction. An aunt, too, who painted in enamel, assisted him in his studies, but there was little doing, in the town, in the way of art to encourage him in the pursuit, and few pictures, either in public or private possession, to stimulate or instruct his youthful talent. One important picture by a great artist, "The Last Judgment" of Hans Memling, of Bruges, did, indeed, hang in Chodowiecki's time, in the Church of St. Mary, where it is still to be seen. But, though, to amateurs of painting and lovers of the earlier art, it is to-day chief among the few attractions of the old sea-port, it may reasonably be doubted whether it had ever received more than a casual glance from Chodowiecki. In his time, the art of the middle ages was more than neglected, it was despised; and the art of the Renaissance was hardly in better favor. A picture by Memling, or Van Eyck, or Matsys, covered now by buyers with gold-pieces, was then looked

at merely as a curiosity, well enough, perhaps, in a church, but by no means a fit ornament for a room in which one was to live. In the picture by Chodowiecki which accompanies this notice: "The Work-room of a Painter," all the pictures that hang on the wall are the productions of the later Dutchmen, or of the Italian Eclectics; the men who were just before Chodowiecki's time, and in vogue when he was coming on the stage or was just in his prime. We may ask ourselves, too, whether the picturesque old town of his youth was more to his mind than the old art; whether the narrow streets, with their tall houses, built for the most part of brick, some of them plain to austerity, though well designed, others richly ornamented, with columns and cornices, window and door-frames of carved stone, would excite him to artistic sympathy, or would leave him cold, as before so much mere survival of a barbarous past? Ought he not, if he had in him any artistic instincts, to have taken some little pleasure in the multitude of gables which give such a rich and varied sky-line to every street; or in that picturesque feature, once common to nearly all the houses of Dantzic, and peculiar to the city, the *Beyschläge* or "stoops," as we call their degenerate descendants here in New York: stone platforms extending well out from the fronts of the houses, handsomely railed in, and reached from the side-walk by comfortable steps? Here, under the shade of trees, the owners of the houses and their friends would sit on summer-evenings, enjoying the cool air and the long twilights, and filling the narrow streets with a cheerful murmur of friendly voices. But, though in those sketch-books of which we shall speak presently, and especially in the sketches made during the visit to Dantzic in 1773, where he went to see his mother, whom he had not met for thirty years, he records the backgrounds of his groups, however slightly, yet with the same truthfulness with which he depicts the groups themselves, we can find no evidence that he cared at all for what most interests us of this generation when we visit the ancient sea-port on the Vistula. For want, then of better models in his art, Chodowiecki fell back upon the engravers, and under his aunt's direction began to copy the etchings of Callot, and such prints as he could obtain after the works of the Dutch and Flemish artists. Later, he obtained engravings after Watteau and Lancret, and with these he now began the practice of making small-size reductions of his originals, doubtless aided in this, as in all his efforts, by the aunt, whose work as a miniaturist and enamel-painter, lay in the direction of minute and finely finished execution. All his drawings up to this time had been made with the pen and washed with India-ink, but he now began to paint upon parchment, and he soon made such progress that an uncle, a shop-keeper, who lived at Berlin, and who





"THE WORK-ROOM OF A PAINTER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY DANIEL NICOLAUS CHODOWIECKI



used to buy for his customers the aunt's enamels as they were sent him, now encouraged the nephew by buying some of his drawings that from time to time were sent to him along with these. Life was thus made a little easier for the lad, as the small sums of money he received refreshed his slim pockets and gave him the means of procuring the materials for his drawing and painting, without calling on his parents, who were ill able to gratify him.

In 1740, when Chodowiecki was only fourteen, his father died, and his mother, who had never encouraged him in his efforts to make himself an artist, apprenticed him to a relative, a widow who kept a small grocery shop in Dantzic. Here began a dreary episode in the life of the boy, who was now obliged to serve behind the counter from six in the morning until ten at night, and in the evening, after supper, to go to church with his mistress for vespers, and to join her in singing the hymns. Yet so strong was his bent toward art, that even in church his thoughts went wandering that way; he would study the pictures on the wall and try to fix their composition in his memory by following their main lines with his finger in the hollow of his hand or on the cover of his prayer book, and afterward on reaching his bedroom would reproduce them as well as he could from memory. Thus hard necessity schooled him, and taught him a method which no master could have bettered. In the shop, too, were many hours when little was doing in the way of business, and these he improved by sketching the shop and its contents, and once made a drawing of his mistress and her friends at table which is still to be seen among his sketches, and shows the considerable progress he was making in his studies from nature.

Finding that all their efforts to crush the boy were in vain, the Fates, who perhaps only meant to try his mettle, resolved to do him a good turn. They bankrupted the old widow and shut up her shop, a happy event for Chodowiecki, who now returned to his mother's house, and after a brief stay there, followed his younger brother to Berlin, where his uncle already mentioned was ready to give him a helping hand. For some time he worked away at his water-color drawing, and made attempts at enamel-painting, but he found little success in disposing of his work and was at length reluctantly obliged to abandon the hope of earning a living in Berlin by art of that kind. Here, as in many another instance, we who look backward upon the event, can see how circumstances that at the time seemed to be hardships, were really spurs to drive the supposed victim into the true path to success. Chodowiecki was not meant by nature to be a mere copyist of other men's work; neither was he meant to be a shop-keeper. Yet like a brave young fellow, he did his best to bend his neck to the

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yoke, and finding that he could not as yet earn his bread by his drawings, rather than be a burden to his uncle he went into his shop to assist him and to gain a living. The uncle, on his side, showed his good will, and gave his consent that both Daniel and his brother Gottfried should take lessons of Rode, a Polish artist settled in Berlin, and who had been himself a pupil of Rugendas, the Director of the Academy of Augsburg. Rode's name hardly appears in the dictionaries; he could probably do little for his pupils technically, but he was enthusiastic on the subject of art; he had seen pictures, if he could not paint them, and he did Chodowiecki a service by stimulating his ambition and keeping his hope alive. This was the more needed, as Berlin at that time was poor both in art and artists; there were no pictures of any merit in the churches, and the royal collection, such as it was, was not accessible to the public. Little by little Chodowiecki began to experiment with original designs, and he improved the chances that were every now and then thrown in his way of seeing pictures, and of making acquaintance with artists; among these, Antoine Pesne—of whom we shall have to speak later—was the most useful to him; much older than Chodowiecki—he was born in 1683—he was able by his position in the art-world and by his relations with the court, to be of service to our artist and he showed great friendliness to him. Chodowiecki studied for a while in the life-school of Christian Rode, and in 1755 he married Jeanne Barez, and took up art seriously as a profession.

After his marriage Chodowiecki settled down to his work as a painter of miniatures, and of enamels—these latter often intended for the decoration of snuff-boxes, then as much objects of ornament as of use, and greatly in vogue for gifts and souvenirs. He kept up also his early practice of copying engravings, and chiefly delighted in those from the pictures of Watteau and Boucher, the favorites of their time, not only in France but wherever in Europe France was the *arbiter elegantiarum*; the mistress in the realm of taste. Little by little he began to exercise himself in original design; and it was to enable him to supply his friends with copies of some drawings he had made with subjects of local interest, that he took up etching. At first, he was discouraged, and after some efforts that he felt to be unsuccessful, gave it up, but still returned to it, until at last by a happy accident as we may call it, he produced a plate that both for its subject and for the way in which he treated it, interested everybody and opened for him the way to reputation and employment. This was the plate called “Der grosse Calas,” the larger Calas, to distinguish it from a smaller plate of the same composition made for the frontispiece to a play by H. Weisse, “Der Fanatismus.” The story

of Calas, and of the indignant protest of Voltaire against the atrocious mockery of justice that led to his death, is well known and needs to be only referred to here. In 1762, a young man named Marc Antoine Calas, a native of Lacapardèze, in Languedoc, committed suicide in a fit of temporary insanity. There was not the slightest reason to doubt the fact that the young man, addicted to gambling, and subject to deep fits of melancholy, had killed himself, but the religious strifes that were raging had worked up the popular mind to a state of morbid intolerance and suspicion, and some one having said that the young man's father, a Protestant and a person of very good reputation, or some member of his family, had murdered him to prevent his turning Roman Catholic, the whole mass of inflammable bigotry in suspense in the community caught fire from this spark, and the entire Calas family became the objects of a barbarous social persecution. The old man was put to the torture, but refusing to confess, he was haled before the Parliament at Toulouse, and as the result of the inquiry was sentenced to be broken upon the wheel. The wife and children were acquitted after having been put to the torture, and finally fled to Geneva and took refuge with Voltaire. Three years later, through the influence of Voltaire, the sentence was revised, the Parliament of Paris declared the innocence of Calas, and the King, Louis XV., ordered the sum of 30,000 livres to be given to his family. This was only one of a series of atrocious persecutions which had brought the public mind of France and Germany to a state of high excitement. Voltaire had become so well known in Prussia, so admired, almost worshipped by the one side, so hated and feared by the other, that his fierce espousal of the cause of Calas had made the story almost a household one. A French print called "*La malheureuse Famille Calas*" was brought to Berlin, and fell under the eyes of Chodowiecki, who interested, like the rest of the world, in the story, copied the print in oil. He became so much absorbed in the story, that it took a new shape in his mind, and he re-created the scene of the parting between Calas and his family, on his way to the scaffold, in a composition of his own which he called "*Les Adieux de Calas à sa Famille*." This picture excited so much admiration that he was minded to etch it, in order that he might more easily gratify the popular wish to see it, and the result of his effort was the plate we have already mentioned, "*Der grosse Calas*." By the kindness of Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, of Washington, we are enabled to give our readers a reproduction of this rare plate from a copy in that gentleman's possession. Pecht has pointed out, in his interesting sketch of Chodowiecki's life, that in the general conception of his picture, the artist has imitated Greuze, but that he is far more faithful to nature, and not



so sentimental. And though the composition may recall the French artist (and it will be remembered that all Chodowiecki's instruction has been filtered through French influences, and nearly all his life spent in copying directly from French models), yet in the feeling of this picture there was nothing French at all. We see before us an honest Berlin father of a family, who is about taking leave of mother, wife, and child, in his prison cell, while the priest who is to prepare him for death enters the room, and the jailer knocks off his chains.



VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE TO LESSING'S  
"MINNA VON BARNHELM."  
BY CHODOWIECKI.



THE PEDANT'S MARRIAGE-PROPOSAL."  
BY CHODOWIECKI.

The fainting mother, the weeping and lamenting wife and daughter - all this is so truly German, so Berlinish, and yet so true to universal human nature, and withal so moving, that we may well call the composition the first *genre* picture that was produced in Germany. It had at the time a far-reaching influence, and imitators by the score.

The success of this plate was so great that it decided the fortunes of Chodowiecki, who from that time was overrun with orders from the booksellers, and found he had no longer leisure to paint his laborious miniatures. In 1764 he was made an associate of the Berlin Academy, and in 1769 he was appointed engraver and etcher to the same society. In 1770 he





"CALAS BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS FAMILY."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY DANIEL NICOLAUS CHODOWIECKI.



produced, for himself, a series of twelve designs to Lessing's "Minna Von Barnhelm," and with these small oval pictures, set, like many of the miniatures and silhouette likenesses of the time, in a simply decorated panel, a new era in book illustration was introduced into Germany. Here, again, France was (as she has for all the world so often) the inspirer and director of this new departure. Of his contemporaries who have gained the greatest distinction in this same field, Moreau the younger, and Eisen, in France, and Stothard, in England, Moreau was fifteen years his junior, and Eisen his senior by six years, while Stothard was twenty-nine years younger. Stothard, like Chodowiecki, owed much of his inspiration to France, but he is far inferior to his Prussian contemporary in the intellectual value of his work as well as in the variety and force of his design. The facility, energy, and fruitfulness of Chodowiecki are wonderful. Engelmann's Catalogue gives us the titles of 2,075 distinct designs in 978 plates. In the thirty years of life that remained to him after the appearance of his "Minna von Barnhelm," he illustrated the works of almost every celebrity of his time, in England, France, and Germany, beside a cloud of others whose books, long since forgotten for themselves, are still sought out on the musty shelves of the dealers at second-hand for the sake of the designs by our artists which give them all their value. In 1775, Chodowiecki, after a lapse of thirty years, took a holiday, and re-visited Dantzic to see his now aged mother. He had left her, poor and unknown, to seek a doubtful fortune; he returned, famous and well to do, changed in everything but his good heart and kindly nature. Of this journey and his visit he has left a most interesting record in a series of sketches, over a hundred in number, in which he has noted down everything he saw that interested him. He rode all the way from Berlin to Dantzic, and might often have been seen standing by his horse's side with the bridle held in his teeth, to leave both hands free while he sketched in his note-book something that had attracted him. On reaching his inn he would finish his sketch from memory, sometimes washing it with India-ink. A selection of these drawings has recently been published in *fac-simile* in Berlin. He made other journeys on horseback, visiting Dresden, Hamburg, Leipzig, and other North-German cities, sketching most industriously and accumulating in this way a multitude of studies which he put to good use in his book-illustrations. Many of these, it is said, were etched directly upon the plate without making a finished design beforehand, a practice not uncommon perhaps in the case of certain artists who are not particularly solicitous for form, but rare, surely, with those whose work is of so precise and orderly a character as that of Chodowiecki. His early studies, and the

miniature and enamel-painting that had occupied his time for so many years, had in great measure limited his skill to small compositions, and when he attempted larger plates, his good genius too often deserted him. His first plate, the "Calas," and "The Painter and his Family" both which we copy—are reckoned his best productions in this more ambitious field. His "Ziethen Sleeping," the scene where Frederick finds the old general sleeping in a chair in his audience-room, and forbids his waking by his attendants, saying, "he has watched often enough for us, now let him sleep," and that other anecdote, of Frederick insisting on



"THE OFFICER'S MARRIAGE-PROPOSAL."

BY CHODOWIECKI.



"TWO GIRLS."

BY CHODOWIECKI.

Ziethen, old and infirm, sitting, while he, the King, stands and talks to him, both these plates are interesting from their subjects, but they are of no great artistic value. The reproduction of the "Painter and his Family" which we publish, is interesting, as a direct copy from the rare original plate as well as for its subject. We see the artist sitting at his small table by the window, the curtain drawn aside for more light, and held in its place by the back of the chair, while he draws the miniature of his little daughter, seated with the four other children at a large table near their father. The long wall of the room that faces us is hung with pictures, small and large, of which we see thirteen either in whole or in part, and there are consoles also supporting casts. On the floor leaning against the wall there are big

portfolios, and on a pier table at the right, under a mirror, is a cast of a Crouching Venus, probably she of the Capitol. All these pictures, as nearly as we can make out, are, as we have already described them, of the later French school, or of the Eclectic, but we fancy there is also a Dürer among them—a copy, perhaps by Chodowiecki himself, of the Flight into Egypt, from the “Life of the Virgin,” and below it is also, if we are not mistaken, Tenier’s picture of the Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard. If this be so, it shows that Chodowiecki was not shut up to the works of one school, although it is true that his studies in art had lain almost exclusively among the favorites of his time, where Dürer and Teniers certainly had no place. The group about the table seems to us very attractive; the kindly-natured, pleasant-faced mother in her simple bourgeois house-dress, with her arm on the back of the eldest daughter’s chair, and caressing the cheek of the next oldest, who leans toward her affectionately while she holds fast to the wee baby in the big chair with one hand; the eldest son, in his queer little German dressing-gown tied round his waist, and with his head tied up in a handkerchief (he is drawing a picture of his sister to rival his father’s!), while his small brother, also capped and gowned, is pointing out this and that in his work and asking him small-brother questions about it. The eldest daughter—no beauty she, with her long slender face drawn out into a tremulous pointed nose (the image, as we can see, of her mother at her age) is conscious that she is sitting for her portrait, and not ill-pleased thereat. She has a big picture book before her, but she is not looking at it just at present, is more concerned in the result of the contest between the two artists, the older and the younger one.

As we look up from this picture of Chodowiecki’s to the smaller subjects, the vignettes to the plays, novels, romances of the time, we see that the general air is the same, although, as a rule, he was content with much simpler backgrounds and with plainer surroundings. It may be that he dressed up his own room a little, or he may have copied it with the accuracy so characteristic of his work in general; in either case we cannot find much to say in praise of his taste. But in these numerous vignettes of his, and in the series of his own designs “The Amateurs,” the “Occupations des Dames,” the “Centifolium Stultorum,” we find the mirror held up plainly to the society he saw about him. The costume of all the people he sketched or drew, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, people of all professions and occupations, are there for us to study as they lived, moved, and had their being in the Berlin or Dantzic or Dresden of his day. The comparison between him and Hogarth was never a very appropriate one. He has neither flattered his world nor ridiculed it; his satire, when he



indulged it, was but gentle, he was content to depict things as he saw them and left them to speak for themselves their own praise or blame. He had, for a German, far more grace and playfulness than Hogarth, he had also more native refinement, but far less dramatic power and less earnestness. Beside, he had not so ample a stage on which to present his characters; he could never do with his small plates, no larger, for the most part, than the small oval of a lady's palm, what Hogarth could accomplish with his large engravings, permitting the introduction of a great number of figures, with a multitude of accessory episodes. Chodowiecki does not play so epic a part; he is rather the Theocritus of the bourgeois world in which he lived, and a part of which he was. He made few excursions outside this world, and when he attempted to depict high life, he certainly was less happy than when he kept at home, in his own circle. During the last few years of his life Chodowiecki suffered much from swelling of the feet, which confined him to his house and his desk for the greater part of the time. But his industry and his energy were indomitable, and he continued to produce to the last and with little diminution in the excellence of his work. He died on the 1st of February, 1801.

One of Chodowiecki's most distinguished contemporaries living in Berlin was ANTOINE PESNE, the painter of the portrait of Frederick II. and his sister Wilhelmina, Marchioness of Baireuth, as children—"The Little Drummer" as it is sometimes called. Pesne was in truth a Frenchman, born at Paris in 1683, but he spent the greater part of his active life in Berlin, where he was called by the King of Prussia in 1710, and made court-painter, and the next year was appointed Director of the Academy in Berlin. In 1720 he returned to Paris, where he was elected a member of the Academy, but returned shortly to Berlin and passed there the remainder of his life, dying in 1757. He is the painter of a great number of the portraits of celebrities that now adorn the palaces of Berlin, but he has most endeared himself to the German worshippers of Frederick by the picture which we have chosen as an example of his skill. Carlyle in his great epic, the *Frederick II.*, incomparably the richest of all his works, has much to say about this picture, and we cannot do better than to give the reader his own words in describing it.

"For the rest, here is another little incident. We said it had been a disappointment to Papa that his little Fritz showed no appetite for soldiering, but found other sights more interesting to him than the drill-ground. Sympathize then, with the earnest papa as he returns home one afternoon—date not given—but, to all appearance, of that year 1715, when



there was such war-rumoring and marching toward Stralsund, and found the little Fritz with Wilhelmina looking over him, strutting about and assiduously beating a little drum.

"The paternal heart ran over with glad fondness, invoking Heaven to confirm the omen. Mother was told of it; the phenomenon was talked of—beautifullest, hopefulest of little drummers. Painter Pesne, a French immigrant or importee, of the last reign, a man of great



"THE LITTLE DRUMMER," CROWN-PRINCE FREDERICK II., AND THE PRINCESS WILHELMINA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE PESNE.

skill with his brush, whom history yet thanks on several occasions, was sent for; or he had heard of the incident and volunteered his services. A Portrait of Little Fritz drumming, with Wilhelmina looking on; to which, probably for the sake of color and pictorial effect, a Blackamoor aside with parasol in hand grinning approbation has been added—was sketched and dexterously worked out in oil by Painter Pesne. Picture approved by mankind there and then, and it still hangs on the wall in a perfect state at Charlottenburg Palace, where the

judicious tourist may see it without difficulty, and institute reflections on it. \* \* \* \* Fritz is still, if not in long clothes, at least in longish and flowing clothes, of the petticoat sort, which look as of dark-blue velvet, very simple, pretty, and appropriate; in a cap of the same; has a short raven's feather in the cap; and looks up with a face and eye full of beautiful vivacity and child's enthusiasm; one of the beautifullest little figures, while the little drum responds to his bits of drum-sticks. Sister Wilhelmina, taller by some three years, looks on in pretty marching attitude and with a graver smile. Blackamoor and accompaniments elegant enough; and finally the figure of a grenadier or guard, seen far off through an opening—make up the background." It may be added that Carlyle tells us, with the exception of this picture and one of Frederick when a young man, also painted by Pesne, there exists no authentic portrait of him. "It seems he never sat to any painter in his reigning days, and the Prussian Chodowiecki, Saxon Graff, and English Cunningham had to pick up his physiognomy in the distance, intermittingly, as he could."

F. TISCHBEIN, the painter of the portraits of Queen Louisa of Prussia and her sister Friederika, was one of a large family of artists of that name, most of whom are associated with Cassel and its Academy, of which the oldest of the name, Johann Heinrich Tischbein, born in 1772, was the Director. The painter of our picture, Johann Friedrich August Tischbein—born in 1750, and died in 1812—was the nephew of this one, and was Court-painter to the Prince Von Waldeck, and Director of the Academy at Leipzig. He painted a great number of portraits which are to be seen in the galleries of Leipzig, Weimar, Brunswick, and Frankfort, but the best known is this portrait of Queen Louisa, the mother of the late Emperor William, the beautiful and high-hearted woman, whose statue by Rauch is so well known. Our engraving is only of a portion of a larger plate, which it was thought would suffer, as a portrait, by the attempt to reduce it. It represents the two sisters standing at the foot of a terrace-steps, and looking out upon the garden beyond. It will be remembered that Richter has painted a similar portrait of the Queen, in which she is seen descending the palace steps to the terrace—a portrait of maturer years.

As we come down to later times, the names of portrait-painters in Germany become, if not more numerous, more individualized; the artists showing less the influence of routine and conventional models than we find in the older painters, who worked more frequently in schools. Few words will suffice for François Xavier Winterhalter, whose name by grace of royal favor once filled the fashionable world, but is now passed away with other tinsel glories

of the Second Empire. He was born at Baden in 1806, but after studying at Munich and in Rome finally settled in Paris in 1834. He travelled much, however, during all his life, visit-



"QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA AND HER SISTER FRIEDERIKA."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRIEDRICH TISCHBEIN.

ing England, Germany, and Spain, and painting a prodigious number of portraits, of Louis Philippe and Queen Amelia with all the Orleans family, but especially known as the Court-painter of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. The present picture, which now hangs

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on the staircase of the Metropolitan Museum, is a singular relic of that singular time. It represents the Empress and the ladies of her Court at St. Cloud, but it is unnecessary to say that it is not intended as a literal presentation, but rather as a poetical grouping of the women thought pretty, who surrounded that queer, vixenish doll who played the devil with France and her fortunes for so many years, and finally proved the ruin of the witches' palace she had helped to build. Loose and shameless as was the court over which she ruled, this picture of Winterhalter's was too much even for its stomach, and its public exhibition made such a breeze that it was withdrawn from view, and later found its way to this country, as not to be allowed at home.

HEINRICH VON ANGELI, who, less frivolous than Winterhalter, yet fills in some measure his vacant place, was born at Ödenburg, in Hungary, in 1840. Already, as a child, he showed a strong artistic bent, which was developed by careful training; first, at the Academy in Vienna, then at Düsseldorf, and later at Paris and Munich. Although now known chiefly as a portrait-painter, he did not at once enter on the field where he has made both fortune and renown, but first appeared as a painter of history; this being the most natural outcome of his Düsseldorf and Munich training. His earliest exhibited picture was "Mary Stuart on her way to Execution," and this was followed by a subject commissioned by the King of Bavaria: "Louis XI. entreating Franz von Paula to prolong his Life." These paintings, with his "Cleopatra and Antony" and "Lady Jane Grey before her Execution" made a strong impression at the time, by the skill shown in the technical part of his art. In 1862, he returned to Vienna, where he soon found his true field of work in portrait-painting. In this he was successful from the start, and rapidly rising in favor found himself before long established as the painter of the high aristocracy, first in Vienna, and at last in all the palaces of Europe. A list of the portraits painted by Angeli would include almost every member of the royal and imperial houses of Europe. He is often criticised as a flatterer of his subject: a charge that seems to have no better foundation than a certain softness in the handling—very skilful withal—and a preference for the best side of his sitter, a preference certainly not peculiar to this artist. From the time when Apelles painted Alexander in profile, to hide a defect in one of the royal eyes, down to our own day, the powerful and the rich have expected of the artists they employ that they would make as good a report of them to posterity as a decent respect for truth would permit. If Angeli have offended, this is, we believe, the head and front of the matter, and it is offset by the fact that he gives





"FLORINDA AND HER MAIDENS."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANÇOIS XAVIER WINTERHALTER.





us, in all his portraits, a distinct and individual character, which extends even to the dress of his sitter. Thus, in the portrait of then crown-princess, now the ex-empress Victoria, the



"THE EX-EMPRESS VICTORIA."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HEINRICH VON ANGELI.

clumsy and ill-arranged costume is inevitably English or German, but we find so much to attract us in the intelligent face, where sweetness and strength are so well commingled, that

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we forget to dwell upon these inartistic details. In the long list of portraits of notables painted by Angeli, this of the Crown-princess Victoria is spoken of as holding the highest place, and certainly the events of the last few years have made it one of the most interesting to admirers of noble womanhood, especially when the light that streams from their character illumines the high places of the world, affording a welcome relief to the pettiness of their surroundings. In the portrait of the princess Henry of the Netherlands, there is more elegance, both in the subject itself, and in the treatment, but, in truth, this quality, which exists in Angeli's mind, and for which he has therefore a remarkably clear perception, is only seen at its best in his portraits of titled or high-placed ladies of Vienna, but these naturally were not obtainable for reproduction. Angeli has painted, among other distinguished women, Queen Victoria and the Empress of Russia. In his portraits of men he is not reckoned so successful, and yet he has had many distinguished sitters: Grilparzer, Alexandre Dumas, Prince Manteuffel and the Emperor of Austria. Beside the Queen herself, Angeli has been called on to paint nearly all the members of the English Royal family, to the annoyance of those who justly think that the unquestioned talent of English portrait-painters should be employed by those in authority in preference to that of a foreigner, especially when that foreigner is one, like Angeli or Winterhalter, whose position is rather factitious than real. Much as we should like to ignore the fact, it cannot be concealed that both by her German origin, and by the influence of Prince Albert, the Queen has been strongly inclined toward everything German, and that, in matters of art especially, she and all her family have exerted an influence adverse to the prosperity of English art; always employing Germans in preference to Englishmen, and throwing the whole weight of her influence against the development of a national art. In the intervals of this industrious portrait-painting, Angeli has found time for not a few *genre* and anecdotic subjects that have added to his popularity, and made him known where his work as a portrait-painter would never have carried his name. His principal achievement in this direction is his "The Avenger of his Honor," a picture familiar to the shop-windows and always sure to attract the gaze of the passing crowd. The subject is the unexpected return of a husband to his home, where he finds the betrayer of his honor seated among a party of guests invited in his absence, and making merry about his own table. Like another Ulysses, he has made short work of the offender, and it cannot be denied that the artist has shown considerable dramatic power in depicting the varied emotions of the spectators of this grim tragedy. Other pictures by Angeli, skilful

works, but less striking, are "Young Love," the "Italian Lovers," and "The Refused Absolution," this last, a picture reckoned among the artist's chief productions.



"THE PRINCESS HENRY OF THE NETHERLANDS."

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRICH VON ANGELI.

The "Souvenir of the Fair" by C. von Pausinger, is a trifle which we have inserted in our collection rather as an example of the German way of treating this class of subjects, than as

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worthy of much consideration for itself. This smart *soubrette* in the costume (above her waist) of a postilion of Louis XV.'s time, is betrayed in her masquerading by her essentially nine-



"A SOUVENIR OF THE FAIR."

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. VON PAUSINGER.

teenth-century face—a deficiency in invention not peculiar to this artist, but shared in common with almost all the men of our time who endeavor to depict the manners of a by-gone

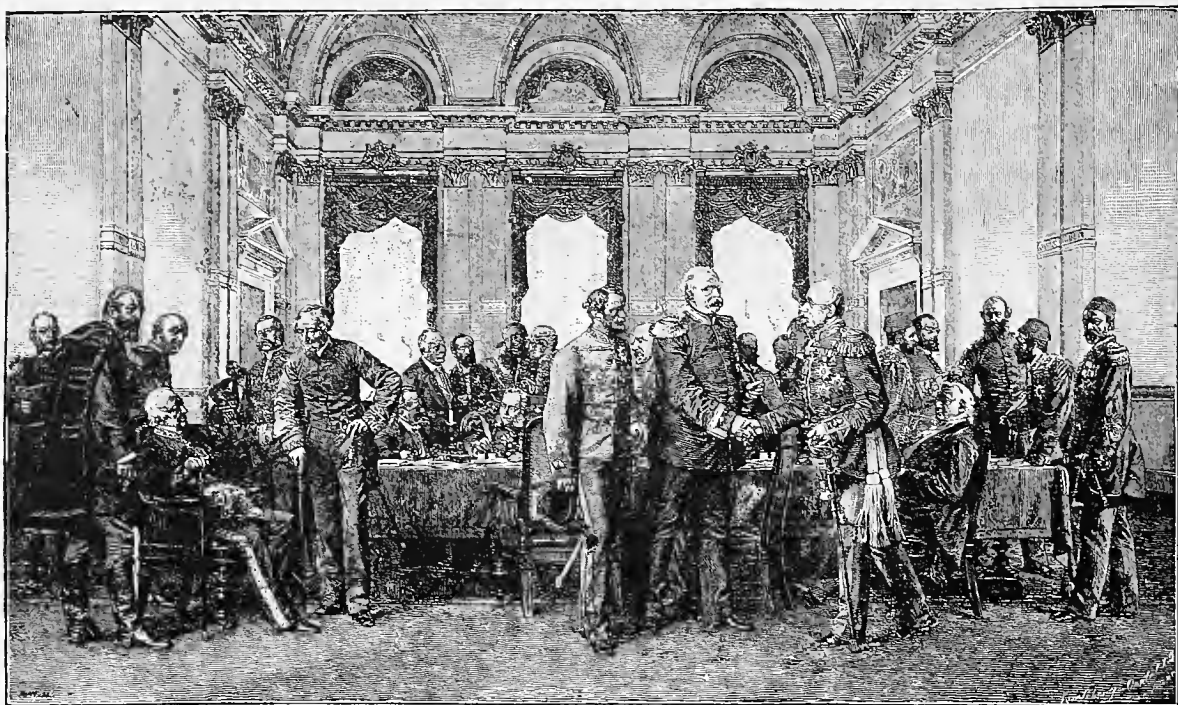
time. But, perhaps, our artist might reply that he had no such intention, nor any higher aim than just to set down a memorandum of a fleeting, and not very important phase of modern life. His cleverness is well-known, and our picture is only one of many like it, made to meet the fancy of the gay youth of our time whose liking for a pretty woman has no taint of archæological pedantry in it.

ANTON ALEXANDER VON WERNER was born in 1843 at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He had his first instruction in his art at the Berlin Academy, but after reaching a certain point, went to Carlsruhe, where he studied with Lessing and Schroedter. From thence he went in 1867 and again in 1868, to Paris, and in 1869 to Italy. After his return, he settled down at Berlin, and in 1875 was made Director of the academy where he had once been a pupil. His earliest successes were gained as an illustrator of poems—first, for those of von Scheffel, for which he made designs while at Carlsruhe under the influence of Schroedter. The spirit he threw into his sketches was so in harmony with the rollicking student-life echoed in Scheffel's songs that his pencil became in great request, and for a time, he seemed destined to settle down in permanent employment as an illustrator of books. Beside the well-known songs, "Frau Aventiure," "Juniperus," "Gaudeamus," and "The Trumpeter of Säckingen," for which last he made thirty-nine drawings, Von Werner made designs for Herder's "Cid" and for one of Schiller's plays. In the intervals of this work he produced several *genre* pictures, showing no particular direction in his talent, but growing naturally enough out of his excursions in the world of poetry and song. Such trivial themes as "The Quartette," "Life in the Cloister," "The Friar," and "Don Quixote among the Shepherds," are the common stock of artists nowadays, and Von Werner put his hand into the bag with the rest and accepted what he found there. After a while he turned his attention to historical-painting, where in fact his best laurels were, in time, to be won, but at first he simply followed the general run, and produced for a while the same crop of lay-figures and marionettes, cultivated with such mechanical success by the rank-and-file of his artist-countrymen. It is impossible to avoid smiling as one reads for the fiftieth time the old titles: "Conrad in Prison," "Archbishop Hanno of Cologne carrying off Henry IV.," and, of course, our steady friend



ANTON ALEXANDER VON WERNER.

"Luther at the Diet of Worms." It was not until the stirring times of 1871, that the true talent of Werner, which is at least a respectable one, found a field for itself where it could work in freedom, on subjects not outworn. He himself took part in the Franco-Prussian War, and no doubt his participation in the siege of Paris gave a stimulus to his talent which it would not have received from merely reading about the events, while there can be no doubt that the fact that he saw what he has painted, and was a part of it, adds much to the value of



"THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN—1878."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTON VON WERNER.

his pictures as contributions to the history of the time. His two small pictures: "Moltke before Paris," and "Moltke in his Study," are better examples of his talent than the more pretentious work with which his name is so conspicuously associated in Berlin: "The Emperor proclaimed at Versailles"—rightly enough judged by German critics to be merely a dry and tame official performance. It is, however, valuable as a collection of portraits, a fact that has added greatly to its popularity at home, while, considering the difficulty inherent in disposing of so large a number of persons naturally, and with due regard to official precedence, the painting has a right to stand among the best of its kind. The same commendation



may be given to the picture by Werner which we have chosen to represent him. "The Congress of Berlin, 1878," contains nearly thirty portraits of men, almost all of whom are conspicuous in the history of our time, and whose names are familiar to all who keep up even superficially with what is going on in the world of European politics. The faces are so clearly characterized that even in our small reduction of the large plate, the separate portraits can be easily distinguished. At the extreme left we see Baron Gortschakoff seated, with D'Israeli standing before him leaning on his cane, and Waddington at his side. The central group is composed of Prince Bismarck, who grasps the hand of General Schuvaloff, while Count Andrassy at his elbow waits his turn to salute the Russian commander. At the right of the picture, standing and looking out at the spectator, is Mehmed Ali Pasha, while Salisbury listens to the conversation between Lord Odo Russell and two of the Egyptian diplomats. The art that can combine so many separate portraiture in one easy and consistent grouping is not, of course, very high art, but it serves a useful purpose, and will perhaps be better appreciated by posterity than by the artists' contemporaries.

FRANZ LENBACH, a painter of a very different stamp, was born at Schrobenhausen, in Upper Bavaria, in 1836. His father was a bricklayer, and the boy was sent to the technical school at Landshut to learn his trade, but he was less attracted by the lessons he received in the art of building than by the beauty of the Gothic church in that city. Neglecting his trade-lessons, he began to paint portraits for his own amusement, and made such striking likenesses that his vocation seemed clearly enough pointed-out. From Landshut he went to Augsburg, to pass a term at the polytechnic school of that city, and while there he heard so much talk of the treasures of art to be seen at Munich that he made his way thither—his biographers say on an allowance of fifteen cents a day from his father—and succeeded in getting a place in the studio of the wood-carver Sickinger. While at work in Munich, his father died, and in 1856 he entered the Academy there, determined to be a painter; but the Academic instruction did not suit him, and he applied for admission to the studio of Piloty. He was long in finding his place in art, now acknowledged to be among the best of living portrait-painters, for his first efforts were in the field of *genre*, and were marked by no special individuality—his "Peasant-family in a Storm," attracted notice by its coloring, but for the rest did not differ from the ordinary run of such subjects as treated by clever men. In 1858 he accompanied Piloty on a short visit to Rome, and while there painted a view of the Roman Forum and its surroundings, which, when exhibited at Munich, created a lively inter-

est, and fixed public attention upon the artist as a man certain to be heard from. This impression was strengthened by his next performance, the Portrait of a Physician, where for



"PRINCE VON BISMARCK."

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY FRANZ LENBACH.

the first time he showed his great skill in this field in full force. The absence of all detail that could distract attention from the head itself, the strong life-like expression, and the

energy of the handling, called forth the warmest expressions of admiration from his fellow-artists and from the public, and with this work his success began. In 1860, he received a call to take charge of the art-school at Weimar, but he remained there only a short time. Count Schack invited him to go a second time to Rome, and he joyfully accepted the offer. Still later, he visited Spain, and both there and in Italy made those copies of the old masters which adorn the gallery of Count Schack in Munich, and which so far excel the copies made for that collection by other artists of the time. But a man of Lenbach's powers was not born to be a copyist of other men, even of the greatest, and his success in portrait-painting soon led to his absorption in that pursuit. The example that we give in the "Bismarck," one of several representations of "the man of blood and iron," will indicate the force and clearness of vision which Lenbach brings to his task. At the same time we do not get from any mere transcript in black and white, the full impression received from the painting of the artist; the rich but sober coloring of his pictures—though tone would be the more appropriate word, since of color, in the true acceptance of the word, there is none—adds powerfully to the hold they take upon every spectator. With Lenbach all his skill is concentrated upon the head of his subject, and he often neglects details in a way to deceive the unthinking into a suspicion that he is a careless draughtsman. Thus, the hand of Bismarck in our picture is not, properly speaking, a hand at all, but the mere symbol of a hand, yet no man living can paint a hand better than Lenbach when he must; he is in fact a most accomplished draughtsman, which no one could really doubt who should leave the hands in this picture, to study the strongly built, massive, yet mobile head of the great bulwark of German unity—the consistent enemy of liberalism and progress; the Goliath of modern Philistinism. Many of the greatest names of the Germany of our time will be made living presences to future generations in their portraits as painted by Lenbach, yet it is safe to say that in his case, as in that of Holbein, these portraits will be prized as much for their value as paintings as for their value as likenesses. How many times he has painted Bismarck we do not know, but he must have painted Dr. Döllinger oftener still; the head of this venerable man seems to have had a special charm for Lenbach; when in Munich, we saw several examples in the artist's studio. Among his other portraits are those of Moltke, King Ludwig II., Wagner, Helmholtz, Liszt, Paul Heyse and his wife, and Count Schack, the noble amateur to whom the arts in Germany owe so much. Lenbach has painted but few portraits of women; and indeed his style is not suited to this softer employment.

## XVI.

THE realism that is the strongest point in German art, and which comes in as a disturbing element in the attempts of her painters to treat ideal subjects, has had a still more unfortunate influence on the landscape-art of the country. German landscape—a very few names excepted—has never made any impression upon the outside world, and even at home seems to have but little hold upon the popular fancy. A Corot, a Rousseau, a Daubigny, would seem an impossibility in Germany; at any rate, none such has, as yet, appeared there, nor does there seem to be any tendency in that direction. The German landscapes that have made a name for themselves outside of Germany are, with so few exceptions as to be scarcely worth mentioning, more allied to science than to poetry. In their landscapes, as in their historical painting, the pedagogue plays a more conspicuous part than the seer of visions, and even when the seer of visions appears, he is apt to be somewhat of a prosaic person. As Titian was the first landscape-painter in Italy, so Dürer was the first landscape-painter in Germany, and there was between them all the difference that there is between Italy and Germany. The realism of Dürer, too often intruding pettiness and meanness between us and the heart of his subject, caused him constantly to belittle his landscape with a multitude of unnecessary details; in his “Great Cannon” we can count every tree and bush on the slopes of the distant mountain-range; in his “Great Fortune” we can number the logs in the piles of wood stacked-up in the farm-house yard. In Dürer, we lose the general in the particular; in Titian, we are impressed by the grand facts of light and air, the height of the mountains, the noble forms of the trees; we are not disturbed by petty accidents in our enjoyment of the impression due to the scene itself. Titian cared no more to make an exact portrait of a place, than Turner or Claude; Dürer was never able to idealize any landscape, he painted every separate tree in the distance, and every separate stone, or leaf, or curling tendril of vine at our feet, with the same fidelity and enjoyment with which he drew the separate hairs in his own beard in his famous portrait of himself, or the separate lines in the sole of the Apostle’s foot in the Heller tryptich; and out of Dürer’s practice and silent teaching, has grown modern German landscape, as modern French landscape, led off by Claude and Poussin, and the best English landscape, with Wilson and Turner at the head, have grown out of the practice and silent teaching of the great Italians, however it may have been modified by the influence of Rembrandt—that wonderful genius who created a new world

of art and peopled it with artists!—and by the direct and ardent study of nature at first-hand by the race that began with Constable, Crome and DeWint. In the case of the French and the English we may suppose that there can be no doubt of the parentage of their landscape-art, but with the Germans Dürer may rather be accepted as a type of his countrymen, than as a distinct forerunner; he looked at nature as they all look at it; Titian looked at nature in his own way and taught those who came after him how to look at it.

But, at the time of the modern revival of art in Germany, another influence, much more disastrous than that of a Dürer could ever be, was imposed upon the studios. We say, imposed upon the studios, because, although it appeared and grew up, keeping equal step with what was going on in literature and social life, yet in reality this new influence, derived from the revived study of the classics, and the opening to Germany of the ways that led to Italy, was not native to the German people, but was imposed upon them by the literary men and scholars who were then preparing for her a new birth of Fame. The old German art was despised; alike its painting, its sculpture, its architecture—and the Germans of the new day sought for inspiration, as the French were at the same time seeking it, in classical models, but with results far colder and more prosaic than those obtained by their Gallic neighbors. Could the German artists of the new era have remained at home; had there been in any part of Germany a central rallying-place such as we have already pointed out the French had in Paris, there might have come about a normal development of native art, that would have absorbed the new influences instead of being absorbed by them, as was unfortunately the case. As we have seen, these earlier artists all made their way to Rome, and though they for the most part returned to Germany and took up their residence at Munich, or Düsseldorf, or Berlin, yet they could not escape from the influences of their Italian training. The laurels of Michelangelo and Raphael would not let them sleep, and for a long time the works of the new men infallibly reflected, and seemed proud to reflect, either one or the other of these masters; and even to-day, it is still the fashion in some quarters to call Cornelius the Michelangelo, and Overbeck, the Raphael, of the new renaissance. It is true that the founders of this German renaissance sought for national subjects on which to exercise their skill, and that they stoutly upheld the dignity of their native legends and their native history as against the themes of classic history and fable. But it was not possible for them, looking at art as they did, to express their ideas in a language of their own; they presented their

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subjects in a guise that either concealed their individuality entirely, or confounded them with the very subjects they sought to avoid.

The few artists who were drawn to landscape-painting were not so hampered as the idealists, but they had to contend both with the influence of Claude and with the scientific spirit of the time, just then waking into new life. On the one side all was imitation and slavish subjection to a model; on the other side was a spirit, utterly antagonistic to poetry, but, it must be confessed, by no means alien to the German mind. And between the two there was born the landscape-art of modern Germany, which, if, in our day, it has forsaken Claude, has only clung more closely to a scientific realism that is the antipodes of poetry, or that, at any rate, can only be made to serve the uses of art in the hands of a poet, and which, as a general thing, we would gladly exchange for even the imitation of a poet's handiwork.

FRIEDERICH JOHANN CHRISTIAN ERNST PRELLER was born at Eisenach in 1804. His father was a confectioner, whose modicum of inborn talent for art found ample scope and verge enough for its exercise in modelling the ornaments for his cakes and candy-trophies, and who was not displeased to find a son of his disposed to do something more venturesome in the field of art. About a year after the birth of this second of his three sons, the elder Preller removed to Weimar in order to look after the affairs of his father, then an old man in feeble health. Here he brought up his son, who, in course of time, was put to learn at the public school and afterward at the gymnasium, where, as he tells us in his pleasant autobiographical sketch, he made a fair acquaintance with Greek and Latin. It was in Weimar that fortune came to him with the friendship of Goethe, whose acquaintance he made when he was in his fifteenth year, the poet being then seventy. Young Preller had shown so strong a predilection for art, and had given such marked signs of talent, that he attracted the attention of Goethe's friend, the Counsellor Meyer, called Kunst Meyer from his love of art, who, there being as yet no art-school in Weimar, invited Preller to his own house and gave him instruction in the use of oils. A little later he encouraged the boy to call upon Goethe, and he did so, moved, as he says, by curiosity, but wondering at the same time what a boy of fifteen could find to say to so great a man. "But Meyer urged me, and I went. The poet who, though really only of middle size, seemed, when sitting, to be powerfully built, and with those wonderful eyes that looked one through and through, received me with a bewitching friendliness that yet could not wholly overcome the awe that his presence imposed upon me." After some talk of this and that, Goethe opened up the subject, which very likely he had



discussed beforehand with Kunst Meyer, and in which he wished for the assistance of some person who would be skilful enough to follow his directions, and yet young enough to work at a reasonable rate. Remembering all that Ruskin has written about the study of cloud-forms, and the impression he contrives to give that no one before himself and Turner had ever thought these forms worth mentioning, it is certainly interesting to find that in the very year in which he was born, 1819, Goethe, led by the study of an English book on Cloud-formation, was himself studying the subject, and that he was looking about for a draughtsman who could make for him some cloud-studies from nature. He proposed the matter to young Preller, who gladly agreed to do what was wanted, and who made, to Goethe's great contentment, at least a dozen studies of the sky from nature. The old poet took a great interest in Preller from this time, and by his aid the young artist was shortly after enabled to visit Dresden, where by making sketches for the book-publishers and copies in the gallery, of Ruysdael, Claude, and Poussin for Goethe and his friends, he made a comfortable living. Preller was introduced by Goethe to Carl-August, the Grand Duke of Weimar, who took a great liking to the young artist, and invited him to accompany him on a visit to Belgium and Holland. After making the round of the chief cities, they brought up at Antwerp, where the Duke introduced Preller to the chief of the Antwerp school of artists at that time, and Director of the Academy, Matthijs von Brée, a painter who had learned his art in Paris of a pupil of Vien. Into his hands the Duke put his young *protégé*, and after a stay of a few days left him to pursue his studies, his parting words to Preller being, "See that you do me honor!" In Antwerp, Preller says, landscape-painting was thought nothing of, and although his taste lay strongly in that direction, he gave himself up with docility to the teaching of his new master. He worked industriously, drawing morning and evening from life, and between times from the antique, for which he already began to feel a strong attraction. After some time spent in Antwerp, he was enabled by the help of the Grand Duke to visit Italy, and at Milan he studied in the Academy before proceeding to Rome, the goal of all his hopes and his highest ambition. Here he found the famous German colony of artists in full possession: Overbeck, Thorwaldsen, Wagner, Koch, Genelli and the rest; Cornelius no longer there, but returning soon after and greeted like a king by his loyal people. In Rome, Preller came under the influence of Koch—"Koch, the witty cynic," as Preller calls him, and from him learned to apply to landscape-painting the principles that at Antwerp he had been trained to apply to the figure. He travelled over Italy with Koch, and the two made inces-

sant studies from nature, which in Preller's case at least would have been more fruitful had they not been passed through the academic sieve. Preller returned in 1831 to Weimar, where he was received by Goethe with the old kindness, although he died too soon after Preller's arrival to be of much further service to him. The outcome of all our artist's studies and travels was now to appear in the form of those designs for the Odyssey which adorn the hall now called after himself, the Preller Hall, in the Museum at Weimar. In these pictures he wished to express his double love for nature and for classic fable, and he chose the story of the wanderings of Ulysses as the theme about which to weave his memories of the fair Italian land where so many happy years had been passed and where he was at last to die. He made his first essay in this important undertaking in seven compositions painted in distemper on the walls of the so-called Roman House in Leipzig (Römische-Haus) built by the architect Hermann in 1833 in the then prevailing classic taste, for Preller's friend Hartel; afterward he made additional designs in black and white, and sent them to Munich to the exhibition of 1858. Here they were received with great enthusiasm, which was not lessened by their subsequent journey through Germany, where they were shown in all the chief cities and enjoyed a long drawn-out triumph. When shown at Munich they had been competed for by the Grand Duke of Weimar and by Count Schack, each desiring that the artist should complete the cartoons for himself. Count Schack gave way to the Duke, and Preller having received the commission to paint the pictures for Weimar, at once set out with his family for Italy in order to make his studies for the composition directly from nature. When he had completed his work, he returned to Weimar and executed the wax-frescos in the Museum, of which we have already spoken. The cycle of subjects is designed to represent the chief events in the wanderings of Ulysses from his leaving Troy until his return to Ithaca. The paintings are very skilfully adapted to the architectural arrangement of the rooms. Round the base of the wall are painted in red on a black ground, in imitation of the Greek vases, different scenes at Ithaca before and after the return of Ulysses. Two of the subjects from this cycle were painted for Count Schack by Preller, and we copy one of these, the "Ulysses and the Nymph Calypso," which may give a notion of the general treatment of these subjects at the hands of Preller. The wish of the artist was, to make a complete accord between the landscape and the figures of his story. But it is inevitable that every such attempt should fail, since man is too insignificant a being to hold his own as an element in any landscape, if he is shown in his true proportion. It follows, then, that either the landscape must be sacrificed

to the human figures, or the figures to the landscape; and which of these shall be done will depend upon the artist's personal preference. That of Preller was plainly for the landscape, and it is as a landscape-painter that he has conceived his subjects. His figures are purely conventional, and of no more value than those of any other painter of "landscape-with-



"ULYSSES AND THE NYMPH CALYPSO."

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRIEDRICH PRELLER

figures," from Claude to Turner. Although Count Schack was not able to secure from Preller the prize he coveted: the whole series of the Odyssey pictures, he obtained from him two companion-subjects; the "Calypso" and the "Leucothea," representing successive scenes in the adventures of the hero. The one we engrave, the "Calypso," represents the nymph

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taking leave of Ulysses after she has assisted him in building his raft. "But when," sings Homer, "the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning appeared, Ulysses immediately put on a cloak and a garment, and the Nymph herself put on a large white veil, thin and graceful, and around her loins she placed a beauteous golden girdle; and she placed a head-dress on her head; and then she prepared the voyage for the strong-hearted Ulysses. She gave him a large axe, fitted to his hands, of steel sharpened on both sides; and with it a very beautiful handle of olive-wood well fitted to it; then she gave him a well-polished adze; and she led the way to the extreme part of the island where tall trees sprung up, alder and poplar, and there was a pine reaching to heaven, long since seasoned very dry, which would sail lightly for him. But when she had shown where the tall trees had sprung up, Calypso, divine one of goddesses, returned to the house; but he began to cut the wood, and his work was quickly performed. And he felled twenty in all, and cut them with the steel, and polished them skilfully, and directed them by a rule. In the mean time Calypso, divine one of goddesses, brought augers, and he then perforated all; and fitted them to one another; and he fixed it with pegs and cramps." Homer goes on to describe the building of the sides of the raft and the furnishing it with decks, and masts, and sail-yards and a rudder; so that in truth what began as a raft, ends by being something very like a ship! As we read in the *Odyssey* the description of the building of this raft, the imagination keeps pace with the magniloquence of the poet's phrases and epithets until the image in the mind has grown to ideal proportions, far beyond those of any merely human ship or raft. And it is but fair to demand of the artist who pretends to set before us a series of pictures illustrating the Homeric poem, that he should at least keep his performance up to the level of our own interpretation. But this has certainly not been done by Preller; on the contrary, he hardly gives to his conception the dignity of commonplace reality. The raft-ship is seen at the right, in appearance not much bigger than an ordinary yawl, and a very clumsy yawl at that. When Ulysses mounted his ship, he was clad in perfumed garments brought him by Calypso, and even while at work, we read of him as clothed, but Preller represents him as all but naked, having a nondescript mantle thrown across one thigh. In short, there is no connection worth speaking of between the description of the poet and the picture of the painter; and after seeing this series of paintings in the Museum of Weimar, we listen with incredulity to the artist's own account of the hold that Homer had taken of his admiration, causing him to dream for years of painting the story of the *Odyssey*, and leading him to take long journeys in search of land-

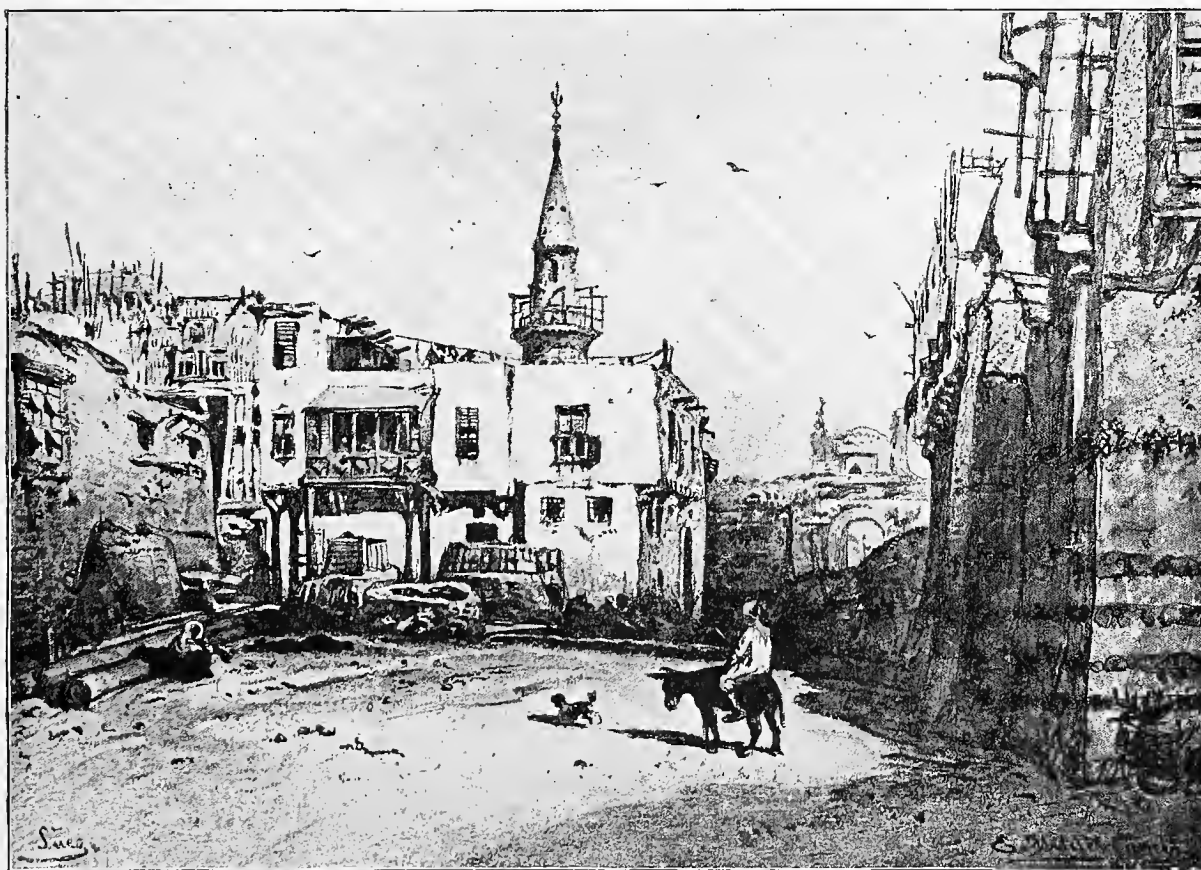
scape-material to serve as a setting for his subjects. Even his landscapes have little that is ideal in their treatment of nature; at the same time they do not compensate us for the loss of poetry, by a literal portraiture. The scenery of the coast of Southern Italy, which seems to have suggested his choice of subject, is done scant justice to; and all these pictures might have been painted without the artist putting himself to the expenditure of time and money in order to study a landscape which, after all, had nothing to do with his story. It is plain, however, that Preller's ideas of landscape-painting were born of the same movement that produced the so-called historical-painting and ideal-painting of his generation. It grew up side by side with the work of Cornelius and Overbeck, von Schwind, Bendemann and the rest—Bendemann almost the last of his race; his death reported, even as we are writing his name—and it suffered like the work of these his contemporaries from the attempt to be faithful at one and the same time to two irreconcilable things: to the spirit of an art that had lost its vitality, and to the scientific spirit that was just beginning to move over the face of the earth. All the young artists of Germany were flocking to Rome, to worship at the shrines of Michelangelo and Raphael; but when they came to paint their pictures, they found themselves confronted with the realism of the new time; the demand for accuracy in the portrayal of costume, of furniture, of things in general. Later, followed a similar demand for accuracy in depicting natural objects; the age of observation and discovery had set in, and the enthusiasm excited was not confined to the professed scientific world, but invaded all classes. We have seen Goethe interested in the study of cloud-forms, and employing Preller to make drawings of their different varieties for him, and Goethe was only the most conspicuous among the many men of his time outside the ranks of the scientific professions, who were interested in the study of natural phenomena, finding in these an inexhaustible well of poetic and philosophical ideas and suggestions. But the influence of all this new-born interest in nature upon art in Germany was but slight. If we look from Preller and Rottmann—the beginners of landscape-painting in Germany, in the new era—to England, with her Constable, her DeWint, her Crome, her Cox, and her Turner; or, to France, with her Corot, her Rousseau, her Daubigny and her Dupré—the last three a few years younger than Preller, but yet his active contemporaries; we shall see how great was the distance between the landscape-art of Germany, and that of England and France, in the beginning of the century, a distance that, in the case of France and Germany, is as great to-day as ever it was. The landscape-art of France is the vision of the earth revealed by poets, and appealing to all

that is poetic and romantic in the nature of the beholder. But the landscape-painter of Germany is not a poet; he is a pedant, a pedagogue, a reporter, his aim is geographical or topographical; learned and painstaking, he seeks to inform us, to play the guide; and if by chance a gleam of poetry should shoot athwart his picture, he makes haste to shut the blinds, and apologizes for the intrusion. Preller, with all his laborious journeying and sketching, and his devotion to Ulysses, accomplished little beside the example given of a constant reference to nature, however inadequate his interpretation of nature may have turned out to be. To his contemporaries, his countrymen, he seems to have been almost a discoverer; they took him at his own valuation and saw in his pictures all that he himself believed to be there. And so it was with Rottmann, whose Italian views seem to us the merest statements of fact, such as industry and a trained eye have always within their power. But the Italy of Claude, of Turner, of Corot, is another land; it is the Italy of poetry and of the soul, and in spite of all protests from well-meaning sensible people, it is the Italy that the mass of men and women expect the artist to show them. If they want the dry facts, they can buy photographs, or travel, and see the country for themselves.

EDUARD HILDEBRANDT, a native of Dantzic, where he was born in 1817—he died in 1868—was at one time a great favorite in Germany among those to whom this purely topographical landscape appeals. His reputation was more widely extended by the publication of some very clever chromo-lithographic copies of his pictures, which, for a time, went everywhere, and, to tell the truth, were as good as the pictures themselves. Hildebrandt was a pupil of Isabey, and he had certainly caught a good deal of his master's manner, but he had very little wine of his own to put into this borrowed bottle. Isabey's work, well known here by many first-rate examples, is rich, sensuous, flowing, and as full of color as that of Diaz; and though ideas may be wanting—and neither Diaz nor Isabey was troubled by an overplus of ideas—yet, as the one feasted the eye with hints of the sumptuosities of nature, so the other made real to us the descriptions of mediæval splendor and picturesqueness in the romances of a Scott, a Hugo, or a Dumas. But Hildebrandt's performance was less than his promise. He dazzled expectation, in his Eastern views, by startling effects of light, by brilliantly colored architecture and varied costumes; but all was superficial; there was no unfolding, so to speak, no afterglow, such as draws us again and again to the pictures of the old Venetians or to those of Turner, Isabey, Diaz, or Monticelli in our own day. He did not confine himself to Eastern scenes, although his popularity was largely due to them, his Oriental landscapes, but painted



English and French subjects, cities, and sea-ports, Hastings and Heligoland, Rouen, and Lyons and Rio Janeiro and Teneriffe—in short his pictures are a painted itinerary of a large portion of the planet, and serve a useful purpose as such. The difficulty with them is, that their aim is too plainly picturesqueness rather than accuracy, and as Hildebrandt's imaginative power, his creative faculty was not great, he satisfied neither the poets nor the scientific



"SUEZ."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDUARD HILDEBRANDT.

people. For all that, it is hardly fair to him to copy his work in black and white as we have done in our "Suez," since its poverty of motive, and the thinness of the treatment are brought out in too strong relief divested of the brilliant, and theatric coloring of the original. One of Hildebrandt's best pictures, "Moonrise in Madeira" is in the Corcoran Gallery. It was a commission given the artist by Baron Humboldt, who wished to present it to Mr. Corcoran. The talent of Hildebrandt would have found a proper field in scene-painting for

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the theatre, or in a panorama, the only ways left us in which large bodies of people can be reached by pictorial art, and either of them offering a worthy career, if artists could be made to believe that it is ever worth while to paint for the people!

ALEXANDER CALAME, born at Vevey in 1810, is much better known by his lithographs and etchings than by his paintings; and indeed his paintings are by no means common; he seems to have preferred the copper-plate or the lithographic stone to the canvas, and his productiveness and picturesqueness combined, made him at one time extremely popular, abroad as well as at home. His pictures are found in many public and private galleries; his "Lake Lucerne" and "A Mountain Ravine" are in the Berlin National Gallery; other pictures are in Leipzig, and there are several in this country, mostly in private possession. Mr. Wm. T. Walters, of Baltimore, has an important example. As Goethe cultivated the talent of Preller, and Humboldt that of Hildebrandt, so the art of Calame, which found its subjects almost exclusively in the region of the Alps of Switzerland, was much approved by the great Swiss naturalist, Louis Agassiz, and the circle of scientific men whom he gathered about him. It was they who brought the first knowledge of the artist to this country; it was Professor E. Desor, one of the most accomplished of the companions of Agassiz during his residence in Cambridge, who first introduced the writer to the engraved works of Calame, and put into his hands the portfolio of his Alpine etchings and lithographs. To these men of science the work of Calame recommended itself alike by its truthfulness to the sentiment of Alpine scenery and by its accuracy in the representation of the physical facts of the region. Of its scientific accuracy, none could be better judges than such men as Agassiz, Guyot, and Desor, but it may be allowed that they were hardly unprejudiced judges of the sentiment of these pictures, since much less would have served to satisfy these strangers in a strange land hungering for home. While the merit of Calame's Alpine studies may be freely acknowledged: the good drawing and the skilful composition, the artist never seems able to express in any adequate degree the grandeur and sublimity of the Alps, nor even their desolation. The fault we find with his engravings and etchings, as well as with his pictures, is that they are too "pretty," and seen in any number they weary us by a monotony with which the artist's mannerisms have as much to do as his want of invention. The trees, the rocks, the cascades, are ever the same, and when we have seen and studied any dozen of these Alpine landscapes we have seen all.

JULIUS MAŘAK—pronounced Marsch—a Bohemian, born in Leitomischl, in 1835, reminds



A LANDSCAPE

THE GREAT CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER

THE GREAT CANYON





us sometimes of Calame in his choice of subjects, but he has a far less academic way of treating them. This will appear in his "Waterfall" as compared with the Swiss master's "Alpine Landscape;" the wildness and desolation of the scenery depicted with great force, but without exaggeration by Mařak, is in striking contrast with the tameness of Calame's conception, and the smoothness of his execution. Mařak is, however, so essentially different



"ALPINE LANDSCAPE."

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH AFTER HIS OWN PICTURE BY ALEXANDER CALAME.

from Calame in the main of his subjects, that no comparison between them can be useful. The Bohemian artist belongs distinctly to the Romantic side of Art, and chooses his themes not as a portrait-painter of nature, but as means for expressing the wild poetry that is characteristic of his race and which he shares to the full. He loves to depict the gathering of the storks in the groves of elms; the mystic stone with its Runic inscription hiding in the dark oak-wood; the moon rising softly through the firs; as we look over the portfolios of his

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etchings, or the numerous engravings from his pictures, we recall the wild romantic episodes of "Consuelo," that book so enchanting to boyhood, and seem to wander once more in the woods of Rudolstadt, and to read again with delightful awe of the blasted oak, and the Schreckenstein, and the deep cavern where Zdenko and Albert led their charmed life, while the air is dark with memories of Ziska, and Mt. Tabor, and the bloody strifes that hurtled round the great vision of The Cup. To others, no doubt, these pictures will yield poetry of a different, and perhaps a higher, sort, and to Mařak's countrymen it must appeal strongly, as expressive of the peculiar character of their own scenery, so dyed as it is through and through with stirring and romantic memories.

## XVII.

KARL BODMER, like Calame and Mařak, has popularized his art by his own reproductions of his pictures in etchings and lithographs. We may note, in passing, the pleasure it gives us, to know of the revival of the art of lithography in these later days. Driven for a time out of the field by photography and wood-engraving, it is now reviving in the hands of several excellent artists, with etching, as a means of personal interpretation of their pictures; the thing most desired by all artists, high or low, who, properly enough, will never be satisfied with seeing their work filtered through the brains and hands of other people. Bodmer is a Swiss like Calame; he was born in Zurich in 1809, and in 1830 he devoted himself to the study of art. In 1833 he accompanied Prince Maximilian von Neuwied in his visit to our country, and on his return he published the results of his journey in his "North America in Pictures," and followed this work by a number of oil sketches and paintings of the scenery here. He is well known as a contributor to the "Magazin Pittoresque," that excellent journal which in the long series of its issues has now arrived at an almost encyclopædic character, and he has also made many designs for "Le Monde Illustrée." He also made the illustrations for a work by Théophile Gautier, "La Nature chez elle;" Nature at Home, and in conjunction with Veyrassat, made etchings for Hamerton's "Chapters on Animals." He has lived for many years at Barbizon, but his pictures do not belong to the "school," so-called, that we associate with that village. Bodmer, like Calame, is a painter rather for naturalists, or for lovers of nature directly reported, than for those who care for her most when poetically translated. Hamerton's praise of him is significant: "He is an artist of consummate accomplish-



ment in his own way, and of immense range. There is hardly a bird or quadruped of Western Europe that he has not drawn, and drawn, too, with a closeness of observation satisfac-



"IN BAS-BRÉAU."

FROM THE PICTURE BY KARL BODMER.

tory alike to the artist and naturalist. The bird or the beast is always the central subject with Karl Bodmer, but he generally surrounds them with a graceful landscape full of intri-

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cate and mysterious suggestions, with here and there some plant in clearer definition, drawn with perfect fidelity and care."

This praise of Mr. Hamerton's does not carry us far. All that it amounts to is, that Karl Bodmer is to be counted an excellent and learned animal-painter, and that he knows how to give his models a tasteful and appropriate setting of landscape. And the very pleasing example that we copy proves Mr. Hamerton right in this particular point, as all may see. This group of a stag with does and fawns is certainly painted with great delicacy and sentiment—the alertness, the grace, the lightness of foot of these handsome creatures could not be better given, though others in plenty have done it as well. But, after all, it is not a picture that we have here, but only a realistic study of animals and of landscape, such as Rosa Bonheur, Wolf, Meyerheim and Landseer—when he was at his best, and not caricaturing his fellow-men under the thin disguise of animals—have produced in plenty. Such work calls for knowledge, accuracy, and if possible, taste, with as much technical skill as may be forthcoming, but it does not call for imagination, nor fancy, nor for any other of the higher faculties that go to make a picture, properly so-called.

AUGUST FINK, a Munich artist whose name has not yet climbed so high as the dictionaries, and of whom therefore, we may believe so much, that he is young!—shows in his "Winter in the Mountains," as much skill as Bodmer, and as deep a sentiment for nature, but he is a landscape-painter and not an animal-painter, though he often introduces animals into his compositions as here, and as in his "Mountain-heights with Deer," exhibited at Munich in 1883. But, in Bodmer's pictures, the animal-life is the main thing, and the pleasure we get from it is for the most part independent of the landscape. In the picture by August Fink, however, the landscape is the chief thing; the presence of the doe, strayed, apparently, from the rest of the herd, adds no doubt to the impressiveness of the scene, and at first may seem to heighten the sense of wintry desolation. But by her action we may judge that her mates are not far away, and just this little turn of the creature's head reassures us, and leaves us free to enjoy the beauty of the snow-painting, the dark fir-forest, the skeletons of last summer's shrubbery showing through the drift, and the gleam of the glacier on the distant mountain side.

ANDERSEN-LUNDBY, the painter of "A Mill-stream in Winter," hails from Munich, where, in 1883, at the Kunstaussstellung, we saw two of his pictures—"Fresh-fallen Snow," and "On the Way to Market." The example of Lundby's art that we present to our readers is a

very pleasing one, and shows winter in a more human and comfortable aspect than we saw it in August Fink's picture; we have it here intimately associated with domestic life, and sug-



“WINTER IN THE MOUNTAINS.”  
FROM THE PICTURE BY AUGUST FINK.

gesting only cheerful thoughts. The dark mill-stream runs through the middle of the picture, not frozen, though black with chill, and hurrying to get within reach of the miller's hospitable house, where it can hear the sound of human voices, and see the light gleaming

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from the windows. The trees are thickly powdered with snow, and it lies in a soft warm blanket of whitest wool over the rock-strewn ground at their feet. On the other side of the stream a meadow stretches far and wide; we can trace through its white expanse the course of the main water that turns away from the mill pond after supplying the race; a man and a woman have just crossed the bridge that spans this stream, and are making for one of the houses of the settlement about the mill. The smoke rising straight upward in the still evening air, speaks of warmth and homely cheer. This pretty picture might be an illustration of Emerson's "Snow-storm," a piece of Dutch landscape-painting in words:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

It calls for some skill to make a snow-piece cheerful. It is not so hard, as our own Walter L. Palmer and the late William Bliss Baker have shown, to make winter beautiful; but it requires human neighborhood to make it cheerful. Here are two artists, August Schenck and Anton Bürger, who succeed pretty fairly in chilling us to the marrow!

AUGUST FREDERIC-ALBRECHT SCHENCK was born in 1828 at Glückstadt, a dull little town on the Elbe, and was intended by his parents for trade. At fourteen he went to England and thence to Portugal, where he remained for five years engaged in mercantile life. In the intervals of business he amused himself with sketching, and made many studies from the life of the landsmen and fisherfolk that attracted the public by a certain melancholy grace. He had been, we believe, very successful in his business undertakings—but his heart could hardly have been in it—and he soon gave it up, and went to Paris, where he entered the studio of Léon Cogniet. He first exhibited at the Salon in 1855, but his picture—a subject drawn from the peasant-life of Portugal, "Fruit Sellers of Avenes," attracted no attention. A second venture, "L'Hiver," was, however, more fortunate, and the critics received it with considerable favor. By some misfortune, Schenck soon after lost all the money he had laid up while in business, and he found himself obliged to depend on his talents as an artist for a

living. Happily he was still young and in good health, and not frightened by the vision of hard work; he therefore took up life with strong hand and a merry heart, and soon won for himself a solid position. His earlier attempts had not been successful, and M. Montrosier tells us that they had the misfortune to recall the pictures of that once too popular sentimentalist, Léopold Robert, whose "Harvesters,"—a true scene from the operatic ballet—was formerly the delight of the shop-windows. What a contrast these delightfully clean, charmingly costumed, and gracefully moving and smiling peasants would now present if they



"MILL-STREAM IN WINTER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ANDERSEN-LUNDBY.

could be shown side-by-side with the peasants of Millet, or even with the peasants of Jules Breton! M. Montrosier, by-the-way, is much mystified by the fact that Schenck should have exhibited in his first Salon with the Portuguese: "Why an artist born at Glückstadt in the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, should exhibit with the Portuguese," he cries, "is impossible to discover!" As we have explained, it was in Portugal that Schenck was engaged in business, and it was there that he first began to exercise his art, finding his subjects suggested by the life about him. But he now abandoned this path, and devoted himself to subjects in which animals play a principal part. He installed himself at Econen, a little village near

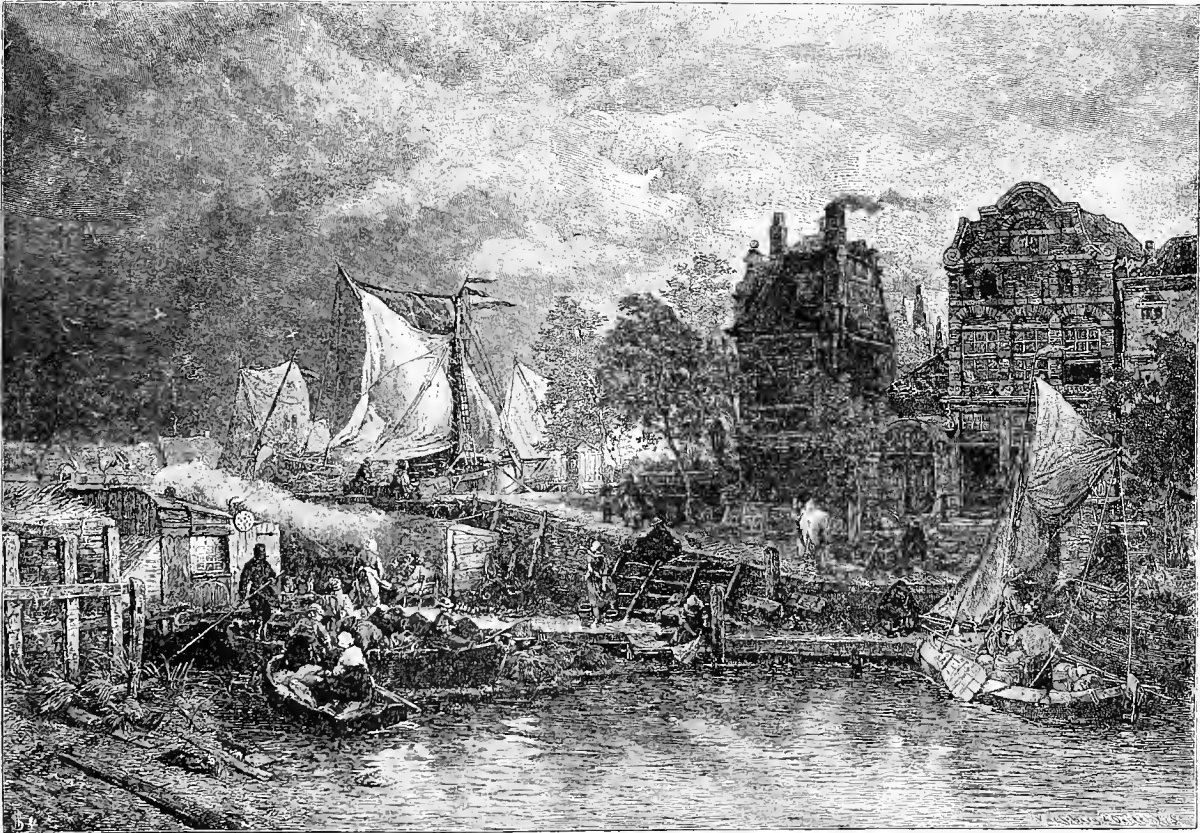
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Paris, known to us in connection with Edouard Frère (Vol., I. p. 77), and long a favorite haunt of American artists. Here Schenck lived, surrounded, says Montrosier, with a veritable menagerie of domestic animals, whose sole duty in life was to serve as models for their master. As soon as the Salon was over, the artist took his staff and knapsack and set off for Auvergne, whence he returned in the autumn with his portfolio filled with sketches and studies for pictures. While in Auvergne he made a singular choice of head-quarters, taking up his abode at Royat, described as a filthily dirty little village, which has twice been nearly swept away by inundations of the torrent which flows past it. But it is a place much resorted to by tourists and artists for the sake of its wild and savage scenery, and for its fine view of the Puy-de-Dôme. It cannot be said that Schenck's pictures give us much information about Auvergne, although the scenery of the place may have had something to do with the generally sombre character of his subjects. His animal-subjects are not always melancholy like the one we copy, for Schenck has a caustic humor of his own, and not seldom raps his human mates about the knuckles under the thin disguise of sheep and asses. But he is best known by subjects like the present, where the tragedy of the sheep's life, exposed to the dangers of snow and cold, is narrated with a pencil that spares none of the agony. Whether by temperament or intention, our artist is seldom able to paint an animal-subject in which we are shown the animal-nature and its workings free from all suggestions of an underlying human relationship.

ANDREAS ACHENBACH, born at Cassell in 1815—died in 1884—is, like Preller, Hildebrandt, and Calame, a painter of portraits of places, but he comes much nearer to being an imaginative artist than the others; his pictures are interesting in themselves to a degree rarely attained by any German landscape-painter, unless it be his own brother Oswald. It is easy to recognize this in comparing even the single example we are able to give of his work with those of Hildebrandt, Calame, and Preller—although, as we have admitted, our plate hardly does Preller justice. There is a richness, a sense of life, in this subject that are in strong contrast with the emptiness or tameness that we find in the pictures of these other artists. This is the Jews' Quarter in Amsterdam, or a corner of it, for the place itself impresses the visitor as a much more crowded and populous neighborhood than is shown in Achenbach's picture. This portion of the city has been occupied for several hundred years, almost exclusively by Jews, who are said to form a tenth part or thereabout, of the population. They represent a great deal of wealth, and own no less than ten synagogues. Since the extension of the city



toward the east, and the establishment of the famous Zoölogical Gardens—the richest of the sort in Europe—together with the improvement of the docks and wharves in that part of the town, the Jews' Quarter no longer has the picturesque and tumbledown irregularity shown in our picture. This is owing to the fact that the stream of travel between the Dam, the central part of the old city and the main seat of traffic, and the new, fashionable district in the east, passes directly through the Jews' Quarter, and the natural tendency has been to



"THE JEWS' QUARTER IN AMSTERDAM."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY ANDREAS ACHENBACH.

break up the old, free-and-easy, careless way of living, so long indulged in by the inhabitants. To find such a tumble-down state of things as is here represented, one must now go a long way out of the city, and it is a chance if he come anywhere upon so picturesque a spot. For, to tell truth, there is very little of the picturesque left in Holland, and though Amsterdam, thanks to the way in which her streets are laid out, and to her canals and bridges, and gabled houses, is a handsome city, she has none of the charm that comes from decay and ruin.

What is going on all over Europe; in Venice, in Rome, in Naples, in Florence, in Paris, in London, is going on in Holland as well. These municipalities are bound to make themselves comfortable, clean, airy, and healthy, if possible, and they are going about the work with small consideration for the mutterings or shrieks of sentimentalists. No sensible person can really blame them for this, however sincerely and feelingly he may regret the loss of so much that is consecrated by memory and tradition. So, farewell to this old, rotten, tumble-down Jews' Quarter, as to its sister Ghetto in Rome, and yet thanks to Achenbach for preserving for us the look of it in the days before the octopus of respectability "claw'd it in her clutch," and squeezed all individuality out of it! Here, on one side are two of those tall gabled houses with their fronts all windows and door-way, that are, no doubt, the direct ancestors of those in this New Amsterdam of ours; the outsides reduced, it is true, to "a pale unanimity" not found in the Dutch originals, where no two are alike, but the internal arrangement almost identical, so that an Amsterdam burglar would need no lessons in making his way about a New York house in the dark. As with us, the material is brick, with stone dressings to the doors and windows; but the bricks are seldom red; oftener a dark gray, either painted or self-colored, and the stone a creamy white, kept to its natural color in houses in the better quarter by frequent painting. These fronts are often slightly enriched by carving shown in shields-of-arms, or pilasters, or string-courses, with ornamental iron-work over the doorways, stanchions for the lanterns once in use, and for other details, all of which give a certain moderately ornamental look to the streets, as one may fancy who supposes the two houses in Achenbach's picture repeated along a whole block. Here they show somewhat isolated, although we can see that the building is carried on more closely at the right, and between them we see the gables of other houses of the same sort. But, at the left, and in the middle distance, the houses are smaller, and less pretending, and in front all dwindles down to some rude shanties or cook-shops, the resort for warmth, shelter, and food, of the men and women living and working on the shores of the canal. There is almost as much water as land suggested here, for the sails of the ships and barges make as much figure in the composition as the houses themselves. But this, as every traveller knows, forms one of the charms of Holland. It affects one strangely, at first, to walk over great stretches of meadow on a causeway, with slender do-nothing trees on either hand, as here in Tina Blau's "Road near Amsterdam," or as in the famous picture by Hobbema in the National Gallery in London, which this faintly recalls, and to see suddenly appearing above the rushes at one's

side, the sail of a boat coming straight toward you; then to see it dip, and after a minute, come up again on the other side of the causeway. And all this in silence, perhaps no sound of a human voice, for in these wide plains, intersected by hundreds of canals, the vision extends so far that no signs of warning are needed as in Venice—that Southern Amsterdam—and even in the city itself, where the great canals bordered by the several Grachts or avenues,



"ROAD NEAR AMSTERDAM."

FROM THE PICTURE BY TINA BLAU.

are busy all day with shipping, we were struck by the absence of noise and shouting. One hears more of this in the down-town steets of New York in an afternoon, than he will in a summer of Holland. Achenbach may have been less inspired in this picture by the reality as seen by himself, than by reminiscences of Ruysdael and Hobbema, but he has given the true expression to his subject; we know this heavy sky, with its low-lying clouds broken here and there with patches of blue; the screaming gulls, the sails of the lumbering coasters bagging

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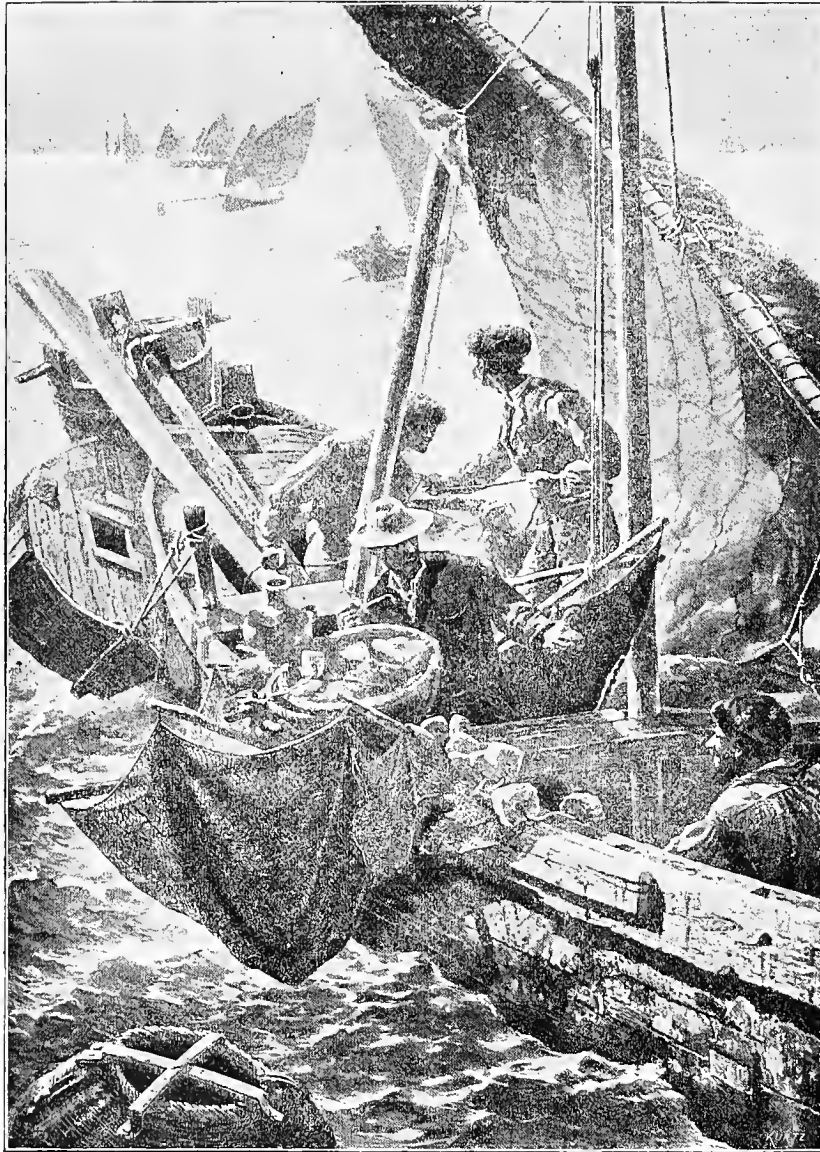
with the wind that rushes before the rain from the Zuyder Zee; the wisps of trees—they must needs be web-footed to keep their hold in this amphibious shore!—tossed and tumbled by the gusts that bear to the ground the smoke from the pot-house shanty by the water-side, or carry it off like a streamer from the chimney of the tower-like house. But, if the weather be dull, what do the people care? They are well used to it and know far too much to go indoors when it rains! The fish-women seated by the roadside, ready for custom, do not mind the weather. One of them has her baby on her knee; so combining business with pleasure! And the women down by the shore, washing clothes in the canal, what is a little rain more or less, to them? One of them has stopped her scrubbing to chat with a neighbor who has seated herself on the top of the wharf-steps with her child in her arms—doubtless one of those apple-cheeked, tow-headed blue-eyes that we once saw tumble into the canal in Haarlem and fished out with a boat-hook by its irate father, who spanked it well for its awkwardness, wasting small sympathy on its simulated blubber! On the shore is another woman bearing down the wind like a heavy lugger, with her two children as outriggers. In the house-porch an old woman sits and spins, while her man sits, spinning street-yarns, on the rail of the stoop—for every Dutch house has its “stoop,” the ancestor of ours! By a well in the middle of the street with a young tree planted beside it an old man is talking with another, who has harnessed his horse to a sledge on which he is going to carry off some of the boxes and barrels that are in the small boat just landing. The master of this boat, as he pulls-up alongside the barge that came in an hour ago, exchanges notes upon the weather with the captain, who lounges on the deck smoking his pipe at his ease. His wife meanwhile is talking weather, too,—for what else is there in Holland to talk about!—with an old wife squatting on the shore. Off to the left again, there is more out-of-door life to be studied. A boat loaded with fishing-gear is stranded on an unlucky bit of flats, waiting for the tide to fetch her off—the fisherman’s wife sitting in the prow, and whiling away the time by listening to the talk on shore and occasionally injecting an observation of her own. Meanwhile two women with a boat-load of fish are just come up alongside, and are bargaining with the men for their afternoon’s catch. And, last of all this idling, busy world, we discover two men seated quite comfortably in the lee of the bank, with the smoke from their cabin-chimney beating down upon them, and philosophically giving the chimney as good as it sends—puffing away at their pipes and discussing with the good wife, what shall be for supper.

We have gone at length into this analysis of Andreas Achenbach’s picture because this

dramatic character, if we may so dignify it, is the most striking character of the artists' work, and marks an important difference between him and the generality of his countrymen. Not only is he fond of depicting Nature in her more animated moods, but he shows great cleverness in peopling his scene with groups and single figures that harmonize with the landscape. Among the moderns, Turner is the only conspicuous example we can remember of a similar skill in invention; but, though Turner can give the impression of a crowd very well, yet he has not Achenbach's skill in interesting us in the individuals that make up his crowds; though he occasionally puts character into single figures.

We are speaking now, of "landscapes with figures," as the conventional phrase goes; not of subjects like these of Ludwig Dill, or Jaroslav Cermack, or Otto von Thoren, or Adolf Schreyer—these, with the pictures of E. Meissner, Anton Bürger, Otto Gebler and H. Zügel are "Figures with landscape," or with surroundings that are secondary to the figures—whether of men or animals—or meant merely as backgrounds, though always, of course, related to the main subject, and in harmony with it. Dill's "Venetian Fishing-boat," is, as we should say, rather a disorderly composition; if composition it can be called, though it makes, rather, the impression of a bit cut out of actual fact, without any attempt on the artist's part to bring it into conformity with rules. And it looks even more disorderly and uncomfortable, from the impossibility of rendering in black-and-white the color which, in every picture of Venetian life, plays, or should play, by far the most important part. The richly dyed sails of red or yellow, with their painted emblems, crosses, crowns, stars, hearts and arrows—the fancies of their simple-hearted owners; the boats themselves, mottled with stains of the sea, and marks of daily wear-and-tear, and shining in the sun as the water drains from their drenching sides; then the deep-toned or gay color of the men's dresses, their hats of knitted wool or felt, and their flannel shirts: red, yellow, blue; the original hue still glowing through streaks and stains of salt spray, and driving mist, and basking sun, as dusky-rich as the walls of the old palaces themselves! Mr. Dill's picture has vivacity enough, and with such a tub as this to manage, we may guess the amount of talk that is found necessary to get her on her way to the lagoon, whither a number of other boats of the same sort have preceded her. What with all this lumbering out-rig of tubs, lobster-traps, nets and buoys, baskets and jugs, and the clumsy-seeming sails to boot, it would strike fishermen hereabout as something of a task to handle such a craft, and we can imagine the jeering or sarcastic comments that would be bestowed upon the whole performance if it were shown on the wharves of Gloucester, or at

the fish-stalls in our markets. When we come to speak of the English "Pre-Raphaelites," we shall find something in their ideas as to "composition," that will remind us of this picture



"A VENETIAN FISHING-BOAT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUDWIG DILL.

by a German, and that will suggest a relationship which very possibly does not exist. There is, no doubt, in certain art-circles in Germany and in France, a reaction against the code of formal rules that have so long been imposed upon artists, and accepted by them with almost



the submission due to natural laws, but in England, as will be seen, this reaction supported its claims to respect by adducing the example of the artists who came before Raphael, and who were not hampered by the rules that in the later work of that artist would seem to have controlled his practice. With the younger German and French artists, the reaction has apparently never been at the pains to make any excuses for itself, nor to call any names to its aid, nor has there been either in Germany or France, unless it were the movement of the French Impressionists, anything that looked like a concerted *propaganda* of artistic heresies.

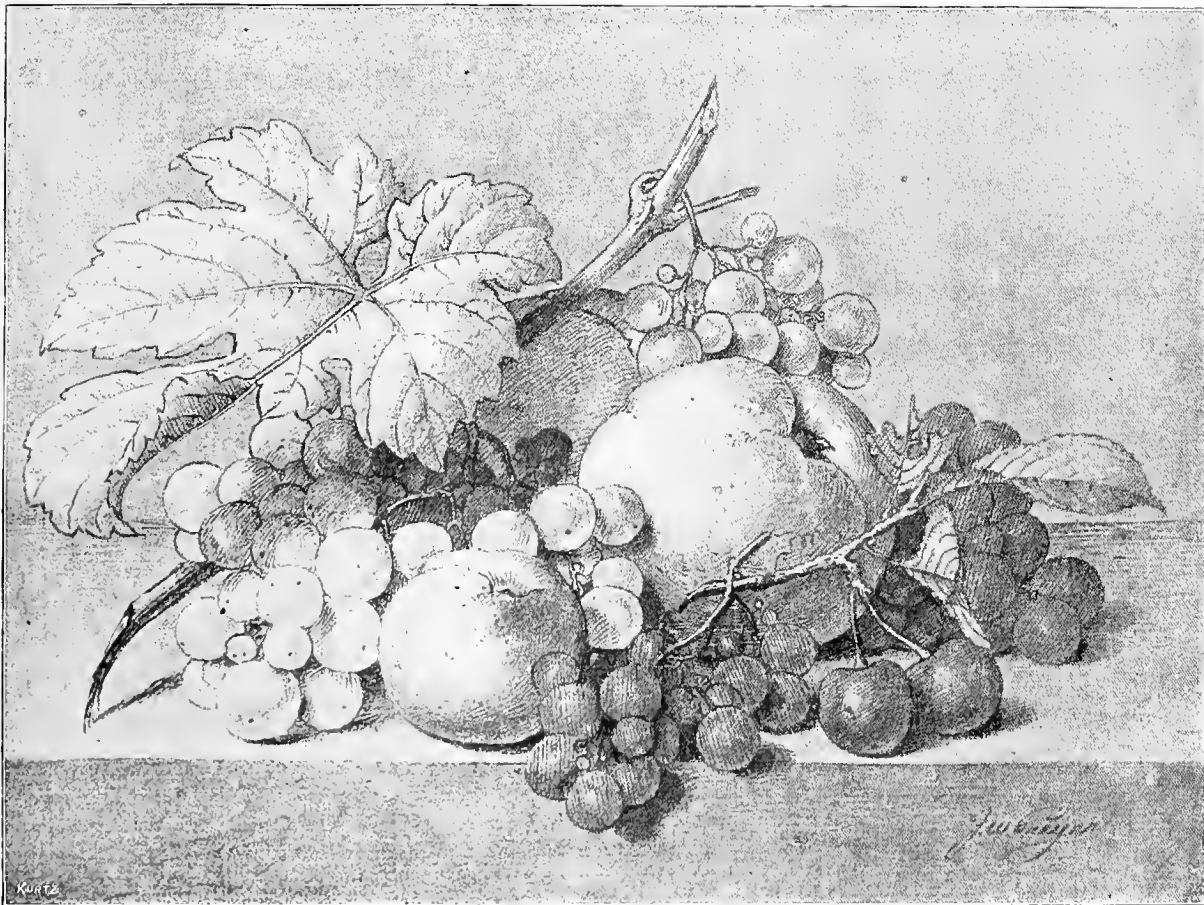
At the same time it is by no means impossible that the younger men of the continent may have been influenced by the English Pre-Raphaelites, to look more closely into the laws that were imposed upon them by the academics; and that, finding there was some reason in the arguments adduced in support of the new movement, they may have attempted to apply them to their own case. In all such revolutions in taste and practice, it is, however, very difficult, if it be not altogether impossible, to settle the claims of precedence, or to follow in a chart the blowing of the winds of influence. In this picture by Dill, every law of composition laid down by the academics is violated or defied: there is no harmony of lines, no grace of proportion, no balance of parts—yet all this negation which, fifty years ago—supposing any one to have been capable of it, at that time, would have found not an ally to support it, awakens, nowadays, no remonstrance, nor lifts a single eye-brow in surprise. One reason for this attitude of the public toward works so contrary to old usage is found in the works themselves, which, when they are painted, like this of Dill's, with vigor and conviction, give pleasure to everybody who likes to see a bit of human life faithfully reported; a pleasure quite independent of the nature of the subject. And another reason may lie in the harmony between the indifference to established laws and conventions shown by the artists we have in mind, and the general, and certainly growing, indifference to social laws and conventions once in vogue. But this subject will come up for consideration at a later stage of our work.

Even in still-life subjects, the new spirit may be and in fact is, as active, at times, as in the larger and so-called more important fields. Philippe Rousseau, Vollon, Manet, Diaz, Mettling, reveal the romantic movement as vividly in their fruits and flowers, nay, in their fish and garden-vegetables, as do Delacroix in his lion-hunts, or Barye in his ravening wild-beasts, or Rousseau in his landscapes, where his corner of this fair earth of ours is seen under every aspect, sunlit or stormy, of the moving year. But in Germany, little of this imaginative spirit has been shown in the treatment of still-life subjects; a formal portraiture, a scientific

rendering of natural facts is all that any artist in Germany has, so far as we know, attempted. No one of them who has gained any note has gone further in this direction than Preyer, the author of the small fruit-piece which we reproduce, by permission, from the drawing belonging to Messrs. Knoedler & Co.

JOHANN WILHELM PREYER, now the oldest, as he is the best known of the German still-life painters, was born in 1803, at Rheidt, and made his studies in art at the Academy in Düsseldorf, with which he remained connected from 1822 to 1837. In 1835 he made a visit to Holland, where he studied the masters who had excelled in the painting of still-life, the branch of art to which he had been drawn, and in 1837, leaving Düsseldorf for a while, he went to Munich, where he stayed for three years, and thence for three years to Italy. In 1843 he visited Bozen and made there many studies of southern fruits; in 1848 he went to Berlin, and after a brief stay in that city returned to Düsseldorf, where he has since that time continued to live. He has a son, Paul, and a daughter Emélie, who are both skilful still-life painters. Visitors to the gallery of paintings by the artists of the Düsseldorf school—the Düsseldorf Gallery which, thirty-odd years ago, made one of the chief attractions of our city, must still remember the interesting picture—the landscape painted by Lessing, the figures by Friedrich Boser—in which all the leading artists of the Düsseldorf school were represented taking their luncheon in the woods. In this picture one of the most striking figures was that of Preyer, conspicuously placed in the foreground, a distinction not so much awarded to his talent—unquestioned, indeed, but exercised in a field somewhat outside of that appropriated to high art—as made necessary by the extreme smallness of his figure, which was so dwarfish in fact that, had he not been put in the very foreground of the picture, he could not have been shown at all. His picture always excited the good nature of visitors, since the little man, with his tight, well-proportioned figure, his long hair, and his smiling, strongly-marked countenance, seemed fully alive to the humor of the situation, though preserving a proper, self-respecting dignity. Preyer's fruit-pieces at one time enjoyed a wide popularity, and although they are now somewhat less cared for, and indeed are seldom offered for sale by the dealers, whose shops are a convenient test of contemporary valuation, we must believe that the exquisite care and faithfulness with which they are painted will always have its value, even though, for a time, work of a larger, freer execution may cause it to be neglected. The drawing we publish—it is made with the lead-pencil, slightly tinted here and there with color—shows the careful draughtsman but gives no sufficient notion of his painting. Something

of his skill in this particular may be gathered from a very beautiful reproduction of one of his best pictures, published by the Messrs. Knoedler & Co., remarkable as a specimen of the art of chromo-lithography, just then brought to perfection, and since vulgarized into unmerited obloquy. This published plate is, however, a silent critic on the art that can so faithfully be reproduced by a process so largely mechanical; and indeed beyond the taste which Preyer



"FRUIT-PIECE."

FROM THE PENCIL-DRAWING BY JOHANN PREYER

undoubtedly possesses, there is nothing in his picture which is beyond the reach of patient assiduity. He has studied the exquisite works of von Huysum, Rachel Ruysch, Kalf, and other painters of flowers and still-life, until he has caught much of their finished manner and something of their spirit, but his failure to take an equal place with these masters in the appreciation of the public arises from the difference between the modern artists and the older

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men in pictorial power; the power to make a picture with the given materials. At his best, Preyer is but plain prose where the others are poetry. By this, we mean, that Preyer arranging his still-life objects on his tables; his fruit freshly gathered and lying loosely as it was brought in from the garden, or placed in bowls or dishes, his glasses filled with champagne, the beaded bubbles rising and gathering round the edge of the surface of the wine; or, an opened walnut, with some raisins—these things the artist viewing, proceeds to paint them with strict scientific accuracy, thinking, or so it would seem, far more of the truthful representation of his subject than of its pictorial effect. The von Huysums, Kalfs, Hondekooters, and the rest of the still-life masters, on the other hand, accomplished both wonders: they painted with an accuracy to delight the naturalist, and they made pictures that completely satisfy the artist.

Still, let us be thankful for the accuracy that is the Germans' strong point, not Preyer's alone, but that of the German artists in general.

## XVIII.

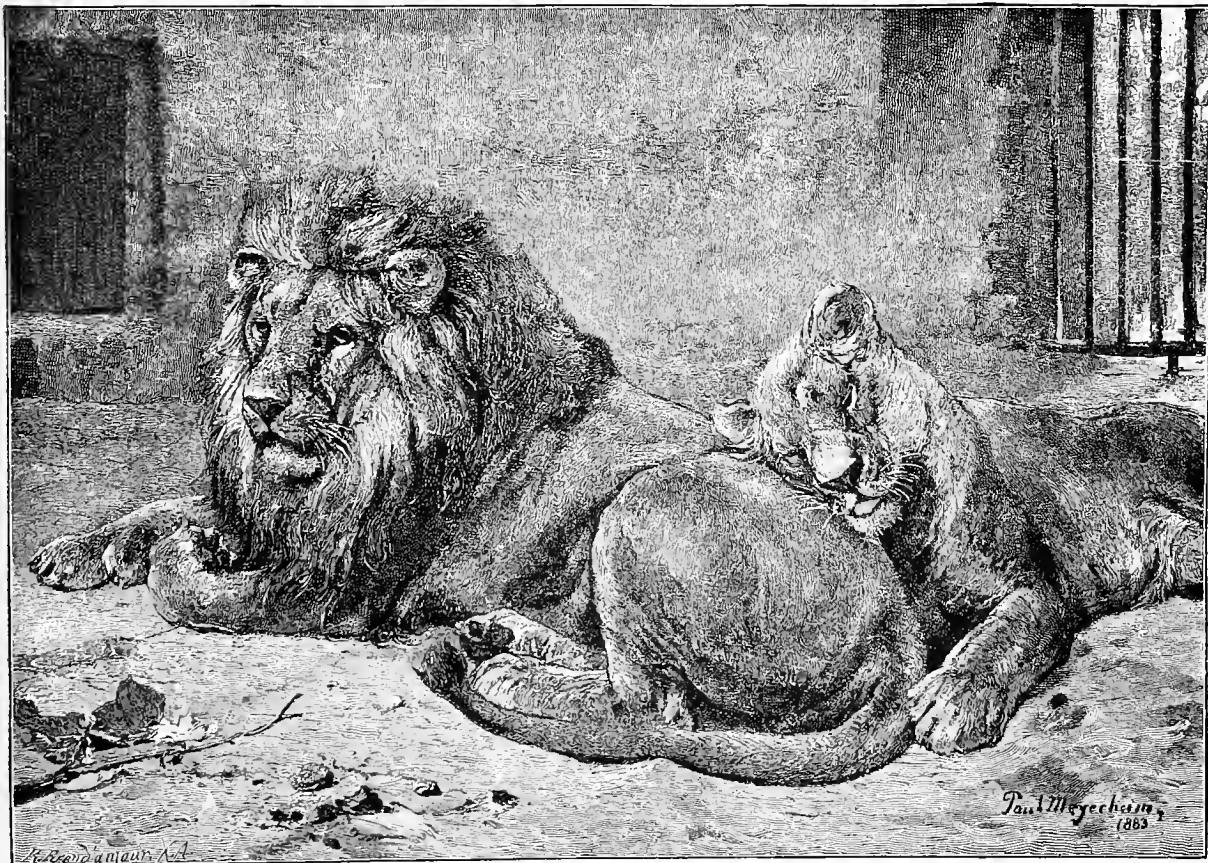
PAUL FRIEDRICH MEYERHEIM, the painter of our "Lion and Lioness" has earned his reputation as an animal-painter by strict fidelity of portraiture, as we see it in this picture; he seldom indulges in satire or story-telling, such as Landseer and our own Beard are so fond of, and so clever in, although the apes have occasionally tempted him to experi-



PAUL F. MEYERHEIM.

ments in that direction. Meyerheim was born in Berlin in 1842, and was at first the pupil of his father, Eduard Meyerheim, but later studied in the Academy. His studies ended, he travelled in Germany, the Tyrol, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, and lived for a year and a half in Paris, where he paid particular attention to color in his painting. He sketched in oils as well as in water-color, and finding himself strongly drawn in that direction, applied himself for some time exclusively to the study of wild-animals, for which the Zoölogical Garden in Berlin offered him abundant means. He varied these studies by some attempts at *genre* painting, in which he was very successful, and by decorative painting, his chief performances in this field being "the History of the Locomotive-engine," which he painted in a series of seven pictures in the Villa Borsig in the Moabit—a suburb of Berlin. He has also

painted portraits, but, with some few exceptions, has not achieved any great success in this direction, although his portrait of his father, now in the Museum at Dantzic, is spoken of as a masterpiece. It is, however, as an animal-painter that Meyerheim will be best known, and some of his pictures have not been surpassed for strength of characterization and simple naturalness by anything that has been done in England or France, where the Landseers, Rivières, Baryes,



"LION AND LIONESS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL MEYERHEIM.

and Bonheurs have set up a standard difficult of attainment. Among the best of his pictures are "The Sheepshearing," "The Serpent-tamer in the Menagerie," "The Wounded Lion," and "The Apes holding Court," with the "Apes' Academy"—the last two, examples of his satiric humor, which are by no means wanting in cleverness, but where he finds himself rivalling men fully able to contest the palm with him. We confess to caring very little for such subjects, even when handled by men as skilful as our own Beard, who certainly has never been surpassed

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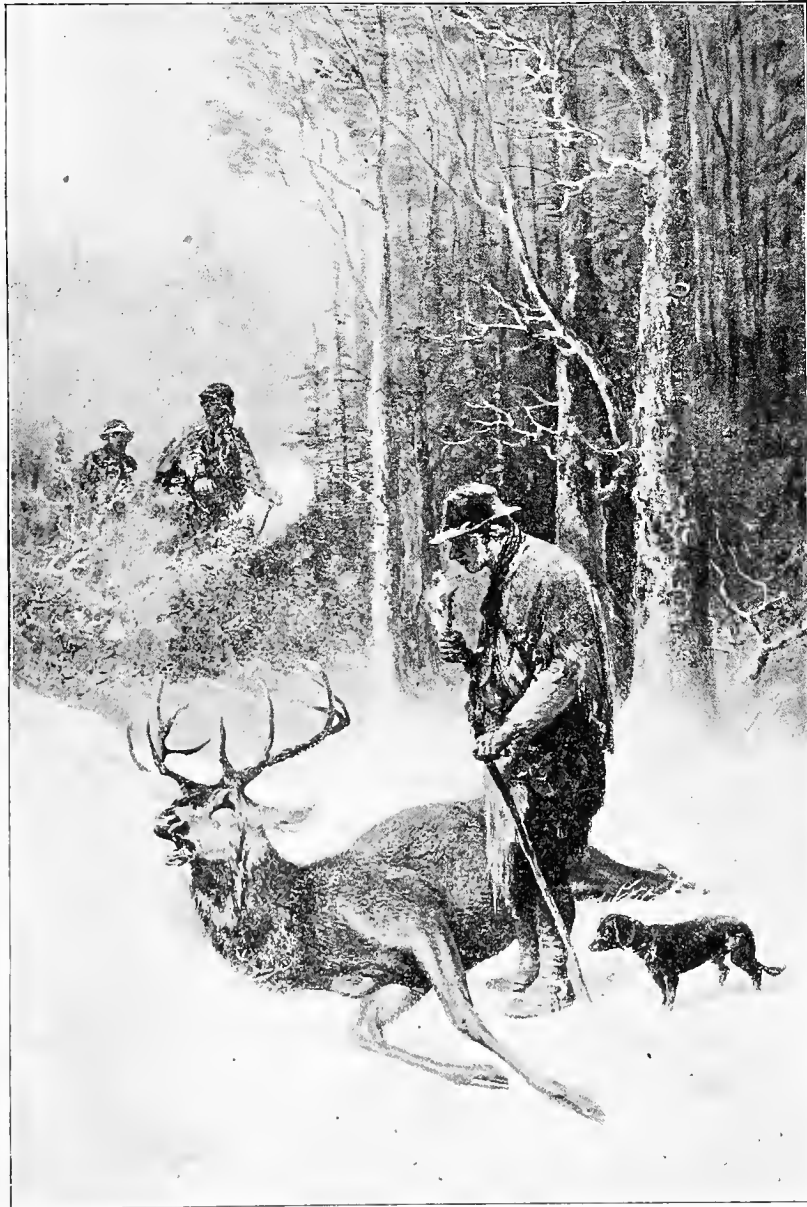
in the genuineness of his humor by any artist at any time. We think we do best justice to Meyerheim by presenting our readers with this "Lion and Lioness in Captivity," even though it may be admitted that photography could easily have produced a result so nearly similar as hardly to be distinguished from this, which is an actual study from life. "Hardly to be distinguished," we say, because there is always in faithful study from nature something that is different from what photography, or mechanism of any sort, would have produced. Neither the photograph nor the artist is always to be trusted, but when each is at his best they do not present the same side of their subject, but two sides, essentially different the one from the other. If nature, working with her sun and a sensitive plate, can often see what is hid from the eye of man, that same eye of man can as often see what is hidden from nature, and it will be observed that photography as a rule works by the discovery of defects, while the artist, if he be a good one, aims to record his sitter as a whole, but with a leaning toward the bringing out of excellences too often hidden from the superficial view.

ANTON BÜRGER, the painter of "The Discovered Stag," is a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he was born in 1825. He had his first instruction in art in the Städels Institute in his native town, and later he passed a year or two each in Munich and Düsseldorf. He afterward settled down in Cronberg in the lovely region of the Taunus Mountains, where he still resides—his numerous pictures recording the scenery of the region and the manners of its peasant population—views of villages, farm-yard scenes, tavern-incidents, hunting adventures, whatever the life of the region has to offer in the way of simple every-day subjects, of which our picture is a good example. The scene has a certain affinity with the picture already described by Schenck, but has a more matter-of-fact foundation. This deer dying from the hunter's shot is not attended by a ghastly ministry of crows waiting for his death, but his agony is perhaps none the less affecting; and certainly the stolid peasant who stands over him calmly smoking his pipe is as devoid of pity as any crow! There is winter here, as in Schenck's picture, and the dreariness of it is well expressed; the hunter whose shot has brought the animal down, is led to the place by his guide; at least that is the way we interpret the picture, though we should have looked for signs of a gun somewhere. The peasant's dog, too, seems a very disinterested spectator of a scene that generally excites some canine eagerness, but this animal has learned stolidity and indifference from his master.

ADOLF SCHREYER is another painter who, like Barye, Delacroix, and Schenck—if we may name this artist in the same breath with two such lords in the kingdom of art—likes to



paint the stormy side of life. He was born in 1828 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and as a child showed great delight in drawing horses. As he grew older he frequented the riding-school,



"THE DISCOVERED STAG."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY ANTON BÜRGER.

where he followed and studied the exercises of his favorite animals, and at the Städel Institute he continued to study in theory and from models what the riding-school had taught

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him practically. After leaving school, he went to Munich, and later, to Düsseldorf, where he accomplished himself in the technics of his art. In 1848 he was invited by the Prince of Thurn-and-Taxis to travel with him, and visited Hungary, Wallachia, and Southern Russia. Here he studied the life of the Slavs, and their beasts of burden, and here he painted his first battle-piece after the fight at Temesvar—a picture that had a great success, and made his name known. In 1856 he accompanied the same princely patron to Syria and Egypt, and later travelled with him in Algeria. The sketches and studies which were the result of these travels created a very lively impression when they were shown in Paris, and Schreyer soon found himself on the high-road to success. He produced in rapid succession those pictures of wild life in Eastern Europe in which horses play so conspicuous a part, and which are so associated with his name by their subjects that a “Schreyer” without a horse, or horses, would indeed be the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted. Yet it is seldom that the artist repeats himself. His invention, founded on the industrious sketching kept up while travelling, that had filled his portfolios to overflowing with studies, seems never to fail him, and though we know a “Schreyer” as far as we can see it, yet it is long before we become so indifferent to the artist’s subjects as to pass them by without study, because we are held by their overflowing energy of life. In our tamer civilization these scenes transported from the half-barbarous lands of the Slavs have an air of exaggeration, almost of melodrama, but those who know the people and their manners assure us that all this storm and stress, this plunging and rearing of wild or half-tamed horses—hoofs pawing the air, manes and tails streaming to the wind; these swarthy men in queer outlandish garb, guiding with easy savage grace their reckless charge—all these things, we are assured, are the every-day sights and scenes of these countries so far removed from the route of the ordinary traveller. The best known of his pictures—several of them made popular by excellent engravings—are “Cossack Horses;” “Winter Landscape”—horses huddled together in the snow;—“Wallachian Post-horses;” “Detachment of Cavalry on the March;” “Arabs Returning from the Fight;” “Terror,” horses madly flying; “The Wounded Horse,” and the subject we engrave, “Chased by Wolves,” where certainly the scene needs no title to explain it. In 1870, Schreyer joined the artist-colony that has associated itself with the village of Cronberg in the beautiful Taunus country near Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we have already met with Anton Bürger—a quiet resting-place, and a singular contrast to the wild life that makes the staple of Schreyer’s pictures.



"CHASED BY WOLVES."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY ADOLF SCHREYER.



OTTO VON THOREN is another painter who brings to us the report of what he has seen in the eastern parts of Europe, but he deals for the most part with quieter, domestic scenes: "A Herd of Hungarian Oxen," "Cows in the Meadow," "The Hungarian Steppes at Sunset, with Groups of Cattle," and the "Grain-thrashing," which we publish—an excellent example of his art. The horses, guided by the man who stands in the middle, jog round and round in a circle, beating out the grain from the ear as it is continually fed and spread by the other men. The dress of the men is singular to our eyes, used to a more curt and summary garb for labor,



"CORN-THRASHING."

FROM THE PICTURE BY OTTO VON THOREN.

whether at home or in the field. At first, on seeing these long coats we think there must be something priestly or religious about their wearers; perhaps these are a sort of lay-brothers from some neighboring monastery, working in the field as monks used to do, and as they still are found doing all over Europe. But, then, we reflect, that the dress of monks, priests, and popes is itself only a survival of the dress of the people in Greek and Roman days—outgrown with time and generally abandoned, it has crystallized as we see it in the vestments of the Roman church. This long coat, or gown, worn over his under garments by this man and his companions in the field, is the *chiton* of the Greeks, the *tunica* of the Romans, the *dalmatic* of the modern Romish priest, called by this last name because it was formerly made,

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and is still, perhaps, made in some places in Dalmatia, of the wool grown in that country. And thus we see the old still surviving in the new, and perceive that the world of man is but a palimpsest where the most ancient writing can still be read through the records of age succeeding age. But, von Thoren's bright and sunny leaf from the life of this Danubian population has anything but an archaeological expression. How naturally the horses plod along, each in his own character; one inclined to play a bit with the geese the woman is guiding, and who are gleaned a few of the scattered grains as they fly from under the horses' feet. The white horse seems to be thinking back to the time when he had something to do better worth-while than treading-out corn; his neighbor puts down his head to catch a mouthful of straw, while the two next him make a few confidential remarks to one another on the situation. The last horse in the line starts with a jump as the man behind him touches his flanks with an armful of corn he is about to throw down; at the extreme right a man with a fork spreads out the grain in readiness for the horses.

Otto von Thoren was born in 1828 at Vienna, served in the Austrian army, took part in the campaign in Hungary in 1848-49, and not until 1857 began the study of art in Paris and Brussels. His pictures deal for the most part with subjects, like the one we publish, where men and domestic animals are brought together in a natural everyday harmony, reflecting a patriarchal simplicity of life, very pleasant to contemplate.

JAROSLAV CERMAK, the painter of the "Herzegovinian Girl," here reproduced, was born at Prague, but the dictionaries give us no particulars of his early life. In the useful book of Mrs. Clement, "Artists of the Nineteenth Century," there are a few data as to his pictures. He died in 1878. He was a pupil of Gallait and of Robert Fleury, but he found his subjects neither in Belgium nor Paris, nor yet in his native Bohemia, but pushed further east and painted episodes in the life of Herzegovina and Montenegro. At the Salon of 1877 he exhibited "Herzegovinians Returning to their Ravaged Village," and in 1873, "An Episode of the War in Montenegro." Our picture is his most pleasing performance, and deserves its wide popularity. Whether it be intended to be accepted literally or not, we do not know, but it certainly looks like a piece of pure romance; an incident in a novel by George Sand or by Prosper Mérimée. This lovely dark-eyed girl standing by the horse, as beautiful as herself, caressing his silken mane with her hand as she looks dreamily out over the fields, can hardly, one would think, be a type of the people of her country. Rather, we see in her the embodiment of her country's past, when the land was subject to the rule of the Byzantine; by



her dress, her attitude, her expression, she seems a vision of the antique muse brooding in soft melancholy over the decay of glorious empire. Her dress recalls what we said a little before on the permanence of old types, when describing Otto von Thoren's picture. Here we have, surviving, down to our own day, all the elements of the Greek and Roman dress—the



"A HERZEGOVINIAN GIRL."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JAROSLAV CERMAK.

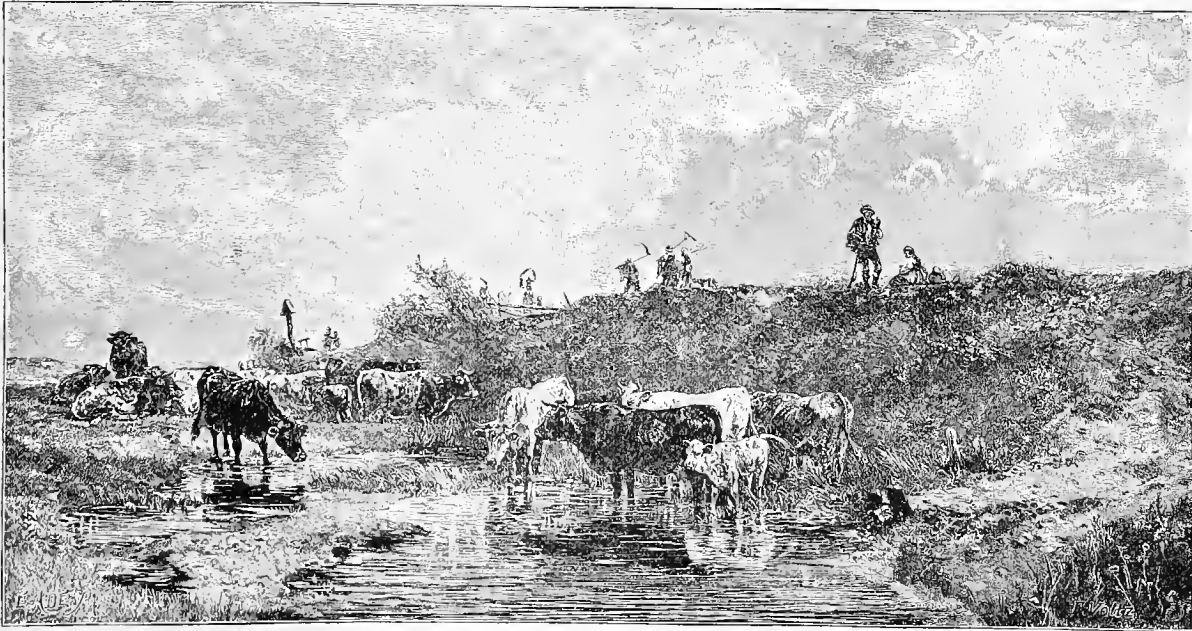
*chiton*, with its double girdle, and the *himation* or mantle, while the jewelled circlets pendent from the necklace, the girdle made of gold or silver plates, the earrings, and the head-dress fringed with glittering ornaments, recall the days of Byzantine decadence. The horses—one a cream-white stallion with flowing unclipped tail and long profuse silken mane shading his eyes, and with some of its strands confined in braids, the darker a more common-

place animal—are drinking from a ruined fountain-basin, once belonging to a Byzantine palace, its base half hid in burdock and nettle. This picture has always seemed to us a remarkable one; among a cloud of works to which by its title it seems to belong—ethnographic notes inspired for the most part by mere curiosity and idleness of travel—this has all the qualities of a genuine poetic impression; we feel that it is real, but it is real in a world of its own, a world of dreams.

FRIEDRICH JOHANN VOLTZ, the painter of the “Cattle by the Brook,” was born at Nordlingen in 1817. He studied with his father, and from him learned etching, and made such progress in the art that when he was seventeen a series of twelve etched plates after pictures by some of the old masters procured him admission to the Academy in Munich. Here, during the winter, he made copies of the older masters in painting, and also practised his hand in pictures of his own composing, while in the summer he made sketching excursions in the Bavarian Highlands. Later, he visited Italy and the Netherlands, but returned to Munich, where he studied with Piloty for a while; but starting off again he visited Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, with this good result, that he grew more in touch with the art of his own time, and weaned from his too strict devotion to that of the older men. The picture that we reproduce is a type of his work in general; he is one of the large company of cattle-painters of our day, but his pictures are distinguished from the mass by a certain idyllic character, a harmony between the landscape and the living beings that people the scene, such as we find in the pictures of Troyon and Veyrassat; though Voltz is not equal to either of these as a painter. Like so many of the Germans, like by far the most of them, we must admit, he shows to best advantage in black and white. The little picture so prettily reproduced by Rhodes, from an engraving, shows the artist in one of his happiest veins. The cattle are refreshing themselves in the clear water of the brook at noon-tide; some drinking, some standing in the stream, some lying down on the meadowy bank, while on the higher ground at the right, the keeper of the herd is seen with an eye to his charge, while his wife sits on the ground at his feet, with their dinner in a basket. Further on, some of the field-hands are leaving their work for their noon-day rest; a woman with a big bundle on her head walks off with her child by her side, and against the horizon we see a crucifix, protected by its pent-house hood, with two wayfarers doing it reverence as they pass. Over all is a sky of delicate beauty, with clouds of white and gray, that blends the whole scene in sunny harmony. In his figures, and in the animation they give to the scene, we are reminded, as we are in many

of Voltz's pictures, of the later Dutch and Flemish landscape-painters, and of the later Italians as well; but, in the more careful observation of the appearances of nature, particularly in his skies, we acknowledge an individual note; conventionality and abstraction are sacrificed to the more modern spirit that strives to reconcile art with science.

ERNST ADOLF MEISSNER, born in 1837 at Dresden, now settled at Munich, after visiting Switzerland and Italy, is still another painter of animals, but like Zügel and others, confines himself more immediately to them as the subject of his pictures, and makes the landscape of



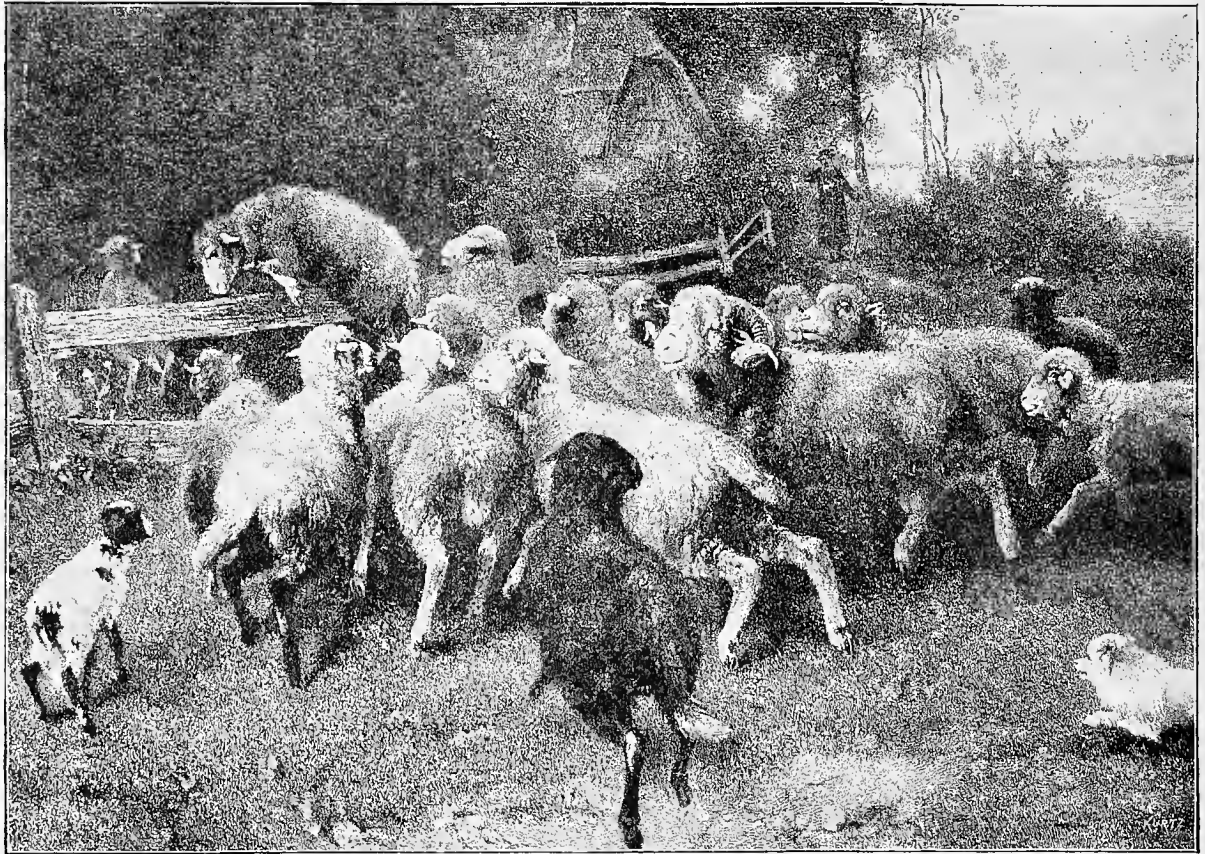
"CATTLE BY THE BROOK."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRIEDRICH VOLTZ.

less importance. Here, for instance, in his "Frightened Sheep," the landscape is insignificant; the whole interest, such as there is, lies in the truth with which the actions of the sheep are rendered. A small white dog, taking the air with his master or mistress, for his owner must be guessed-at, being outside our frame, has started off to have a little fun with the sheep, and has succeeded in getting the flock into a high state of hysterics. They were making for the farmhouse yard, but they are brought to a pause—partly by the difficulty of scaling the fence bars; one of the lambs has squeezed himself through them, and is off, but one of the sheep is coming to grief in his vaulting ambition, while a third is thinking too long about it to have his thinking come to anything. Then, again, some of the sheep have caught

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sight of their enemy, and are beginning to blush at his insignificance; it is a chance if the old ram does not give him a taste of his horns and send him to Jericho. But the most potent influence that is working to calm the flock, is the appearance of their master, who, on hearing the hubbub, has come out of his cottage, and is calling them to order with his well-known voice. Meissner has had good fortune at home; his pictures are hung in the Academy of



"FRIGHTENED SHEEP."

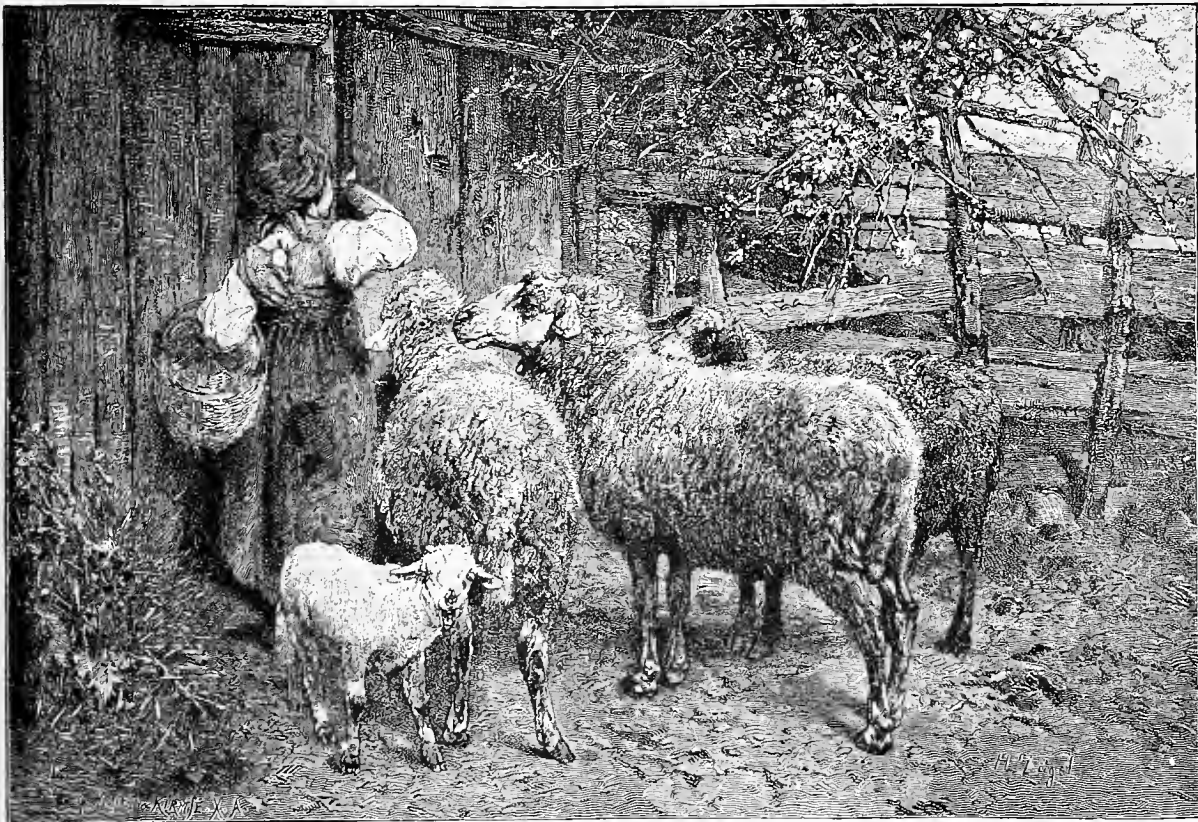
FROM THE PICTURE BY E. MEISSNER.

Vienna, in the Museum at Dresden, in the palace of the King of Saxony, and he has been a favorite here as well, many of his best pictures belonging to Americans.

For a time, too, we heard a good deal of Zügel in this country; his pictures of sheep, mostly small canvases, were seen in the dealers' shops, and eagerly bought; their simplicity and naturalness made them many friends. But, of late we have not seen them so frequently. HEINRICH JOHANN ZÜGEL was born in 1850 at Murrhard, in Wurtemberg, but after moving about a little in Germany—a year and a half in Stuttgart, then for a like stay in Vienna, he



finally came to settle down in Munich, where he still lives and paints. His "Sheep-washing," "Ox-team," "Cattle Flying before a Storm," and in the National Gallery of Berlin his "Sheep in an Alder Grove"—are among his best known pictures. The one we copy, "Open the Door for Us!" belongs to a family of small *genre* pictures, such as he is best known by in this country. The sheep are impatient to be let out of the fold, and the little girl is opening



"OPEN THE DOOR FOR US."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HEINRICH ZÜGEL.

the door for them. The lamb, who was so very eager a minute ago, has forgotten all about it for another minute, but probably as soon as the door is fairly opened he will push himself through without the least thought of respect for his elders. His starting action is very prettily given.

No doubt our readers will find Gebler's "One of the Seven Sleepers," a more entertaining subject than any of these later pictures. FRIEDRICH OTTO GEBLER, born at Dresden in 1838, went early to Munich, where he studied under Piloty. He paints animal-pictures almost ex-

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clusively, but his humor is not always so genuine as we find it here, where it grows out of a natural, every-day situation. The morning light is streaming through the cracks and cran- nies of this old barn where the sheep are folded, and they are anxious to get out for a taste of fresh air and the grass of the pasture. But Peter, the farm-hand, is locked up tighter in slumber than they are in the barns, and no ray of the morning sun has peeped as yet through the chinks in his eye-lids. A swallow has lighted on his hat—perched for the night on the



“ONE OF THE SEVEN-SLEEPERS.”  
FROM THE PICTURE BY OTTO GEBLER.

top of his sheep-hook, and cheeps and twitters to the other swallows that circle round the barn or cling to the wall, but Peter does not hear the sound. One leg is thrown over the dog, his bed-fellow and guardian, but though the dog is wide awake and has his faithful eye on the sheep, he does not stir for fear of waking his master. In the heat of the summer night the boy has tossed the clothes about and kicked off the feather bed, but the cool morning air that blows over his bare legs has no power to disturb him, while, if he hears the bleating of the sheep, he probably hears it in a dream of noonday in the pasture, with his flock about



him calling one another from side to side of the field. Perhaps the artist meant to indicate by the pictures pinned to the wall and the sketches of the ram, the dog and Peter himself, sheep-hook in hand, that this is an artist in the bud lying in bed when work is to be done, and dreaming when he should be awake. But the moral, if it were meant, is not obtruded, and we are at liberty to enjoy the quiet humor of the scene without feeling obliged to interpret it otherwise than as an idyl of youth and health dreaming of rustic love and beauty, not under the roof of the spreading beech, but in the warm air of the hay-scented barn, in sweet momentary forgetfulness of the work-a-day world that is calling him to share its toil.

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## DUTCH ART.

THE revival of art in Holland in our own day, after a long period of indifference and decline, did not seem so surprising as the similar revival did in England, or even, we may say, that which took place in the first quarter of the century in France. Each of these countries, England and France, had had good painters, a few excellent ones; but no country north of the Alps could boast of such a glorious family of artists—all born of her own body and nourished at her own breast—as Holland. The wonder was, not that we should see art revived in Holland, but, rather, that in a country which had produced a Rembrandt, a Terburg, a Franz Hals, a Van der Meer, a Van Goyen—but the list would be too long were we to attempt to name all the illustrious ones—that a country which had produced such men as these, should ever have produced lesser men. It is, however, a common experience; all things in nature have their ebb and flow; and we have Hamlet's word for it that

“ Nothing is at a like goodness still,  
But Nature growing to a plurisy  
Dies of her own too-much.”

In the history of art in Holland, there are three periods very clearly marked. They are described in that excellent hand-book on the Dutch School of Painting, written in French by M. Henry Havard, and translated into English by Mr. G. Powell, published by Messrs. Cas-

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sell & Co., to which the reader may be referred for an intelligent, appreciative summary of the subject, illustrated with cuts that serve a very good purpose as notes. And here it may be said that although we may never hope to have in this country such and so many splendid examples of the great Dutchmen as are to be found in Holland itself, in England, which rivals Holland in the treasures it possesses, or in France and Germany, yet we shall in time, no doubt, be able to show a considerable number of fine specimens; and, indeed, even to-day there are enough good Dutch pictures scattered about, in public and private collections, to enable a student to get at the rudiments of the matter. We have at least five first-rate portraits by Rembrandt; we may get more, in years to come, but we shall get none finer than the "Gilder" and the two Van Beresteyn portraits, owned by Mr. Havemeyer and now on temporary loan at the Metropolitan Museum; the "Portrait of a Man," owned by Mr. Ellsworth, of Chicago, and the portraits of Dr. Tulp and his wife, in the gallery of Messrs. Cottier & Co., in New York. And these are not all the examples of Rembrandt that might be cited: there are others of less interest, but of equal authenticity, and well able to hold their own in connection with these. We have, besides, examples of Terburg, Maes, Pieter de Hoogh, Van Goyen, and others, so that, if it were wished, an exhibition of the old Dutch masters could be made that would be of great interest not merely to artists, but to the general public—for there is always a public for really fine painting.

It will only be necessary here, in order to prepare the way for the consideration of the works of the Dutch artists of our own day, to make a brief reference to the successive phases through which the art of Holland has passed since its beginnings. The actual beginnings are indeed lost to us: not only have the works of the various artists in every branch disappeared, leaving no visible trace of their existence, but only the barest record of them exists in tradition, with here and there an allusion in an old book, or a meagre fact painfully unearthed from some musty document spared by the greed of Time. As it was not until the first quarter of the seventeenth century, that the United Provinces were finally separated from the southern provinces of the Netherlands, there can be no reasonable doubt that, in earlier times, the art of the two divisions was as nearly identical in character as the conditions of society and climate would allow. In all these northern countries, the first civilizing ideas came not from Italy and the Romans, but from Byzantium and the Greeks, and it is to the Arians and their more fundamentally democratic ideas in religion and in church government, that we owe the seeds of opposition to aristocracy and feudalism, which, thank Heaven,

were sowed so broadly and planted so deep that they never have been and never can be uprooted. Fortunately for the race and for the welfare of nations, these ideas were sown in Germany, in northern France, including the Netherlands, and in the British Islands before the Roman missionaries came, and the bloody persecutions of these zealots, who struck hands with pagan kings and slaughtered, burned, and pillaged their heretical brethren in the sweet name of Christ, only served, as persecution always does, to keep the ideas it sought to uproot alive. But while the ideas remained, the things in which they had found material expression were largely swept away, and in the fierce, savage conflicts of the Dutch and Spanish of the seventeenth century, nearly all traces of the earlier art disappeared with the destruction of the abbeys, monasteries, and churches, and with the dismantling of the town-halls and palaces. This destruction was so thoroughly accomplished that it is only by the sparse and scattered remains still existing in Flanders and in Germany that we are able to discover what must have been the character of this first phase of art in Holland.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we find the names of many artists born in Holland who are yet by their art allied on the one side to Flanders and on the other to Italy. Flanders drew them to her cities by the promise of gain and employment at the splendid courts of the sovereigns and nobility of that flourishing country, while Italy attracted them by the fame of her great painters and sculptors, borne by the reports of travellers and spread through all the northern lands. It may be permitted to compare the state of the arts in Holland at that time with what we find in our country at the present day—a condition of things which has, however, existed here from the beginning. Owing at once to the scanty means of education for artists here in America, the lack of schools, and, what is of far more importance, the lack of public galleries where examples of the great artists can be familiarly seen, our young men flock to Europe, year after year, for study and inspiration. And, on the other hand, owing to the fact that few of our rich men care for American pictures, much preferring to spend their money for the works of foreigners, our young painters go abroad and settle in London, Paris, or Munich, where many of them find customers in plenty for their work and earn a good living, besides making for themselves a solid position in society, such as they could never have obtained at home.

This was what happened in the case of many of the early Dutch artists; some of them became so identified with Flanders and Italy that their real place of birth is forgotten or ignored, and indeed they were only Dutch in name. Nor did any of them paint in a style that

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was derived exclusively, or even in part, from influences peculiar to Holland; all of them were inspired by artists not of their own land; and if they returned to Holland after their wanderings in other countries, led back by the growing wealth and prosperity of her merchant-cities, they endeavored to establish there the standards that they had found in favor in the older cities of Europe.

But with the establishment on a secure foundation of the independence of the United Provinces, a new era at once set in, and we soon find artists arising, one after the other, developing individual styles, forming schools, and creating pupils, until by the end of the century, Holland had made such a mark in the history of art as can never be effaced and that gives her a place side by side with Italy. And this was accomplished by artists who neither needed to leave Holland for subjects nor for patrons; they were content to paint, and the rich or well-to-do people of Holland were glad to buy, pictures of their own landscape, scenes from the lives of their own peasants and bourgeois citizens, and portraits of themselves, their wives, their children and their magistrates. Painters were bred in obedience to the law of supply and demand, but the question why the demand for painters was met by the supply of painters of such unexampled, splendid quality, is one that has never yet been answered, though many attempts have been made to answer it, and to which no adequate answer will in all probability ever be found.

The light that lightened the world of art streaming from Holland in the seventeenth century faded at last; the sun set, and with it the splendor of the bountiful but too brief day. Nor was it until our own immediate time that Holland was again heard from as a producer of artists, but the men who are once more bringing the name of their country to the front, and who are influencing so strongly the younger artists of France, England, and America, are not descended in direct line from the painters of the great period in their own country, although the spirit in which they work is akin to theirs. There can be no reasonable doubt that the painters we are about to consider were inspired in their work by the example of the French Romantics, but the outcome of that inspiration is something essentially their own; and it is proved such by the fact that it has itself, as we have hinted above, exerted a strong influence on the younger artists of other countries. And nowhere has that influence been so marked in its effect as here in our own country.

The paintings and water-colors of Israels, Mauve, Artz, the brothers Maris (William, Matthew and James), Stacquet, Mesdag, and others, are now well known in this country. They are

to be found in many private collections and with all the principal dealers, where they bring high prices. But it is only a short time ago that these names, one and all, were practically unknown in America; for though a few examples of their work may have made their way to this country, and found homes in some of our private collections, the general public knew absolutely nothing of them, and in fact is only just beginning to know something. The copies of their pictures given to our readers in connection with this notice will be among the first that have been published in this popular way. Nor has it been possible to procure as many examples as we should have been glad to have. Comparatively few of the pictures of this group of artists have been published by photography or engraving, and the pictures themselves are not always to be obtained. But even with the materials at our command, we shall hope to do something to make an interesting corner of the world of art better known, here at home, and if we can do no more than to excite curiosity, that will have been worth doing.

It is now fifteen years since Mr. Daniel Cottier, coming to New York from London to establish here a branch of his business, brought over with him a collection of pictures, principally by Dutch artists, men whose names, as we have said, were at that time practically unknown to our public at large, and known to very, very few, if they were known to any, of our amateurs or picture-buyers. His collection was not confined to the Dutchmen, but contained examples of the so-called Barbizon school of which we have already given an account in our first volume. The Millets, Corots, Rousseaus, Diaz, and the rest of the circle, allies by the spirit of their aims rather than by actual companionship, were represented here adequately for the first time. It is of importance to allude to this event because it was really one of first-rate importance in the history of our art-development. Up to this time, through the influence of the enterprising dealers catering for a public whom they had taught what to admire, the pictures of the Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris artists—the Romantics rigidly excluded—had been the only ones offered for our inspection. Corot was almost unknown; the knowledge of Millet, first made known to us by the late Wm. M. Hunt, was confined almost entirely to Boston, where it was looked upon as the fad of an exclusive circle; of Rousseau we knew nothing, of Daubigny little, and of Diaz, still less. As for the great Romantics—Delacroix, Géricault, Decamps, Courbet—we had yet to learn something more of them than their names. It is not meant that these artists were entirely unrepresented in this country, but only that the general public had as yet not been offered the means of knowing what

these names stood for. As for the Dutch artists of whom we are now to speak, it may be said that they were entirely unknown to all of us, artists, amateurs and laymen alike, until Mr. Cottier showed them to us. They took an immediate hold upon our younger artists, those who were in the formative stage, and, explain it how we may, it is certainly true that the influence of the contemporary Dutch school of landscape-painters is more potent to-day in the American studios, especially in those of the water-colorists, than that of the French. The last exhibition of the Water-Color Society, the twenty-third, might almost have made a Dutchman rub his eyes and half believe himself at home.

Of the Dutch figure-painters belonging to the circle we are now considering, one of the best known is JOSEF ISRAELS. He was born at Gröningen in 1824, and studied his art at Amsterdam under Pieneman, a painter of historical subjects on a small scale, and he was also, for a time, in the studio of Cornelis Kruseman. Later, after he had mastered the rudiments, he went to Paris, where first Picot gave him advice and then Henri Scheffer, a younger brother of Ary Scheffer (see Vol. I., p. 14). He returned to Holland, and at first set up his easel at Amsterdam, where his studies were begun, but after living there for some years, he removed to the Hague, where he has since continued to reside—the Hague being the centre of the new movement in painting in Holland. Israels, we are told, was already well known in Belgium and Holland when he appealed to a wider public at the Exposition Universelle at Paris, in 1855, exhibiting his picture "William the Silent Rejecting the Decree of the King of Spain," the first and, we believe, the only essay made by him in the domain of historical painting. This picture, the natural outcome of his studies under the conventional teaching of men like Pieneman and Kruseman, Henri Scheffer and Picot, was not very successful, and, fortunately for himself and us, Israels was not long in finding themes more suited to his talent. He began to paint at Katwyk-aan-zee, a small watering-place about two hours by boat from Leyden, a favorite resort of the inhabitants of that city in the summer-time. From this place he sent to the Paris Salon of 1857 his "Children of the Sea" and "Evening on the Shore," which at once attracted attention to his name. In 1861 he sent five pictures to the Salon, and in 1863 three more, while in 1862 he had appeared at the International Exhibition at Brompton (London) with four pictures, among them "The Shipwrecked," a work that called forth the highest commendation. "His 'Shipwrecked,'" said Francis Turner Palgrave, "is a very impressive work, imagined with great solemnity and a total absence of sentimentalism or over-point. The poetry of the scene lies in the long, dark line of figures





"THE SEWING-SCHOOL AT KATWYK."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOSEF ISRAELS.



against the sky; in the homely tenderness with which the sailors are bearing their comrade; and the unaffected truth of the lesser details. It is genuine art which could venture thus on the gradual indifference to the catastrophe displayed by the followers of the sad procession, and represents the desolate wreck, not surrounded by stormy waves, but gently rocked on the unpitying and unconscious sea, in the last undulations of the tempest." And Tom Taylor, in his hand-book to the Exhibition, thus speaks of the same picture, and of the artist's work in general: "The most impressive picture in the Dutch collection, and one of the most impressive in the whole Exhibition, is J. Israels' 'Shipwrecked.' Through the twilight of a stormy day, which tells its tale in the ragged gray and watery blue of the heavy sky and the dirty surf that still breaks heavily along the shore, a sorrowful procession winds up from the beach over the low sand hills where the bent grass waves in the cold wind. It is headed by a stupefied mother leading an orphan in either hand. Behind are two fishermen, bearing tenderly and reverently the body of the drowned husband and father. The one who supports the head gazes in the face with wistful sadness. Other fishermen and their wives follow. In the offing is the boat, aground in the broken water. This sad story is painted as if with a brush steeped in gloom. It is toned throughout to the same mournful key: in the low leaden sky; the sullen plunge of the cruel sea; the cold wind that whistles through the bent, no less than in the stupor of desolation and bereavement on the woman's face and the silent, neighborly sorrow of the rough fishermen. In fact, this picture is an excellent illustration of imagination, taking Coleridge's definition of it, as 'the faculty that draws all things to one.' As if to show his power of sounding the key-note of calm and sunshine, as well as that of storm and sorrow, the same painter, in his 'Cradle,' has painted the edge of a summer sea, with the innocent little wavelets lipping the sand under the serenest of skies, and in the shallow water, a pretty Scheveningen girl with a younger sister washing the family cradle."

Although his pictures exhibited at Brompton had made him pleasantly known in England, it would appear from the biographical notices of Israels that he did not personally visit that country until 1875, thirteen years later, when he crossed the Channel and exhibited at Burlington House "Waiting for the Herring-Boats" and "Returning from the Fields." Since that time, secure of reputation and employment, he has remained in Holland, working with extraordinary industry both in oils and water-color, happy in seeing his own triumphs repeated in those of his son Isaac, who works, however, in a different field.

The pictures of Israels that we reproduce, "The Sewing-School at Katwyk," "A Village

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Interior," and "Folding Sheep by Moonlight," belong to the more cheerful side of the artist's talent, and, it may be thought, show him in a less characteristic view than his reputation would lead us to expect. But besides that the melancholy sentiment of too many of his pictures is become a little wearisome, it is but fair that we should show the other side, since, in truth, he is as successful in one as in the other. "The Sewing-School" is a sunny, peaceful scene, belonging to the same family with the pictures by Walther Firlé and Claus Meyer that we have already described. There are the same docile, well-trained children, the same homely but comfortable surroundings, the same steady, good-natured, motherly old woman



"FOLDING SHEEP BY MOONLIGHT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOSEF ISRAELS.

presiding over her flock: these things we can all enjoy, and artists take pleasure in the simple, direct painting and the well-rendered atmospheric effect of the whole. The "Village Interior" belongs to a class of subjects where Israels shows the influence of Rembrandt, the light softly diffused through the low-studded room, and bringing here one point and there another out of the gloom. It must be said that Israels is not alone among his countrymen in his liking for these low-toned effects: the followers and contemporaries of Rembrandt set a fashion that has been widely followed, and P. von der Velden, H. Valkenburg, G. Henker, Artz, Kever and many another have all produced very successful work in which this effect is the main thing sought. Israels, however, excels them all in his management of light, and in the power to lift the scene both above the level of mere execution and that of a commonplace

rendering of the incidents of daily life. If he does, not seldom, give a melancholy or sentimental turn to his subject, we really have nothing to do but to accept it or—reject it, if we will, and if we prefer cheerful subjects, seek them out where they may be found. But surely the gentle melancholy of Israel's subjects can harm no one, since it is not forced; it is nature to the artist, and it grows naturally out of one side of the life he saw about him. How that life may differently affect different people, had once a striking proof. In the summer of 1883, we had been one day at Amsterdam at the Exposition Universelle, and had seen there the picture by Israels called "The Struggle for Life," representing a fisherman with his trousers rolled up to the knees, wading in the water near the shore and pushing his scoop-net before him for bait. It was perhaps the title that helped give a melancholy twist to the expression of the picture, but there was no doubt something in the picture itself that made us think the man's lot a hard one, just as Millet's peasants, no matter what simple, every-day thing they may be doing, make a somewhat saddening impression upon the mind of the spectator. But the next day, being at Zaandam, the strip of shore that the people of Haarlem affect as a watering-place, we were taking a stretch along the delightful sands—what a place Holland is for the man who loves walking!—we came upon Israels' man—or another—plying the same task along the shore. The sun shone brightly, the air was clear and sweet, and the waves broke softly on the sands while we stopped for a moment to watch our fisherman at his work. All was there just as Israels had painted it: the rough clothes, the sunburned face, the hard features, the toilsome occupation—but how different the expression of the man! He was neither depressed nor gay; he was bent upon his work, but it seemed work that pleased him; and for all that I could see, he was as much at one with the landscape as we felt ourself to be on that sunny morning. Seeing us stop in our walk to pick up some of the shells with which the shore was plentifully strewn—small shells, for the most part, but very prettily colored—he came out of the water, laid down his net, and going to his coat that he had left high up on the shore, he pulled a handsome shell out of the pocket, and offered it to us to look at, and, no doubt, to buy, if we would. And we were glad, as it happened to be a handsome specimen, to add it to our own find, and to have the chance the bargain gave to chat a bit with this "struggle-for-lifer," as the French slang of to-day has it. It was inevitable that the contrast should force itself upon us between the actual man as we had seen him and the man as he stood in Israels' picture. All is, that there are as many sides to everything in human life as there are human beings who regard it; and nothing really is:



but all is, as it seems to him who looks at it. The little sketch "Folding Sheep by Moonlight" reminds us of Millet, whose pictures, no doubt, had much to do with turning the talent of Israels from the barren painting of subjects dead and gone, to the illustration of the lives and labors of the peasant-folk and fisher-folk of his native country. But the quality of his sentiment is very different from that of Millet. It is far less robust and uncompromising, and where the Frenchman inspires us with active sympathy for poverty cheerfully borne,



"A VILLAGE INTERIOR."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEF ISRAELS

and uncomplaining labor, making us courageously ashamed to rebel against our own lot, the pictures of Israels that deal with such subjects are rather apt to waste our sympathy in answering tears and sighs. Mr. William Ernest Henley, in his notes on some of the pictures of Israels (in the "Catalogue of the French and Dutch Pictures in the Loan Collection at Edinburgh in 1886"), describes a picture called "For These and All Thy Mercies:" an old woman and her son seated at a table, with a dish of potatoes between them—a cheerful subject enough, one would think, but which, he says, must be wrongly named, because both mother



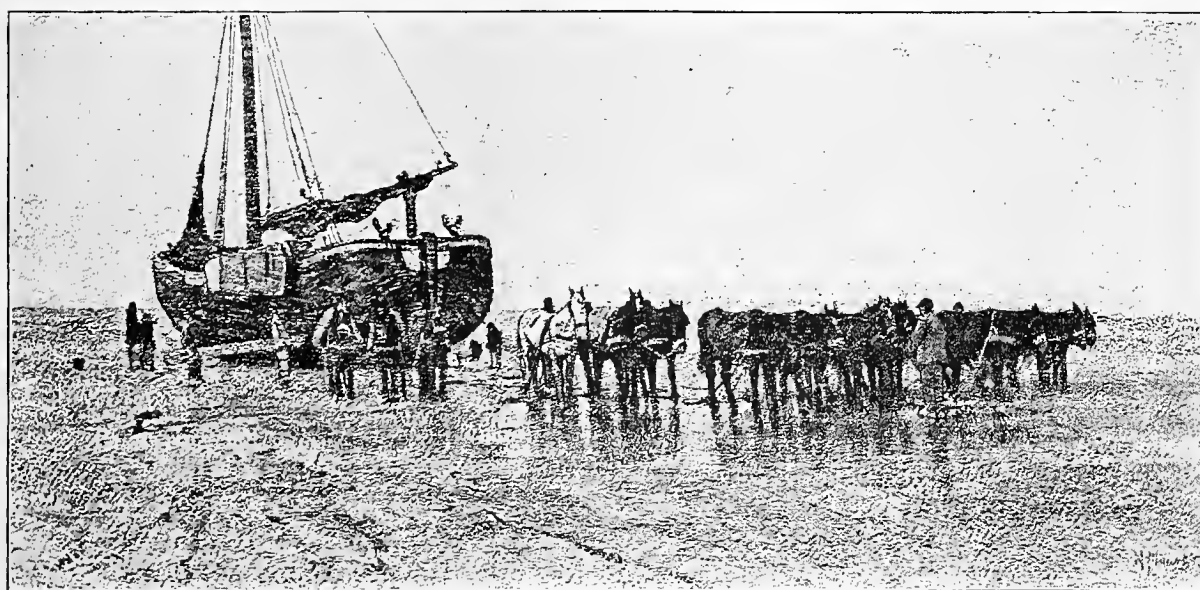
and son are crushed with grief! It is curious to reflect, how fond the Northern people are of such subjects: the Germans, the Dutch, the English! You may go through the French Salon and perhaps not find one such subject painted by a Frenchman. The pictures will abound with bloody, cruel, ferocious subjects—suited to the cannibal market—but not pitiful, tearful, melting, maudlin themes. The nearest the French have come to this was in the hysterical years that followed the Franco-Prussian War, but that was an exception that proved the rule, and they have pretty well laughed themselves out of that mood. The English, however, are never tired of weeping and condoling, and there can be no doubt that one reason for Israels' success in England has been the profusion with which he has ministered to this national love of pathetic subjects. A very clever painter, recently dead, Mr. Frank Holl, ran Israels very hard in this direction. His "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away"—a bereaved husband and his children, English gentlefolk, standing about the table with no longer a mother and wife to preside—had a great popularity in England, and even here, when shown in 1876 at our Centennial, was always the centre of a crowd. In France it would hardly have attracted a second notice.

Our little sketch "Folding Sheep" is, however, cheerful enough. The composition is agreeable, the long line of the sheep, repeated in the hurdles, and in the trees that fringe the horizon, with the level clouds—all these horizontal lines are contrasted with the upright lines of the building, and the erect figure of the little girl, half bravely, half timidly holding back the door for the sheep to enter.

ANTON MAUVE was born at Zaandam in 1838, and died only a year ago, when, as it seemed, he was in the fulness of his powers, and just as he had conquered a wide place for himself in countries far removed from his native Holland. To-day in America his name is almost as well known as that of Theodore Rousseau or of Troyon, to whom, indeed, he has often been compared, though with no more reason than goes to such comparisons in general. Mauve was a pupil of a little-known painter, Pieter Frederik van Os, of Haarlem, born in 1808 and still living, we believe. A picture of his was in the Exhibition at Amsterdam in 1883, "Horses before the Inn-door." Zaandam is to Haarlem what Scheveningen is to the Hague, or Katwyk to Leyden: these Dutch towns, delightful in themselves, are made still more pleasant to live in by these seaside resorts, easily accessible by rail-cars, omnibuses, tram-ways or on foot; fishing-villages, all of them, but thronged the summer through by town people who come to sit or walk upon the beach, to listen to the music of the casino

band, or to dine at the restaurants, and return to town as easily as they came. Zaandam—known among other things as the place where Peter the Great lived when he undertook to learn ship-building, his rude cabin still shown there, saved from tumbling to ruin by the late Queen of Holland, a Russian princess by birth—Zaandam is in itself, perhaps, hardly a place where one would look for an artist to be born; but once born, he could not have a prettier place to be bred in, and as soon as the time came for him to try his hand at learning, Haarlem would be found close by with its riches of picturesqueness and its treasure-house of pictures by Franz Hals, while, since no place in Holland is much more than a half day from any other place in the little kingdom, the artist would find all that he would need for inspiration in the Hague and in Amsterdam. To most of us, accustomed to the vast distances of America and to the inconveniences of travel, the smallness of Holland, and the delightful ease (to say nothing of the cheapness) with which one can move about, gives the visitor a most amusing surprise. “Well, Mr. Landlord,” we said, after a week at the Hague, “we are thinking of going to Leyden. How do we get there, and how long will it take?” “There is no need, sir, to think much about it: you can take the cars at almost any time and be in Leyden in fifteen minutes.” And as almost every town in Holland has something in it—art, or architecture, or picturesqueness—worth seeing, this propinquity and accessibility make the country a rich mine to the traveller and to the artist. Mauve would not, of course, stay at Zaandam; the Hague with its rich picture-gallery—which we are glad to know is not to be swallowed up in the new Ryks museum at Amsterdam—would draw him even more strongly than Haarlem, for, besides the pictures there, he would find himself in the company of artists: Mesdag and his accomplished wife, Israels, James and William Maris, Artz, Neuhuys, Blommers (not at the Hague, but close by, at Scheveningen) and Bosboom—the whole galaxy of Dutch stars, twinkling or shining in that verdant heaven of the Hague. In this galaxy, Mauve is no doubt one of the chief stars. There is no reason in comparing him with Troyon. Beyond the fact that he often paints cows, there is nothing he has in common with the French master; he neither treats his subject in the same pictorial spirit, nor does his *technique* at all resemble his. He often works in water-color, and by far the greater number of his works seen in this country are in that medium. The picture that we give of Mauve, “Bringing in the Boat” is a fine example of his early work; more carefully, solidly painted than much of his later performance, and with a warmer, more golden tone than we are accustomed to see from his hand. He is not often found painting pure landscape; he likes simple

human incident, or else he makes his landscape a setting for his cows or horses; though the cow is the animal he likes best next to man. Almost all the landscapes we have seen from the hand of Mauve are inland—as inland as one can be in Holland, where the sound or the smell of the sea is never entirely absent; but the picture we give is an exception to this remark, and we remember another, where horses are harnessed to carts that men are filling with sand from the seashore. But those we know best are scenes of wood-cutting, the logs piled up on either side, ready for carting; or of hedging and ditching; or of fields covered with snow and the shepherd painfully driving his huddled flock homeward along the sloppy road;



"BRINGING IN THE BOAT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ANTON MAUVE, BELONGING TO MESSRS. COTTIER & CO

or girls pasturing their cows, walking by the side of their charge—pastorals of the simplest motive, and dependent wholly for their interest upon the artist's treatment. That treatment is as pure and simple as the subjects themselves: his range of color is small, yet he is skilful to avoid monotony, and his pictures, seen in numbers together, have the charm of variety. At the time of his death his pictures had begun to be much sought for, and we were fortunate in the fact that, thanks to Mr. Cottier's initiative, so many of them, and such fine ones, were already in this country.

BERNARDUS JOHANNES BLOMMERS was born at the Hague in 1845, and was educated there at the Academy. Like all this company of artists, his life has been uneventful; he has

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continued to live and to work where he was born, and, indeed, when we are in Holland we cannot imagine to ourselves any reason why one who has had the good luck to be born there, should ever wish to leave it. England, France, Italy and Holland, it would seem, have in them a supply sufficient of all that makes life worth living. Blommers, as will be seen by our picture, "The Departure of the Fishing-boat," has something in common with Israels, but in general he rather points to the influence of the older Dutch masters, to whom Israels owes his style of painting, while in his choice of subject he may have been affected by the example of Millet. As a painter, Blommers is certainly more accomplished than Israels, who is often felt to be deficient in technical qualities; this shows more plainly when he is brought to close quarters with the precision and surety of hand of the Frenchmen. Blommers, on the other hand, is, without being more Academic than Israels, less wilful and more certain of himself. At the same time his pictures are less interesting than those of Israels, similar as are the subjects of the two men, for Blommers rarely, if ever, escapes from the hard facts, or seems moved by any desire to do more than paint. This is, of course, the first duty of an artist, but the world at large is always more interested in an artist who can both paint and play the poet at the same time.

DAVID ADOLPHE CONSTANT ARTZ was born at the Hague in 1837, and after studying at the Academy at Amsterdam, went to Paris, where he studied for eight years under various artists, and then returned to the Hague, where he lives and works at present. We are told that he considers himself a pupil of Israels, although he has never been under that artist's direction, nor worked in his studio. But it is like enough he may have taken Israels as a model, and looked for his subjects in the same general direction. He has far less feeling and sentiment than Israels, and he is more bent on telling a story. Where Israels is content with merely recording a situation, simplifying it to the last point—a secret learned of the old Dutchmen—and setting it in as near an approach to the magically lighted gloom of those same older men as he can compass, Artz is thinking of how best to make himself understood by the ordinary spectator, how best to please those who are content to find in a picture a simple story clearly told. The picture we copy, "The Visit to Grandfather," is a companion to his "Visit to Grandmother," exhibited at Amsterdam in 1883, and is little more than a variant on that composition.

JOHANNES BOSBOOM, born at the Hague in 1817, learned his art of Jacobus Van Brie, a Dutch artist who had studied with his brother, Matthias Van Brie, who, in his turn, had been



"THE DEPARTURE OF THE FISHING-BOAT."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY BERNARDUS BLOMMERS.





taught in Paris in the school of Vien. Bosboom was also, for a time, in the studio of Girodet, and thus his art should by rights have some flavor of its French descent, but in fact nothing of the sort is to be detected in it. His early work may very likely have shown something more akin to the ostentatious science of Granet, or the cold correctness of Peter Neefs, but he



"THE VISIT TO GRANDFATHER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY DAVID ARTZ

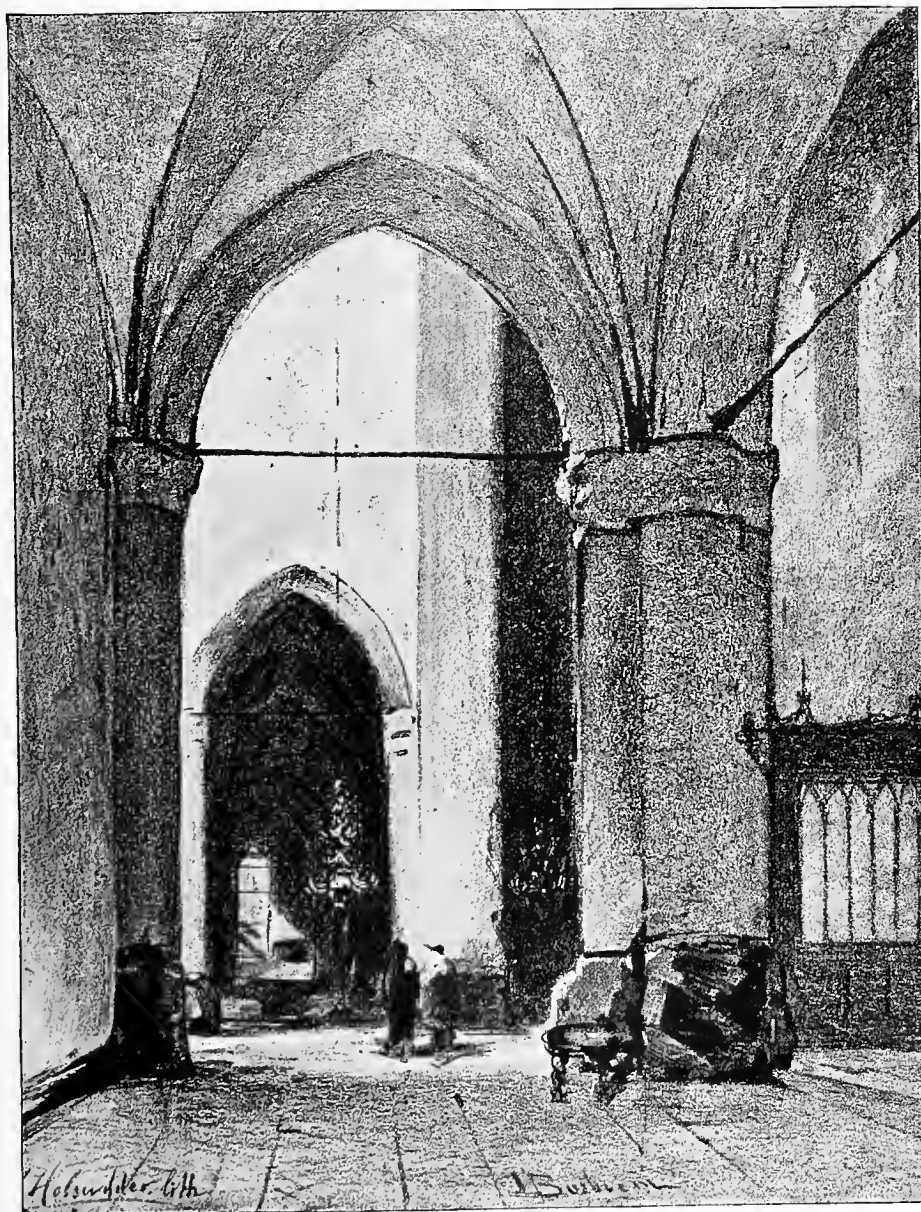
long since left such things behind him if ever he were guilty of them, and submitted himself to the influences that had helped form his great predecessors Rembrandt and Pieter de Hoogh. His pictures deal with architecture only, and only with interiors, in the painting of which he has no equal at the present day. Nor, within the limits he has chosen, has any artist ever approached him in the management of light. His pictures stand alone, and though it is impossible, since Rembrandt has once lived, that any one should dispute his sovereignty

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on his own ground, yet it is much that an artist should be able to stand by Rembrandt's side and look in his face, and not be shamed. And this it may fairly be said that Bosboom can do. His magic brush, when he wills it, and he and life are perfectly in tune—for he is not always equal to himself—can transfuse the dusky gloom of these old Dutch churches with soft splendor, filling the air with motes of floating gold, touching with magic fingers the soaring arches of the groined roof, stealing from pier to pier, or brushing silently as with angel wings the broad fields of whitened wall, that only such a hand as his could redeem from vulgarity. It is no common power that can so deal with such material, for nowhere in Europe are the churches so hopelessly bare, dismantled and forbidding as they are in Holland, and only a man with a poet's eye and mind could restore them to us, as Bosboom does, recalling the day when religion went hand in hand with art. The picture that we give shows only so much of this artist as can be translated into black and white. He is not a colorist, but his tone is masterly, and his power to get the effect of color out of these rich browns and golden buffs and blacks is extraordinary: etching alone can come near to a translation of Bosboom at his best.

HENDRIK WILHELM MESDAG was born at Gröningen in 1831, where Israels, as we have seen, was born seven years earlier. However soon Mesdag may have felt drawn to art, he did not, Mr. Henley tells us, begin to paint until he was thirty-five. He studied at Brussels under Willem Roelop; and also under Alma Tadema, and he made such good progress that four years after he had begun to paint, he received a medal at the Salon, where he exhibited as a pupil of Alma Tadema, showing two pictures, "The Breakers of the North Sea," and "A Winter's Day at Scheveningen." Eight years after, at the Exposition Universelle at Paris, he received a third-class medal, and after a gold medal at the Hague in 1880, he attained to first honors at the Salon of 1887 with his "Setting Sun." Although these are real distinctions and well earned, it is nevertheless true that Mesdag's place among the Dutch artists is not with the first: he owes something to his social position—his means are independent and he lives very handsomely at the Hague—and also something to his own strong character and helpful disposition: he is a leader in the art-circle at the Hague, and exerts a healthful influence on the younger men about him. His art deals almost exclusively with the sea and the life of the people who live by it: the sailors and fisherfolk whose ways he has ample opportunity to study in the pleasantly accessible sea-side villages of the Dutch coast, especially that of Scheveningen, which is only a half-hour's ride from the Hague by tram-way, or a delight-

ful walk if one prefers it. The two pictures by Mesdag which we copy give a sufficient idea of his style: direct and manly, avoiding tricks, and if without the romantic charm of Corot



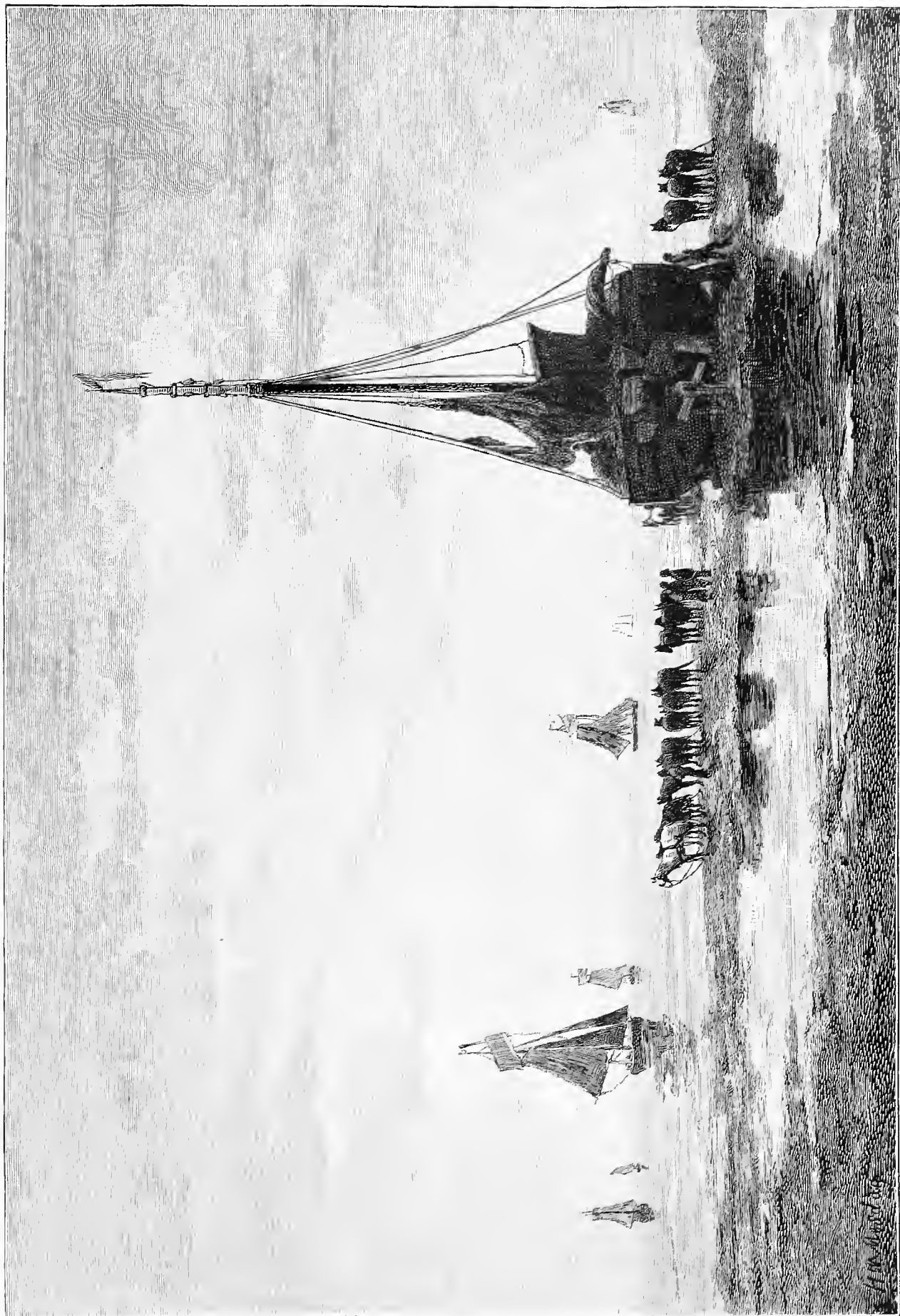
"INTERIOR OF A DUTCH CHURCH."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHANNES BOSBOOM.

or Diaz, or even so much of sentiment as is to be found in James Maris or Anton Mauve, yet satisfies the liking we all have for truthful rendering of the every-day aspects of nature.

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"On the Ebb" is a quiet scene of sea-shore life, in which figures play a more important part than is usual in Mesdag's pictures. The tide is going out, and the folks must wait for its coming back before they can resume their work. So they sit on the shore and while away the time in simple fashion—the elders in chat, and the younger ones in quiet play; an idling time, which is in strong contrast to what we shall see when the ocean, returning from its "dinner-hour," shall set to work again, and whistle-up all hands to work with it. The other illustration is a reproduction from a sketch by Zilcken after a painting by Mesdag, and is taken from the catalogue already referred to of the Loan Exhibition of French and Dutch pictures exhibited at Edinburgh in 1886. Mr. Zilcken's rendering is very clever, and conveys as much of Mesdag's picture as can be given in black and white, but the medium is hardly fair either to the artist or to the scene, since the whole interest of Mesdag's painting lies in the truthfulness with which he renders the color as well as the movement of the water and the beauty of the sky, and these can only be dimly suggested in such a drawing as this. The earth and the sky, the water and the sky: these are the grand, the simple, but the ever-varying elements the Dutch landscape-painter has to deal with. There are no mountains nor hills, no trees to speak of, no picturesque buildings—although, as we have seen in the case of Bosboom, an artist determined on the quest can wrest picturesqueness even out of the lean and bloodless interiors of the Dutch churches, just as Hobbema or Tina Blau (see ante, p. 291) can make charming an avenue of trees as featureless as bean-poles. In the richly varied use the Dutch painters have made of the slender material nature has provided for them—for slender it appears to English, German and American eyes—the same power is shown, the power to make much out of seeming little, that is shown in all things Dutch. It used to be the sport of waggish spirits or of spleeny satirists, to ridicule Dutch economy, and to taunt them with the stinginess of nature. But there is no nation that might not be shamed by the comparison of its use of its opportunities, with the use the Dutch have made of theirs, and, in fact, the satire of Andrew Marvell, so often quoted for its wit, is the highest compliment to the ingenuity, the energy and the perseverance of the Dutch in building-up an empire—for such it once was, and such it may be again—out of the most unpromising—one might, in fact, say the most hopeless—materials. And as they have made themselves a sea-coast—strong to resist the most threatening inroads of the ocean—first with stones, laboriously brought from far-away, since one may skirt all Holland round, and not pick up a pebble big enough to throw at a sand-piper; as they have laced their country with a net-work of canals to piece-out Na-

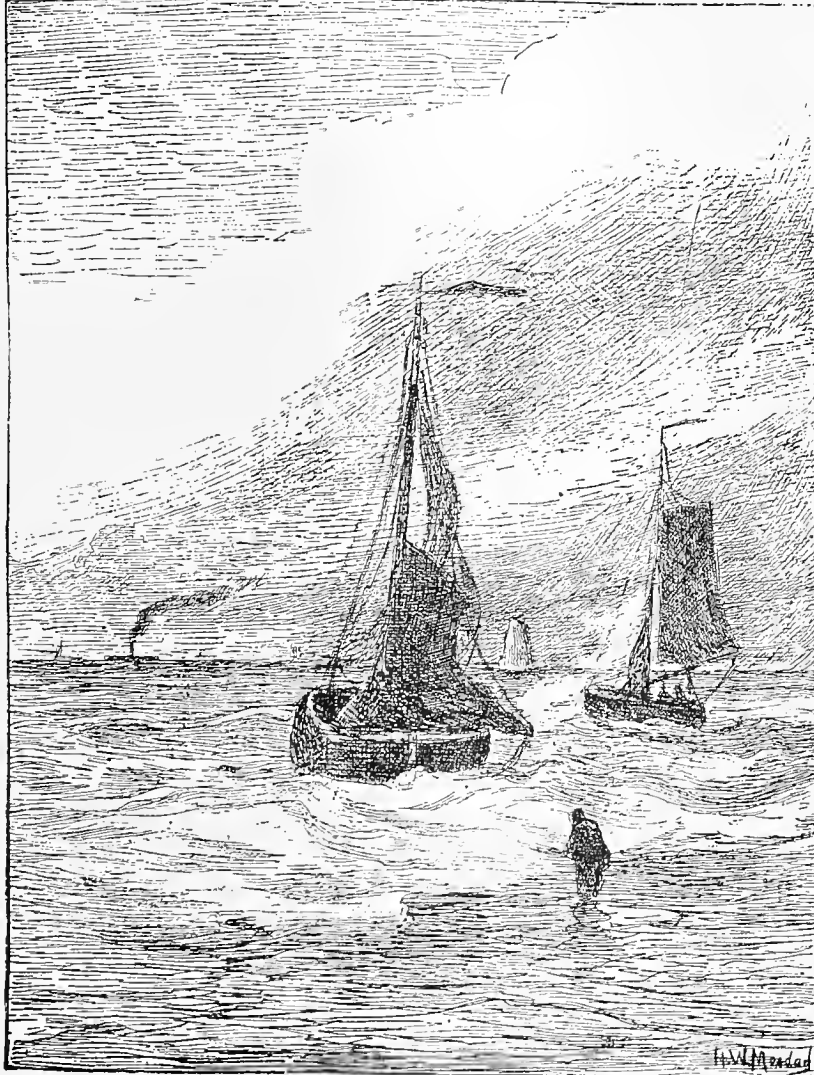


"ON THE EBB."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY HENDRIK MESDAG.





ture's parsimony in denying them rivers; as they have turned thousands of acres of morass and quicksand into fertile and wholesome meadow-land; so with little enough, as might have been thought, to go upon, they have put themselves at the head of the world in many of the



"DUTCH FISHING-BOATS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILHELM MESDAG.

arts and sciences, and in painting have disputed the palm with Italy herself. Nay, in Italy, where the fame of her scenery might reasonably have led us to expect it, there has been no great landscape-painting, at any time, nor any really good painter of marines. Even in Venice, where far richer material may be found than in Holland, no native artist has risen to paint

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her beauties; she owes the report to strangers: to the French, Ziem; the Spanish, Rico; and the Americans, Whistler, Blum and Bunce. But Holland has, from far-away times down to the present, found interpreters of her charms in plenty among her own children, and it will be remarked that while Holland offers few attractions for living, compared with Paris or London, her artists, as a rule, prefer to live and work at home. It must be noticed, too, that since the rise of the artists with whom this chapter is mainly concerned, Holland has come into fashion, and Dutch landscape, Dutch fisherfolk and sailors, Dutch interiors, are met with in exhibitions the world over, painted by English, French, German and American artists, many of whom make Holland a regular camping-ground nowadays, year after year.

Before leaving Mesdag, it seems but right to say a word about Madame Mesdag, who is an excellent artist, and in the opinion of some good judges, a better painter than her husband. When, a few years ago, in company with Mr. William M. Chase, we called upon Mesdag at his house in the Hague, in response to an invitation received a day or two before at the Exhibition of the Water-Color Society, where we had been introduced to him, we were unfortunate in not finding him at home, but we were well received by Madame Mesdag, who showed us the studio and the house itself, rich in modern Dutch pictures and in French pictures of the Romantic school. There were several pictures in the studio by the lady herself, one on the easel still unfinished, which gave a high idea of her talent in dealing with subjects similar to those painted by her husband. Madame Mesdag is distinguished also for her skill in painting flowers.

We have now to speak of a remarkable family of artists who, in the persons of two of its members at least, stand at the head of the modern school of Dutch painters. These are the brothers Maris: Jacobus or James, Wilhelm, and Matthÿs, or Matthew. They were the sons of a printer who had also some skill as a painter, and allowed his sons to have their own way; so they all took to painting, or, at least, have all become painters. Yet one who knows them well, tells the writer that none of the three brothers wanted to be a painter; they would rather be carpenters or tailors! "They have not," he says, "the least desire for fame, but work to get bread for their children." This may be true on one side, but it is impossible it should be what the French call "the true truth." As to one of them, Matthew, who in the judgment of many, is the most interesting and purely poetical, not only of his family but of all the Dutch group, he has, unless we mistake, no wife nor family to get bread for. However, all that is essential in the statement is no doubt consistent with a general observation,

that the Dutch painters—those of the so-called “Hague” circle—do really take life and their art very easily, and might, like many distinguished artists before them, have been successful in any trade or profession they had chosen to take up.

The eldest of the three brothers is Jacobus, or, as he is always called out of Holland, James. He was born at the Hague in 1837, and after a short time spent in the Academy there, went to Antwerp, where he studied at the Academy under De Keyser and Von Letius. From Antwerp he went to Paris and entered the studio of Edouard Hébert, one of the pupils of Thomas Couture. In Paris, he first became acquainted with the art of Corot, Rousseau and Daubigny, with the rest of that circle of innovators, from whom he and the artists of the Hague group were to learn so much and receive so powerful an influence, while at the same time keeping their own individuality untouched, and in their turn influencing their own generation. Besides working under Hébert, James Maris studied at the Beaux-Arts for four years from 1865 to 1869. He first exhibited at the Salon of 1866, where he appears as Jacques Maris and as a pupil of M. Hébert. His picture was “A Little Italian Girl,” probably nothing more than a study from the professional model. In the catalogue of 1867 we do not find his name. In that of 1868 he appears, still as Hébert’s pupil, with a “Potato Gathering,” and a “Borders of the Rhine, Hollande.” The former of these two subjects would seem to point to the influence of Jean-François Millet upon our artist, and the same may be said of the subjects of the pictures sent to the Salon of 1869, “A Woman Knitting,” and “A Sick Child.”

But “after this,” says Mr. Henley, “with occasional lapses into figure-painting, he seems to have devoted himself to landscape,” and the following years show a succession of pictures with subjects drawn from the scenery of his native Holland. The public was to be congratulated on the change: it was plainly one dictated by the individuality of the artist; he had come, there could be no doubt of it, to his own. His figure-subjects had no particular reason for being; they were not, like those of Millet, the embodiments of his own experience or the expressions of his own sympathies; and though the mere painting may have been good enough to please people who care more for the execution of a picture than for the contents, those who looked for something more in subjects where men and women are the actors, than if only rocks and trees were the theme, could not be satisfied with these lifeless figures. But it was natural enough to begin with figure-painting, since not only do such subjects interest the general public more than landscape, but they call, of course, for a far higher order of talent, and an artist’s pride is more gratified with victories gained in that field. Yet

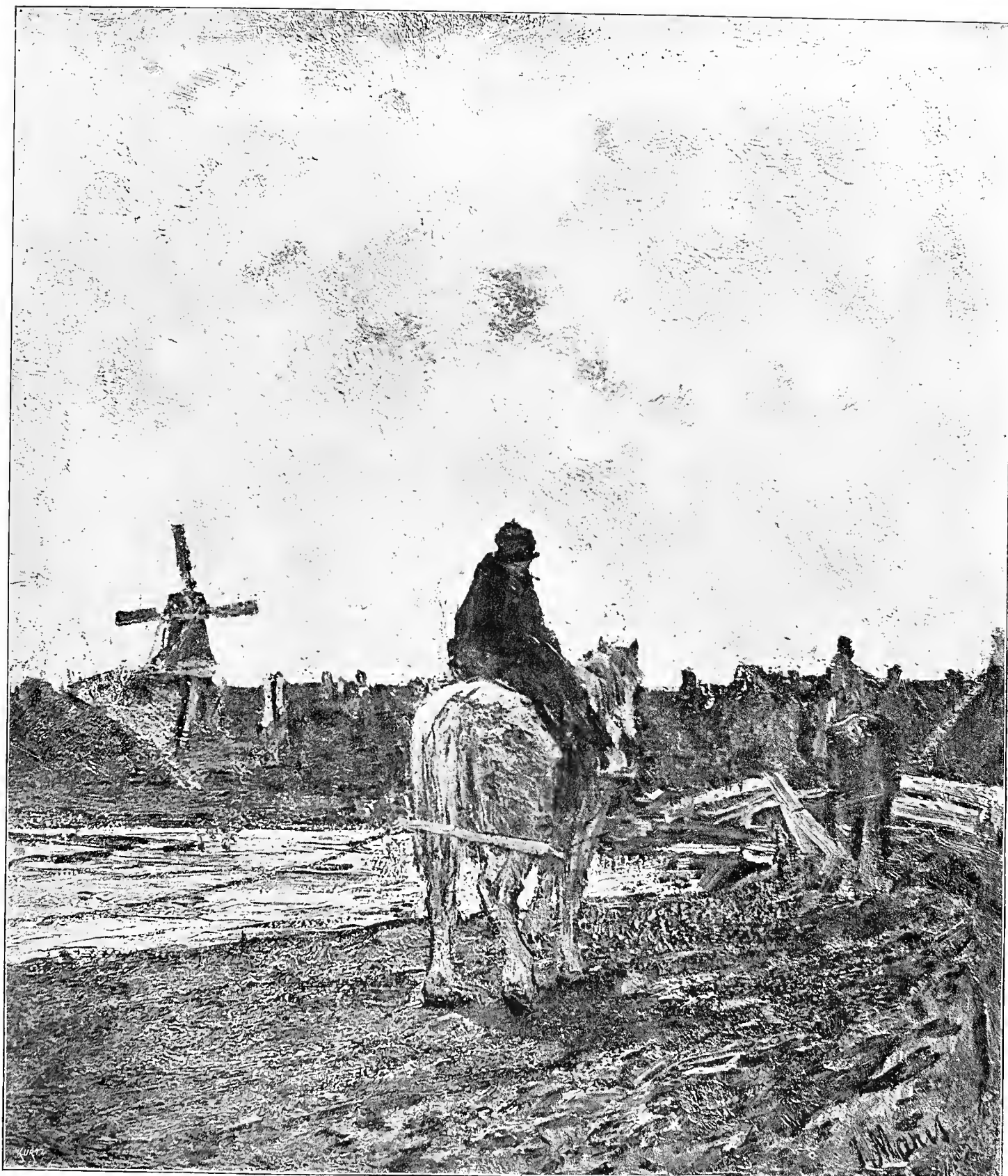
James Maris did wisely to follow his real inclination and the bent of his talent, as his success as a landscape-painter proves. Even while Corot and Rousseau were alive, he stood high



"A QUIET CORNER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILLIAM MARIS, BELONGING TO MESSRS. COTTIER & CO.

in the ranks of those who deal directly with what is called nature, and now that they are gone, there is no one to dispute his right to be named among the first of their successors.



"THE TOW-PATH (HOLLAND)."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JAMES MARIS





He has not the poetry of Corot; the spark of the divine flame that made him of Ville d'Avray a light and a joy to his generation is not in James Maris, but then it is to be remembered how rare it is to find that spark in more than one artist, or poet, or actor, in a generation. It was in Turner, it was in Shelley, it was in Rachel, and it was in Corot; to expect to find it so soon again in another artist, would be rash. But if the gods have not made James Maris poetical, they have made him honest, and he is loyal to the nature that he loves, the vision of nature as she reveals herself in his native Holland. In the picture we copy, and which Mr. I. T. Williams, to whom we are already indebted for the examples of Michel and Ribot, published in our first volume, has most obligingly loaned us, all the best qualities of the artist are shown, some of them obscured, as must always be the case in the attempt to render color-values in black and white. Mr. Williams owns another picture by James Maris, "Ploughing," which only its size prevents our reproducing here. It is less a pure landscape than the present one, since the horses and the laborers take up a large part of the composition, but, after all, they do but emphasize the large and tranquil landscape, and, as it were, put a soul into it. In the picture we present, it is rather the sky than the earth that is in the artist's mind in selecting or creating his subject, and the sky is James Maris' just domain. "No artist," says Mr. Henley, "excels him in the painting of clouds." He is compared to Constable, but while it is likely enough that the English painter may have inspired him, and in his visits to London he had frequent opportunity to study his pictures, yet it was in Holland, the land of clouds, that he found a more living and a truer inspiration than could have been gained from any painter.

WILLIAM MARIS, the youngest of the three brothers, was born at the Hague in 1844. He studied with his father and, as we are told, had no other instructor. He has remained at home, and still continues to paint in the city where he was born. He is called "Maris the Silvery," from the delicate, sun-lit sweetness of his pictures, with their twinkling trees, their level pastures, their slow streams creeping lazily between the rushes: their cattle asleep, or standing knee-deep in the cool water, or indolently pulling at the branches of the willows that shelter them from the heat. He loves to paint cattle, as does Anton Mauve, and the two pictures that we present give as good a report of him as we have been able to find. For the larger one we are indebted to Mr. James S. Inglis, of the firm of Cottier & Co. The smaller one is from an etching by William Hole, made for the catalogue of French and Dutch pictures already referred to.

The third of these brothers, MATTHEW MARIS, is to many persons the most interesting of them all, and certainly his talent lies altogether apart from theirs, in a region consecrated to poetry and dream. He is two years younger than his brother James, having been born at the Hague in 1839. Like James, he went first to Antwerp and studied there at the Academy, and thence to Paris, where he followed his brother's course under Edouard Hébert and at the Beaux-Arts. Like James, too, he went to London, but here the likeness in their story ceases; for while the elder brother returned to Holland and threw in his fortunes with his fellow-artists at home, Matthew has continued to live in London, and will in all likelihood



"COWS IN MEADOW."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM MARIS.

never leave that city. As for his field of work, it would be impossible to define it: he has painted landscapes, *genre*, still-life, portraits and decoration, but it may be said that all he paints is informed by the spirit of romance, sometimes intimate and human in its sympathies, but oftener beckoning us to a land of magic and mystery, where we wander gladly and without the wish to know more than that we are glad. Mr. Henley finds in Matthew Maris a painter to match Heine in his poetry, but he seems to us to suggest rather Coleridge in his "Christabel" or "Genevieve," and William Blake in his "Songs of Innocence and Experience." But though he may recall the evanescent tremulous charm of such poetry as this, he recalls no other painter. In his best work he stands alone, and this as a painter, for it is on

painting that he seems to us intent, and it is the beauty of his painting, the loveliness of his coloring, the richness of his tones, that make the charm of his pictures, and breed meaning or suggestion to the spectator's mind often with little more help from the artist than we find



"HE IS COMING."

FROM THE PICTURE BY MATTHEW MARIS.

in the forms of clouds or in the coals on our hearth. This is not the case with all his pictures, but it is with all those that essentially express him, and it is partly so with the picture "He is Coming," which we copy from Zilleken's lovely etching originally published in Mr

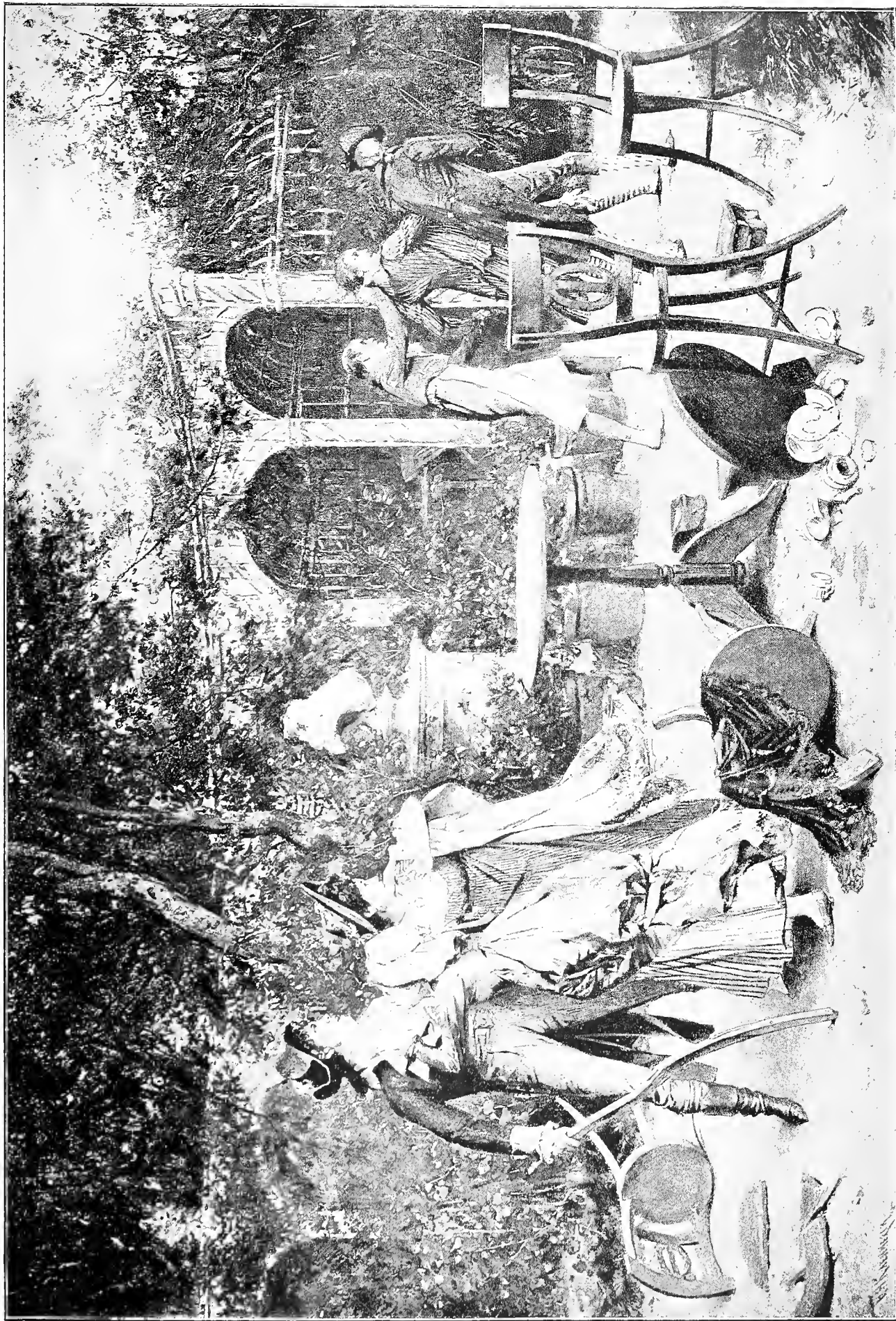
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Henley's catalogue. This pretty maiden, turning from her spinning-wheel in happy expectation as she hears her lover's step, certainly belongs to the land of fairy-tales, and not to this dull, work-a-day world. But in Matthew Maris' picture the beauty of the painting, the richness of the blended tones, are so in accord with the sentiment of the figure that we think of it only as a whole, and gladly accept it as such.

From these painters of poetry the passage to triflers like Kaemmerer or dealers in popular *genre* like Van Haanen and Henriette Ronner is somewhat of a descent.

FREDERIK HENDRIK KAEMMERER was born at the Hague, so far as we can discover, and, like the rest, after a few home-lessons went to Paris to complete his studies in an ampler field and with richer opportunities. He entered the *atelier* of Gérôme, and in time returned to the Hague, where, we believe, he has since continued to live. He is one of the fortunate or unfortunate men, as we choose to look at it, who has painted one picture that has become so widely popular, and so well known, that it has set the standard by which everything he may paint hereafter is sure to be judged; and the chances are one in a hundred that any new picture will be allowed the equal of the first one. Kaemmerer's first picture was the "Wedding under the Directory," and this for a time kept the anecdote-loving half of the town in a fever of delight over what they had got, and in a glow of expectation for blessings that might be to come. And when the second came, in what may be called an entirely natural sequence, "A Baptism under the Directory," following the marriage in due time, it must be allowed that the public satisfaction was only so much cooled as might have been expected. If we had not been given anything entirely new, we had at least been favored with a little more of the delightful old! The place was the same, the people were the same, and the slight addition to the number was merely calculated to whet curiosity. The two pictures were well calculated to give pleasure to the general public: the spice of anecdote, the flavor of history, the surprise of the costumes—not so familiar to us then as now—the skill with which the story, such as it was, was told, the dexterity of the execution—all these, made up a delightful tid-bit for the lover of persiflage and gossip in painting, and secured an audience for anything that the artist might have to offer next. But that first success—counting the two pictures as one—has never been repeated. The other example we give, "The Dispute," has many excellent qualities—it has clear story-telling, force in execution, and displays more than common skill in drawing, but there is nothing beneath the surface and nothing in what appears, we will not say to fascinate, but even to give pleasure. There is no such appeal to the domesticities,





"THE DISPUTE."  
FROM THE PICTURE BY FRIEDRICH KAEMMERER





to the merely human sympathies, as we find in the "Wedding" and the "Baptism," while there was much to repel the lover of "pleasing" pictures in this bloody quarrel in a public



"THE COBBLER'S SHOP."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CECIL VON HAANEN

garden over a *question des dames*. Since then, Kaemmerer has been often in the public eye with pictures which recall that trick of the makers of mantel-piece ornaments who design groups that can either be sold in their entirety, or can be taken apart and the single figure sold separately. Many of the single figures that are found in the dealers' shops with Kaem-



"THE SEWING-SCHOOL."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HENRIETTE RONNER.

merer's name seem to be the materials of which his first successful groups were composed, or at all events to be merely the same personages in different attitudes. His present success, such as it is, is really one of reminiscent gratitude, so to speak: people who liked his "Wedding" and his "Baptism" are glad to have, if they can, something to remind them of what they once enjoyed so much.

CECIL VON HAANEN, so far as we can learn, though he came of a Dutch family, was

born in Vienna. The picture we give of his "The Cobblers' Shop" is one of many clever sketches he has made of every-day life in Venice—recording sights and scenes that have only the cleverness of the artist who records them to thank for the lease of life thus given them. Venice has filled a hundred sketch-books with incidents of no more value than this, but taken in sum they crowd the mind with a busy, cheerful picture—a picture signed by so many names as almost to confound the memory, and mingle the honors due to Passini, Von Blaas, Blum, Von Haanen and the rest in one delightful anticipation, or one equally happy backward look upon life in the fairy city by the sea.

MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER, born Knip, is a native of Amsterdam, and studied her art with her father. She has proved herself a good painter, finding her subjects in the same world of animals where so many artists of our day delight to live, and give delight to a wide and ever-growing circle. Cats and dogs are Madame Ronner's pets, and she likes to paint them, either as here in "The Sewing-School," simulating, or at least suggesting, their human relations, or engaged in some employment that associates them with "their betters." Madame Ronner, as an artist, is well known here, where many of her pictures have been bought.

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## SCANDINAVIAN ART.

### NORWAY AND SWEDEN, WITH DENMARK.

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IF the art produced in the two divisions of the great Northern peninsula has any individual interest, it arises almost entirely from the fact that the artists as a rule find their subjects in the domestic life, the history, and the scenery of their own country; for, so far as technical qualities are concerned, they have in almost every case acquired their skill in foreign schools—chiefly in those of France and Germany. The painters of Norway have for the most part studied in Germany or at home, and some of the principal ones, such as Hans Gude, Adolphe Tidemand, and Ludwig Munthe, are often counted among the Germans. The Swedish artists, on the other hand, while in many cases they have gone to Düsseldorf after finishing their preparatory studies at the Academy at Stockholm, have afterward made their way to Paris, and put themselves definitely under French instruction. This was the case

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with Alfred Wahlberg, Hugo Salmson, and Auguste Hagborg, to name only a few examples. Others, not a few, have remained constant to their native country and are content to owe all they have and are to her. Out of eighty-one works by Swedish artists in the Exposition Universelle of 1889, thirty-three were by artists who had studied in Paris under French masters. Out of seventy Norwegian artists who exhibited, only seven—according to the official catalogue—had studied out of Norway. But it is natural that this should be the case. Both Norway and Sweden are comparatively poor countries, and they have few advantages to offer those who are moved by ambition and by a desire to win the great prizes of the world. The wonder must always be, first of all, that in these bleak and inhospitable climates, removed from the great centres of European civilization, and outside the stream of travel, the seeds of art and literature should ever be found to sprout at all; much less should we wonder that hopes should arise of a larger growth and a freer blossoming, with richer fruitage, if once the young plants could be transferred to a better soil and a more congenial climate. At all events, such has been the case thus far; nor does there seem any likelihood that things will be different in our immediate time. Artists, if they would improve in their art, if they would even bring their talent to the light, need companionship with other artists; and they need, besides, something more than the mere access to museums, however well provided with pictures. They must either live in a world where art is so abundantly produced as to have become a necessity of daily life, or if that cannot be, then they must, if it were only once in a while, be brought into contact with some manifestations of art that shall stir them deeply and excite their enthusiasm. This last is what happened to the artists of Scandinavia—in which category we may place Denmark along with Sweden and Norway—at the time of the French Exposition in 1878.

Denmark in art, as perhaps in other things, is, to some extent, an extension merely of Holland, and up to the date of the Exposition her painters had satisfied themselves and their countrymen by working on the lines laid down by the old Dutch masters, looking at life and nature through spectacles that had become dull with convention and routine. But 1878 set the artists of the North in motion. They had sent their pictures to Paris, and they must needs follow them thither, and see how they looked in company with those of the rest of the world! Certainly, the comparison was not reassuring! They found themselves in the presence of an art, larger, more instinct with life, turning strongly to the light, and eager to wrest from nature her most intimate secrets—hundreds, no doubt, failing in the attempt, where

one had a little success. But it was neither the failure nor the success that interested these new-comers. It was the consciousness that they had to do with an art that was alive, and instinct with ideas native to the time; not an art of the past, galvanized into the semblance of life.

Among those Danish artists who were inspired by the movement that was going on in the French studios, the most important name is that of P. S. Krøyer—"the most brilliant, the most fertile, the best known of Parisians," says M. Hamel. Open-air subjects and interiors, landscapes in full sunlight, mysterious twilights, artificial lights—he attacks everything with a rapid certainty of hand which plays with difficulties. He is an astonishing improviser; he has a genius for drawing; the pencil is never out of his hands; he notes down a likeness, a posture, an attitude—almost always a striking one. In two strokes he can create a physiognomy. Among Krøyer's best open-air subjects are "The Beach at Skagen" and "Night-Fishing," and he has lately added to the distinction earned by his "Soirée at Carlsberg," where the guests of the evening were really talking, listening, looking on, by his portrait-group of "The French Art-Commission in Denmark." The purpose of this work was to commemorate the participation of the French artists in the International Exhibition of the Fine Arts held at Copenhagen in 1888 to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coming to the throne of Christian IX. and of certain reforms instituted by him. The picture was the result of a commission given to Krøyer by a wealthy brewer of Denmark, Mr. Jacobson, who has a great admiration for the French. Mr. Jacobson conceived the idea of an international exhibition, and he not only invited the leading French artists to take part in it, but himself built a wing to the exposition-building to accommodate their work. Desiring to perpetuate the memory of the event by a painting, he gave this commission to his countryman, M. Krøyer, who painted the group of portraits which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1889. The principal French artists, Falguière, Puvis de Chavannes, Roll, Bonnat, and others, are represented seated or standing round a long table, talking, discussing, consulting; and the artist has succeeded in making an interesting picture out of what at the best can never be a very grateful one to an artist. In such a theme too much is imposed on the painter; too little is left to his own free will. This mention of M. Krøyer and his picture will serve to emphasize the fact of French influence in the art of Denmark, and yet that influence has not been strong enough to destroy all national feeling nor to make of the Danish painters a race of copyists and imitators. The landscape of Denmark still keeps its charm for her amateurs of painting,

as for her people at large; and the manners of their countrymen, the incidents of their national history, and the creations of their novelists and playwrights find artists, and good ones, not a few, to record them. M. Viggo Johansen paints scenes from domestic life, but while they are strongly marked by native characteristics, they remind us of Munich rather than of Paris, and indeed we believe Johansen, who hails from Copenhagen, has not studied in France. M. Julius Paulsen, although known as a landscape-painter and counted among the best of the new time, has also distinguished himself as a painter of *genre* subjects where a vein of sentiment or mystic religious feeling lends a peculiar charm to what in other hands might prove mere commonplace. His "Mary with the Child," a peasant mother sitting in a rude, unfurnished garret by a bed, with her sleeping child upon her lap, is full of tenderness expressed with the utmost simplicity.

The Academy at Copenhagen was founded by Frederick V., in 1756. The Academy at Stockholm was founded earlier, in 1735. The influences of French art in our time have been as potent in Sweden as in Denmark: as we have seen, nearly half of the artists exhibiting in Paris in 1889 had their training there. The first national impulse was given to art in Sweden by the painter Sandberg and the sculptor Fogelberg. Sandberg painted scenes from the history of the country and from home-life, while Fogelberg drew his subjects from the mythology of the Eddas. The impulse once given, was followed by other artists, and in spite of the fact that so many of her painters have been taught in Paris, there remains enough of national spirit and home-bred influence to found a school with some claim to distinctive character. Among the artists whose works attracted attention at the Paris Exposition were Richard Bergh, the most learned, the most sincere, and the most dexterous of fantasists; Österlind, the refined narrator of the "Baptism in Brittany," the charming humorist of "The Toothache;" Zorn, a water-color *virtuoso*; Liljefors, who loves Japan; Kreuger, Pauli, Anna Hirsch, Eva Bonnier, Ekström, Nordström, and Larsson, whose triptique, "The Renaissance; The XVIII. Century; Modern Art," decorative panels designed for the gallery of M. Fürstenberg at Gothembourg, might serve for an emblem of this art of Sweden: supple, laughing, and full of character, amusing itself with sketches, with rapid notes of tender harmonies it meets in nature, while waiting for the time when it shall be ripe for more serious things.

Little is known among us of Swedish art, or of Scandinavian art in general; and even engravings and photographs of Swedish pictures are difficult to find here. The few pictures that come to us from these Northern countries, are for the most part painted by artists living



in France and who have had their training there, and the dealers import them with others from the French market. One or two pictures by Hugo Salmson, an artist born in Stockholm and a pupil in Paris of P. C. Comte, have been bought in this country; one of them, "A Woman Peeling Potatoes," lately owned by Mr. George I. Seney, made a favorable im-



"THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER."

FROM A PAINTING BY AUGUSTE HAGBORG BELONGING TO MESSRS. REICHARD & CO.

pression on our public. Auguste Hagborg, born in Gothenbourg, Sweden, lives in Paris, where, to judge by his style, he certainly had his training. He deals almost exclusively in his pictures with seaside-folk, and his way of dealing with them recalls sometimes the work of Haquette and again that of Feyen-Perrin. It is not always so sturdy and downright as the former, nor is it often so mistakenly refined as that of the painter of "Les Cancalaises." Yet while he apparently draws his subjects from nature, he seems to avoid showing them to

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us just as they are: like the street Arabs and boot-blacks of our own J. G. Brown, his fisher-folk are too neat and too free from the scars and stains of their hard work-a-day world. The example of Hagborg that we copy is as good an illustration of his manner as could be shown. It is taken from a picture painted in 1888 for Mr. Reichard, who has obligingly lent it to us to copy. The subject is nothing: only a fisherman's daughter who has come to sit by the shore while her little brother sails his toy boat in the shallow water. We may fancy, if we like, that the girl's abstracted look is due to some absent lover sailing on the seas, but it is only a bovine expression of sentiment at the best, and we cannot feel much interest in it. The picture, if found pleasing at all, must content us as any sunny glance at youth and innocent lives contents us, too busy and too preoccupied with the teasing questions of daily life to look any deeper into the matter, except to be glad in the knowledge that youth and innocence still manage to keep a footing in the world.

BARON THURE VON CEDERSTRÖM is the nephew of Baron Gustav Olaf von Cederström. The two are nearly of an age: Gustav born in 1845 at Stockholm and Thure in 1843 at the settlement of Gut Aryd, in the dreary province of Småland. Both went in youth into the army, and after a brief service left it for the study of art. Gustav studied at first in Stockholm and then in Düsseldorf, but after a severe illness which obliged him to return to Sweden, he went to Paris and continued his training under Meissonier and Bonnat. Then, after a brief visit to Italy he returned to Paris, where he has since continued to live. Thure, on the other hand, made his studies wholly in Germany, at Düsseldorf and Weimar, and in Munich, where he still lives. He is best known by pictures such as the one we engrave—dealing mostly with monks in the fashion of Grützner and Vibert, though with none of the bitter, half-concealed mockery of the latter. He depicts, like Grützner, the jolly, good-natured side of the monastic life; his monks are forever pulling refractory corks, tasting good wine, preparing dinner, or, as here, amusing themselves in the sitting-room after dinner with listening to the clumsy singing and strumming of one of their number. In blissful unconsciousness of criticism, or indifferent to it, he gives himself up to the luxury of the C in alt., while the amiably satirical old prior, with a face like Voltaire, takes snuff in good-natured sufferance, his doubtful smile reflected in the full-moon face of the young monk behind his chair. On the other side of the stone pillar supporting the groined roof, against which our singer leans his back, an elderly monk, disturbed in his reading the newspaper by the vocal gymnastics of his brother, turns with ill-suppressed impatience to listen, and on the other side of the room two monks

make sly comments on the performance: one of them whispers in the ear of his companion, a fat and toothless old brother, who shakes with delight over his equally fat brother's vaulting



"THE HIGH C."

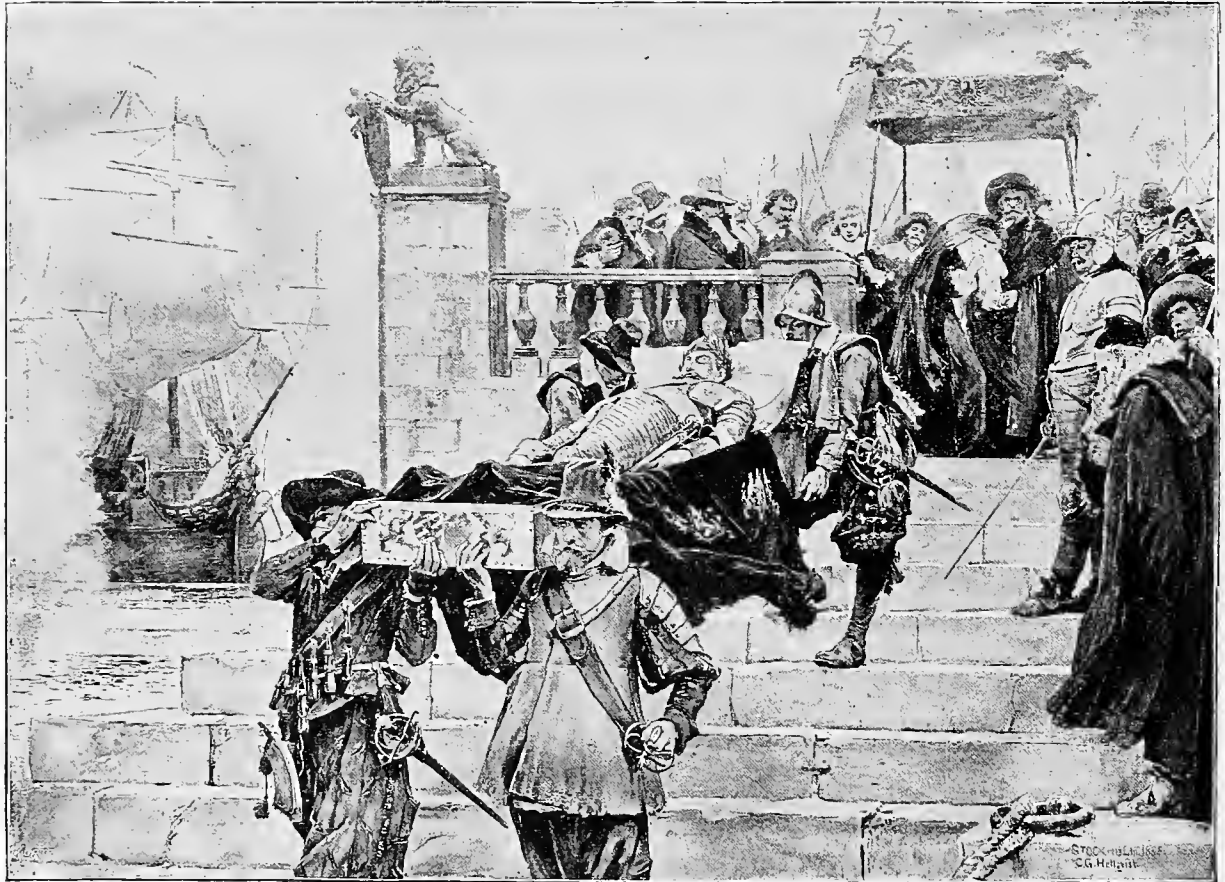
FROM THE PAINTING BY BARON THURE VON CEDERSTRÖM.

ambition. Just as Hagborg illustrates the influence of French art on some of the Swedish painters, so Thure Cederström's picture shows the almost complete absorption of others in

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German ideas and methods. This picture was painted in Munich, and there is nothing in it to indicate that its author is not a native of the city where he lives and works.

The same thing may be said of Karl Gustav Hellqvist, except that he is to be credited with a preference in general for Swedish subjects, though his mode of painting shows no



"THE TRANSPORT OF THE BODY OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS FROM THE HARBOR OF WOLGAST,  
JULY 15, 1632."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GUSTAV HELLQVIST.

peculiarities to mark his nationality. He began his studies with a decorative-painter and later entered the Academy at Stockholm, finally making his way to Munich, where he lives and works. His earliest picture, an unimportant episode in the religious discords of Sweden and Norway, is owned by our Metropolitan Museum of Art, and gives a good idea of his style when he was under the influence of Baron Henri Leys—not as a pupil but as an admirer. It represents the disgraceful entrance of Bishop Sonnanvåder and the Provost Knut

into Stockholm in September, 1526. The two unfortunate men, seated on miserable hacks with their faces turned to the horses' tails, are entering the city accompanied by a jeering and insulting crowd. As it was impossible to extract any moral from such an unseemly spec-



"AT CHRISTMAS-TIME."

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUSTAV HELLQVIST.

taele, it may be thought hardly worth painting. Nor can much more be said of our picture, "The Transport of the Body of Gustavus Adolphus from the Harbor of Wolgast to Stockholm." It is an academically painted subject, but while perhaps it drives in the trite lesson of the uncertainty of human greatness, it never seems quite the fair thing to do by a brave

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man, to choose the hour of failure and defeat as a theme to commemorate. In the small bit from peasant-life which we copy, Hellqvist shows more natural, and seems more within the true bounds of his talent. These children have been to the wood to cut a tree for Christmas; they are enjoying the merry sledge-ride home, little brother manfully pushing, and his sister, well muffled up, with an eye to the tree that rests on the sledge before her. The air is full of



"SWEDISH COAST-SCENERY."

FROM A PICTURE BY ALFRED WAHLBERG, BELONGING TO MESSRS. KNOEDLER & CO.

snow, the trees are loaded with the gathered flakes, and in the wayside shrine that shelters the rude image of the Crucified, there hangs a star, placed there by pious hands to recall the night of His birth. But it cannot be said that there is anything in the picture from which to guess the artist's nationality. A hundred German artists, with brush, and pencil, and graver, have treated similar subjects in a language no way different, and with results neither better nor worse.

ALFRED LEONARD WAHLBERG, born at Stockholm in 1834, is a landscape-painter of a



much higher order. He acquired the rudiments of his art in Düsseldorf, but it was from Corot and Daubigny, with whom he studied later in Paris, that he learned to look at the landscape from within, and to interpret rather than merely to copy it. His pictures of Northern scenery are not translated into the dialect of Munich, nor into the more refined speech of Paris. He belongs to his native Sweden, not only by the choice of his subjects; he reflects in his style the inner characteristics of the scenery he paints, as well as its forms. He shows us pictures of Sweden, painted in Sweden, by a Swede. By the courtesy of Messrs. Knoedler & Co., we are enabled to give a pleasing example of Wahlberg's art in our copy of a recently painted picture of Swedish coast-scenery.

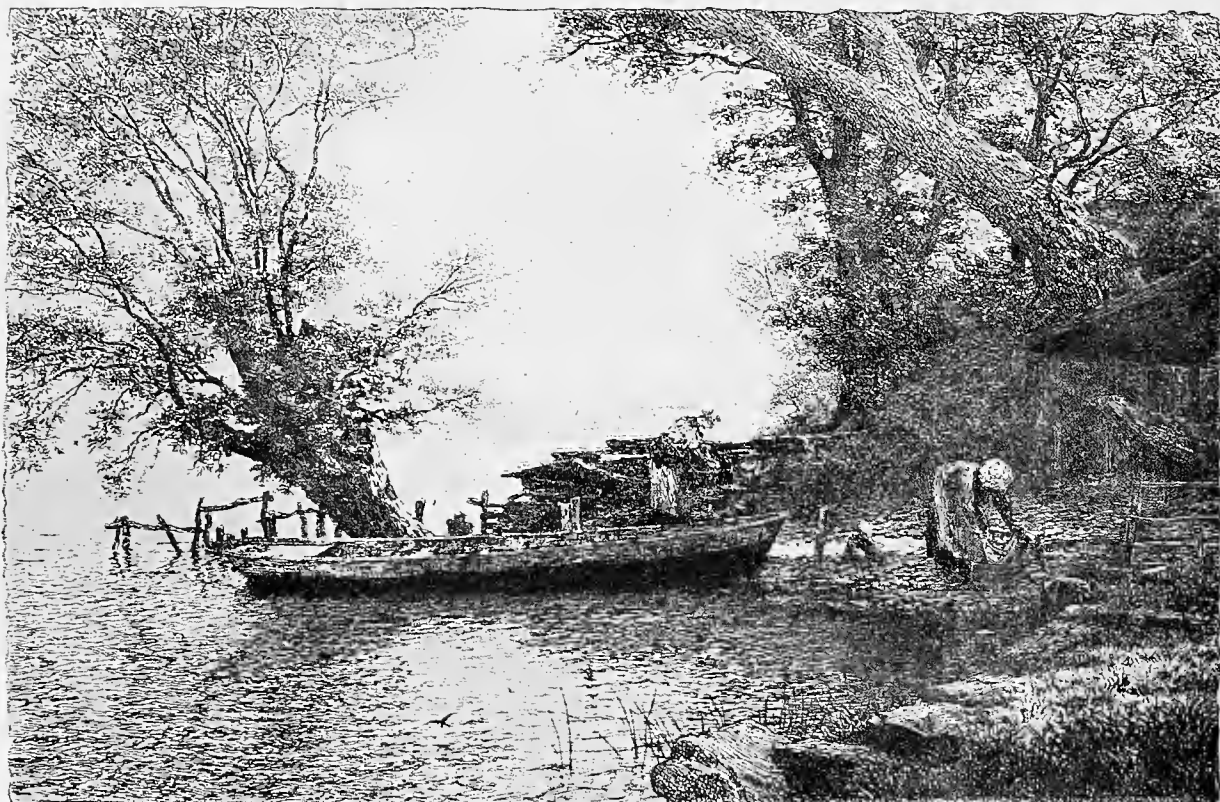
Of other Swedish painters we know little, probably too little, in this country: of Höckert, once a great favorite, with his pictures of peasant-life in Dalecarlia, or his scenes in Lapland; of Nordenberg, a pupil of the Norwegian Tidemand, nor of Wallander, Fernberg, and Saloman—but in truth these latter artists have had their brief day, and all they could do for us would be to serve as mile-stones to mark the distance the art of their native country has travelled in the twenty years since they were actors in the scene.

For a long time, almost the only names of Norwegian artists that reached us here in America were those of Tidemand, Gude, and Dahl. They belong to the time when Norway and Denmark were politically united, but as we have already said, only their subjects distinguish them from the German painters who were their contemporaries, and among whom they had the chief part of their training. ADOLPH TIDEMAND was born at Mandel in 1814, and studied first at Copenhagen, and afterward at Düsseldorf, where he continued to live and to teach. His subjects were drawn from humble life in Norway, and their treatment was in no way different from what we were accustomed to in the works of the Düsseldorf school. The same remark applies to GUDE, born in Christiania in 1825, and distinguished as a painter of Norwegian scenery. He, like Tidemand, studied first at Copenhagen and later at Düsseldorf, where after some time spent in the Academy he entered the studio of Schirmer, and while there painted his first picture that attracted notice. He then returned to Norway and remained there several years, giving himself up to a close study of the scenery. He afterward, on the death of Schirmer, his early master, took that artist's place as professor in the art-school at Carlsruhe. His pictures of the coast of Norway, its precipitous cliffs, deep



HANS GUDE.

fiords, and wide-spreading bays, are so well known that we have preferred to give an example of his style in dealing with a softer subject, and have selected an etching of his own to copy, a "View of the Bodensee, or Lake of Constance." In 1880 Gude went to Berlin, where he established in the Academy a studio for teaching landscape-painting. It will be seen that not only by his training, but by his life-long residence in Germany, Gude must be reckoned a



"THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE."

FROM HIS ETCHING OF HIS OWN PICTURE BY HANS GUDE.

German painter, but it is true that he has confined himself almost exclusively to painting the scenery of his native country, and that on all occasions when he takes part in public exhibitions, he appears as a Norwegian.

LUDWIG MUNTIE, born in Aaröen, in Norway, in 1843, studied in Düsseldorf, but under no particular master. In his wandering-year he visited the Netherlands, France, Scandinavia, and Italy, and came back laden with studies which have since stood him in good stead. His pictures have often been brought to this country, and have not only been much liked by

amateurs, but have had a marked influence on one or two of our American artists. His winter-scenes are perhaps those most commonly met with, but he is fond of choosing the hour of



"NORWEGIAN LANDSCAPE."

FROM A PAINTING BY LUDWIG MUNTHE, BELONGING TO MESSRS. KNOEDLER & CO.

sunset, when he can lighten up the icy fields and frozen pools with the warmth of a ruddy orb whose comfortable rays are seen through a network of bare boughs. The characteristic

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landscape which we copy is from a painting obligingly loaned us by Messrs. Knoedler & Co. Another interesting Norwegian painter is ADELSTEN NORMANN, born at Bodö. His subjects are all taken from Norwegian scenery, and his three pictures in the Paris Exposition of 1889 were much admired. Last in our brief list is FRITHJOF SMITH-HALD, born at Christiansand,



"NORWEGIAN COAST-SCENERY."

FROM A PICTURE BY FRITHJOF SMITH-HALD.

but living in Paris, where he probably had his training. He, too, finds all his subjects at home, and the one we have selected gives an idea of his style as satisfactory as can be obtained from the material at our command.



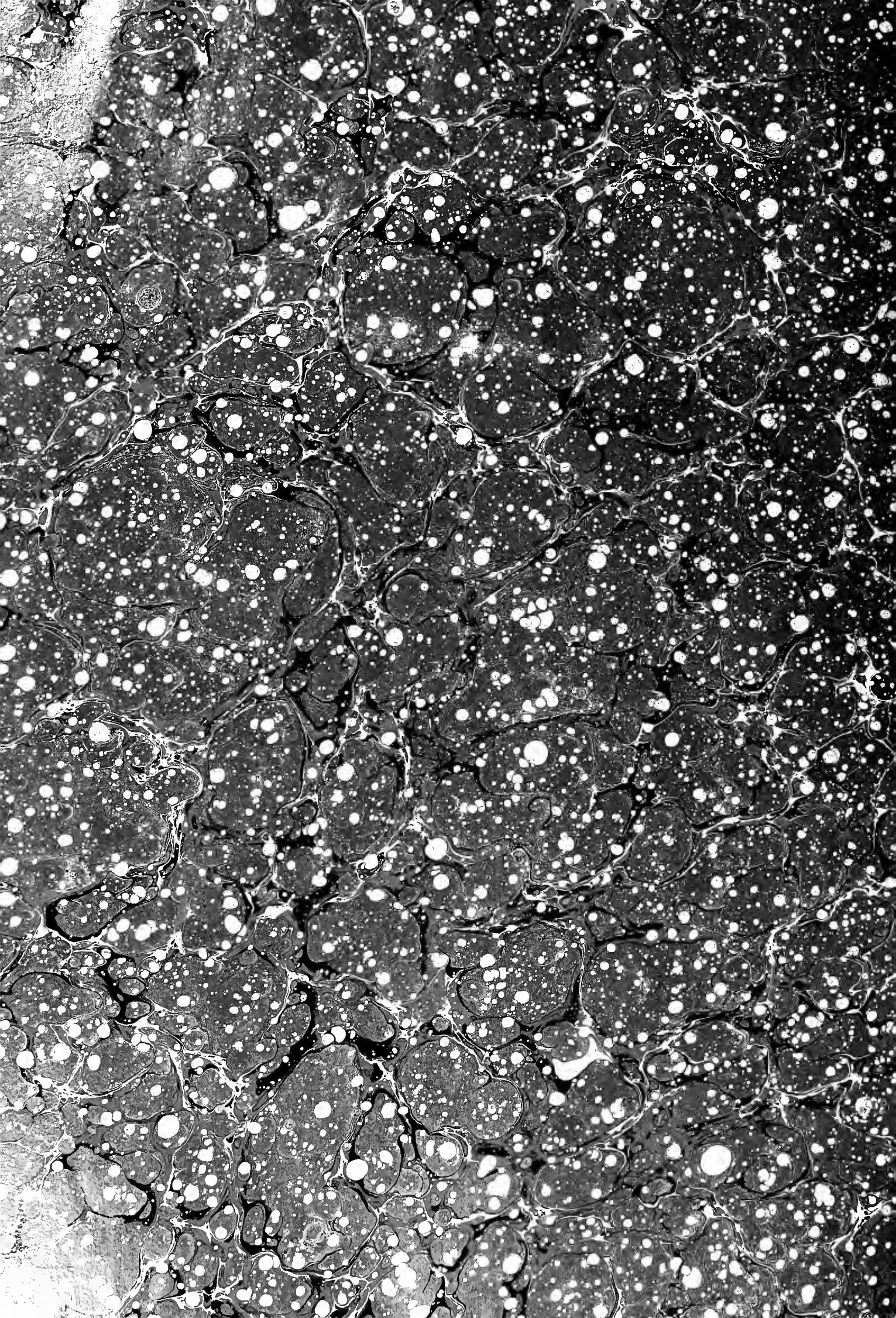
















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